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LYRICAL COMPOSITIONS

SELECTED FROM

THE ITALIAN POETS:

WITH TRANSLATIONS.

BY

JAMES GLASSFORD, Esq. of DOUGALSTON.

SECOND EDITION, GREATLY ENLARGED.

EDINBURGH:

ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK,
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS, LONDON.

M.DCCC.XLVI.

PQ
4208
G.6
1846



EDINBURGH : PRINTED BY T. CONSTABLE,
PRINTER TO HER MAJESTY.

ADVERTISEMENT TO SECOND EDITION.

It was the intention of Mr. Glassford to have published a New Edition of his Selections from the Lyrical Compositions of the Italian Poets, with numerous additions, and with Notes Critical and Biographical. At the time of his decease, he had made considerable progress in the preparation of various additional Selections, and he had also prepared a few of the Critical Notes. He had collected materials to some extent for the Biographical Notes, without arranging them for publication.

This Second Edition is now published agreeably to directions given by Mr. Glassford to his Executors. It includes all the contents of the First—Eighty-four Additional Selections with Translations—and an Appendix, containing Critical Notes on several of the Sonnets, &c., of Petrarch and Della Casa. It is submitted to the Public under all the disadvantages arising from the want of the Author's final revisal ; on account of which, due indulgence, it is hoped, will be given.

INTRODUCTION.

VARIOUS selections from the lyrical poets of Italy have been published at different times. But it appeared to me that many of the most poetical, as well as instructive, of the lesser compositions, to be found among the works of this class of writers, have been overlooked in the collections hitherto made; and that numerous pieces are introduced which, from their trivial character, and, in some cases, even immoral tendency, might well have been allowed to pass into oblivion. My object, therefore, was to make choice of such only as are altogether free from this last objection; while, at the same time, the original compositions are distinguished by their poetical merit. Some of the pieces which appear in this volume have been admitted chiefly on account of the latter circumstance. But all of them, I believe, will be found blameless in thought and expression, and the greater part to have the farther and higher recommendation of embodying some just sentiment or im-

portant truth. With this view, I have not hesitated to introduce various pieces entirely of a devotional character.

Most of the following translations were written many years ago—so long, indeed, as to have more than doubled, in respect of time, the condition prescribed by the Roman critic. It was intended to have considerably enlarged the number, and to have published the collection accompanied by critical notes, and some biographical sketches of the authors; but various causes prevented the execution of that design; among others, an impression, which I may perhaps be excused for stating, that the character and style of these compositions are not much suited to the taste of readers in the present day.

Without here attempting a critical examination of Italian poetry, or the mechanism of their verse, which is various and skilful, it may be proper to describe shortly the particular kinds of versification to be found in the specimens which follow.

Of these, the Canzone, which is a poem in rhyme, consisting of several strophes, or stanzas, in lines of unequal length, is the most comprehensive and varied both as to subject and form, embracing the several kinds of ode, hymn, and heroic song, in every diversity of structure. As to the latter, however, it is subject to this restriction, that, whatever form of verse is adopted, must be continued uniformly throughout the

piece; so that the arrangement of the first staff, or series of lines, must be observed in all that follow, both as to the number and length of the lines, and the regular recurrence of the metrical terminations. An easy connexion of the several stanzas, and a natural progression and alliance of thought and sentiment, are indispensable to the perfection of the Canzone, and distinguish it from some other and less regular kinds of dithyrambic verse. It is usually considered to be one of the earliest forms of Italian poetry, if not the most ancient, and is characterized by Dante as the noblest of their lyrical compositions—an opinion in which most readers will acquiesce, as it equally admits the elevation of the ode and the tenderness of the elegy.

It is usual to terminate the Canzone by a short burthen, or close, in which the poet dismisses his song with a sentiment or moral deduced from its subject, called indifferently by the Italians, *congedo*, *commento*, *chiusa*, or *ripresa*; by the French, the *envoy*, or *congé*. This is according to the usage of the Provençal poets—a circumstance which seems to denote the origin of the heroic song at the revival of Italian literature, and while yet in its transition state from the Latin to the vulgar tongue.

Among the *lirici misti*, the Sonnet must be ranked next in order for the beauty, though not the variety, of its structure. It is more characteristic than the

Canzone of the Italian style of poetry, as distinguished from others, having had its rise apparently in that country, and being the most frequent and favoured composition with its writers. It is generally understood to be of Tuscan origin; and, notwithstanding its very limited extent, which cannot regularly exceed fourteen lines, it has, by some of their poets, particularly Della Casa, been made the vehicle of thoughts not merely grave, but sublime.

Of the Sonnet, as well as of the Heroic Song, some of the most finished, and, perhaps, the most numerous examples, are furnished in the works of Petrarch, who affords the remarkable instance of a writer who not only first purified, but himself perfected, the forms and style of poetical composition in the language of his country. Unfortunately for the literature of Italy in his own times, and even of a great part of Europe in the succeeding ages, his poetical powers were, in the indulgence of an idle passion, or of an ill-directed fancy, almost concentrated on a single subject, unworthy such expenditure of genius, taste, and learning; for he led the way, and gave their tone to a multitude of imitators, who were satisfied with copying his defects, who could easily follow him in the choice of his subject, but not in the beauty of his style, the variety of his knowledge, and the elegance of his imagery.

The Sonetto is a lyrical composition in rhyme, consisting of fourteen verses or lines, and each line con-

sisting of eleven syllables. It is composed of two quatrains and two triplets. The first eight lines, or two quatrains, admit only two rhymes, or terminations of the same sound; but these may be disposed in either of two ways. According to one, which is the most common, the rhymes fall respectively as follows—namely, one upon the first, fourth, fifth, and eighth lines; and the other upon the second, third, sixth, and seventh lines. According to the other arrangement, the rhymes are disposed as in the usual English elegiac quatrain—that is to say, one of the two terminates on the first, third, fifth, and seventh lines; and the other upon the second, fourth, sixth, and eighth lines. No other arrangement of the metre is admissible in the first eight lines; but each of the two forms now mentioned is used by the best writers. In the remaining six lines, composed of two *ternari*, or triplets, a greater latitude is allowed. The two most regular and perfect forms are the following:—In one, two rhymes only are used, terminating respectively upon the first, third, and fifth lines; and upon the second, fourth, and sixth lines. In the other form, three rhymes are admitted, terminating respectively, one upon the first and fourth lines, another upon the second and fifth lines, and another upon the third and sixth lines. But it is also allowed, and not uncommon, when three rhymes are used, to dispose them among the six lines in some different order, according to the pleasure of the writer;

under this limitation only, that two lines in immediate succession do not rhyme together. More than three metrical terminations are in no case admissible in the two triplets. It follows from the explanation given, that the regular Sonnet admits only four, or at most five, metrical terminations of different sound.

The strictness of the rules thus imposed necessarily creates a peculiar difficulty in this species of composition, more especially in those languages which do not, like the Italian, abound in vocal terminations—a difficulty, indeed, which must be encountered in the translation of all the metrical compositions of the Italian poets, on account of the more artificial arrangement, as well as more frequent recurrence, of their rhymes. To these particular forms of structure, the nature of their language affords much greater facilities than are furnished perhaps in any other. And it is probably owing to this cause that, although many writers in our country, as well as among the French, adopted the name, and in some degree imitated the form of the Sonnet, they have, with very few exceptions, forgotten its requisites, and disengaged themselves of its trammels. The English Sonnet, indeed, has, in most instances, departed so widely from its Italian model, as to retain the name only, or, at most, the prescribed number of fourteen lines. It is remarkable that even Gray's Sonnet on the Death of West, justly admired on other accounts, is very faulty as a

specimen of this peculiar composition ; and that a poet so accomplished was satisfied, in order to escape from the restraint which its measure imposes, to admit some glaring imperfections, even of rhyme, into that short and otherwise elegant piece, which is indebted for the applause willingly bestowed upon it to the pathos of the sentiment, without regard to the exactness of the verse.

Besides the Canzone and Sonetto, some specimens are given in the following pages of lesser compositions, on which a few words will be sufficient in the way of explanation.

The Madrigale is a short poem in rhyme, consisting usually of verses differing in length, and without restriction otherwise as to form and metrical termination.

The Aria is likewise a short piece, of a slight and delicate structure, varying at the pleasure of the composer, both as to the length of the lines and disposition of the metre. It seldom exceeds the number of eight or ten lines, and the usual length of the line is six, seven, or nine syllables. Metastasio, from whose works a liberal contribution is taken, affords the most numerous examples of the Aria, and possessing great beauty, both of sentiment and diction.

Of the Sestina, one specimen only is given from the poems of Carlo Maggi. For although some of the best Italian poets, conforming probably to the taste of their time, have occasionally made use of this form of com-

position, the structure of it is in all respects too artificial and constrained to admit of sufficient scope and freedom either in thought or expression.

The Sestina, as its name imports, is a poem of six strophes or stanzas; each stanza consists of six lines of equal length, being the Italian heroic verse of eleven syllables; and the order of versification is of the following intricate description:—The whole piece contains six rhymes, or metrical terminations; each of which terminations, consisting of the same words, is repeated in every stanza. In the first stanza, no concluding line rhymes to another. But in those which follow, a fixed rule, or rondo, of the measure is prescribed. In accomplishing this, two forms chiefly are admitted. According to one, the first line of the second stanza terminates with the concluding word of the immediately preceding line, being the last line of the first stanza: the second line ends with the last word of the first line in the first stanza: the third line ends with the last word of the penult line in the first stanza; and so successively and alternately with the remaining lines. The third and following stanzas repeat the same arrangement, in reference each to the stanza immediately preceding; till in the last stanza the six alternations have been completed. According to another form, which is likewise usual, the first line of the second stanza ends as above, with the last word of the line preceding, being the last of the first stanza:

the second line ends with the closing word of the first line in the first stanza : the third line with the closing word of the second line in the first stanza : the fourth line terminates as the third of the first stanza, and so on with the remaining lines. The third and following stanzas proceed in the same successive order, with reference to those preceding. In this manner each stanza contains and closes with the same words, but all varying in the series, according to a definite succession. It is by some considered a farther requisite, that all the words which form the metrical terminations shall be dissyllables.

The Sestina frequently ends with a *congedo* of three lines, each of which must close with one of the words which form the terminations of the preceding stanzas ; and it is farther necessary that the whole of the six words which form these metrical terminations should be again repeated by their introduction into the concluding *ternaro*, or triplet.

It is obvious from the nature of these fetters, that one of the chief objects in this form of composition was to overcome a difficulty of mechanism, and, if possible, without injury to the sense and the poetry ; and that such trials of skill, notwithstanding the authority of Petrarch, Della Casa, and Maggi, not to name inferior writers, may safely be dismissed with the *axes* and *wedges* and other ingenious artifices of a succeeding

age, which have been exploded by the sentence of a purer taste.

But, with exception of these curiosities and sports of fancy and of art, the order and variety of Italian verse, in its best forms, are justly admired, and add much dignity as well as sweetness to their poetical compositions. Nor do the study and skill which are necessary for the attainment, constitute any objection to the adoption of such forms. A writer who will not consent to grapple with difficulty must forego the expectation of excelling. And what reader of taste does not admire the versification of Spencer, and feel, whatever he may think of its allegory, how much the beauty of the Faery Queen is enhanced by the harmony of its stanza? A skilful construction of verse, indeed, and a concerted method even in that which is the most irregular, is an essential ingredient in all good poetry. And to this excellence some of the favourite productions of late authors, although themselves restorers of the negligent school, owe their chief attraction.

But whether the poets of our age, in general, have not been carried too strongly in the opposite direction, is a question of no little importance in the art. To trace the vicissitudes and alternations of taste in poetical writing at different periods would be matter of curious inquiry, and how, in avoiding one extreme, another is so easily and has so often been embraced.

And it is deserving of remark, that in the way to error genius itself has often taken the lead. These alternations were frequent, and are strongly marked in the poetical ages of Italy. The followers of Petrarch in the fourteenth century, and downward to the time of Lorenzo di Medici, imitating the faults of their great model, but without his learning and judgment, vitiated, to a great extent, the taste of their country. A better and nobler style was again introduced by Bembo, Tansillo, and others; above all, by Della Casa, who obtained the farther and more honourable title of *il poeta morale*; and after him by Torquato Tasso, not more distinguished by his poetry than the errors and vicissitudes of his interesting life; whose mind, wanting the support of fixed principle, gave way under its own pressure, and the shock of rude treatment;

“The sweet bells jangled out of tune.”

Chiabrera, in the close of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century, took the lead in again corrupting the national taste. He proposed, says Tiraboschi, to imitate Columbus by finding out a new world in poetry; but he perished in the attempt. Marino and others followed in the same mistaken track, and effected a still greater depravement: till Carlo Maggi and Filicaia appeared, by whom the Italian poetry was once more restored, not only in the moral character of its subjects, but also in the correctness of its

style. In both of these qualities it was still farther and finally elevated and refined by the chaste pen and the simple elegance of Metastasio, whose classical taste in his dramatic and lyrical compositions carried the poetical language of his country to its latest perfection.

A very perceptible influence, for good and evil successively, was exercised upon the poetry of our own nation by the early Italian writers, from Petrarch to the time of Casa, if not by those of later date. It is remarkable in Milton. His *Comus*, *Samson Agonistes*, *Lycidas*, and other lyrical pieces, even if his sonnets, with the *Penseroso* and *Allegro*, had not given direct evidence of the fact, bear internal testimony to his early and intimate acquaintance, not only with the ancient classics, but with the works of the best Italian poets in his own and the preceding age. This is evident, among other indications, from his frequent use of long and short lines skilfully intermixed in the stanza, and of the other varied and peculiar beauties of Italian versification. Thus also, in Castiglione's *Courtier*, and Casa's *Book of Manners*, may be found the plan and pattern of many of Addison's papers; and the stores of Italian literature afforded much treasure of illustration and criticism to enrich the prefaces of Dryden and Pope.

Cowley was a poet of undoubted talent, abounding in fancy, and rich in imagery. But he fell into two mistakes, and these not very easily united. For his mind dwelt too much upon false conceits and strained

metaphor; and, at the same time, his habits of composition appear to have been careless. The consequence was, that he introduced an irregular and lax versification, which was too acceptable to the indolent, and too flattering to writers of inferior talent, not to be soon and extensively copied. To imitate Cowley was a much easier attainment than to attempt the chaste and noble verse of Spencer. To use the language of Johnson, "all the boys and girls caught the pleasing fashion, and they who could do nothing else could write like Pindar." Such ascendancy, indeed, may a false taste obtain, when generally diffused, as to destroy for a long period of time, the influence and even perception of that which is genuine; and the lyrical compositions of Milton, whose sun was afterwards to quench alike the whole galaxy of Cowley's imitators, and of that "mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease" in Charles's days, found their way with difficulty to the public view, and only reached it to be for a time despised, or laid aside and forgotten. But it could only be for a time. In him is found that rare union—the most powerful imagination regulated by the most refined taste and accurate knowledge of his art. A new direction was happily given to English literature, and the best and most popular poets who followed, Dryden, Gray, Thomson, Collins, Pope, and Cowper, are not less eminent for power of invention than for skill in composition and purity of style. By Pope, indeed, this

diligence and accuracy were carried so far as to verge again upon the conceit and epigrammatic spirit of a preceding age. But at all events, his established reputation as a writer is owing not more to natural talent than to diligence; not more to the early propensity of his mind than to his perseverance in study; not more to the ease with which he dictated his lines, than the labour with which he polished them.

The manuscripts of Milton, preserved at Cambridge, afford proof no less remarkable of the care with which he corrected and refined, and often entirely remodelled his verses, and cast them anew. Cowper is a later example of the same habits. The work of amending and polishing may, it is true, be carried to excess, till the spirit of the piece shall be lost by too much handling. But it is no less true that the opposite extreme of negligence and laxity is at least equally injurious to the proportions; while by encouraging the slothful artist, it is much more dangerous. And, in general, Boileau's remark will be found just, that he who would be read with ease, must be content to write with labour.

If in Pope there is perhaps somewhat too much of study, it will be allowed that such is not the failing of poets in our day, nor the snare into which they have fallen; that they have, in negligence of style and haste of composition, recurred more nearly to the age of Cowley and his followers; that they belong to the

school of the careless rather than to that of the correct writers, and have been too prone to forget that no force of imagination and no strength of native talent can safely dispense with diligence in execution. There is ample scope for genius in providing the material, and in the first concoction of a poetical work. Power of invention, and force and delicacy of feeling, are not to be acquired by dint of industry. But in the use of these treasures, in the work of embodying sentiment, expressing thought, and displaying imagery, care and study, and even labour can no more be dispensed with, than the rules of syntax, or the appropriate use of words.

A writer of genius, whether in poetry or prose, and the same is true in all the fine arts, may, if his judgment is unequal, attempt to rid himself of the wonted shackles, and seek the temple of fame by some easier road and a more rapid journey. He may, under favouring circumstances, have a host of approvers, and be applauded to the echo. But it is forbidden to reach the perfection of art, without the rules of art; or to stay at the elevation to which he may have been borne on the shoulders of his admirers. Although a false direction may be given for a time to the taste of a nation, or even of an age, it will, ere long, be necessary to recur to tried standards. Genius which would not desire an immunity from correctness of composition, and purity of style, must claim no exemption from

diligence and care. And those who would obtain a station among poets of established authority must submit to conditions which were not disputed by Virgil, Tasso, and Milton, by Pope, Molière, and Boileau.

Whether the partiality of late writers to subjects of romance, and the prevailing taste for extravagant and enthusiastic fiction, are the parents or the children of this negligent school of poetry, it may not be very easy to determine. The two errors are congenial and cognate. The hurry of the imagination and the passions naturally gives expedition to the pen; and the hasty pen finds in this class of subjects the most ready and abundant materials. That it is easier to devise an unnatural and far-fetched combination of incidents and characters, than to draw such as do or might exist in the world of nature and of man, is no paradox; and the excitement of feeling which is produced by the wonderful and terrific in such productions, however incongruous in their parts, procures a ready welcome to them from the great mass of readers. In this aberration from consistency, as well as truth and nature, genius also led the way: and that description of poetical romance which began under its auspices in Germany, too soon found a reception in our island; where, under the influence of favourite writers eminent for talent, it acquired an ascendancy which bears little proportion to its real worth. For, besides that defect of moral, to employ a negative term, which is too often found in

this class of compositions, and, where it exists, constitutes the greatest objection to them, they tend directly to the formation of a false and corrupted taste.

Here too, as in other cases, what genius invented or revived, followers have not been wanting to copy, and as usual to adopt and even select for imitation the worst features of their model. A large class of the poetical works of later time consist of these supernatural fictions, distinguished by extravagance of incident, and by strongly impassioned and often lawless sentiment. In this romance, the chief personages are not unfrequently pirates and banditti, the robbers by sea and land, who are by the management of the story elevated to the rank of heroes. Such writings are, indeed, by these very qualities naturally palatable to the young and inexperienced reader, whose taste has not been regulated by the study of better works. Hence the avidity with which such productions are sought, and that diseased appetite which must be fed with whatever is new and surprising in story, glaring in imagery, or hyperbolical in language; and too often with what is false in thought, and revolting in character.

From head to foot

Now is he total *gules* ; horridly tricked
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Baked and impasted with the parching fires,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To murders vile.

Or, if the characters and incidents are not of this harrowing and monstrous cast, still the tendency of such compositions, even of those which are the least objectionable, is to produce an unnatural state of mind, a thirst for mere novelty, and an unrestrained love for all that is exaggerated both in feeling and expression. Whereas, even in the highest fictions of romance, and whether in verse or in prose, and amidst all the luxuriance of invention and of imagery, nature is to be adorned, indeed, and varied by the fancy of the poet, but never abandoned or violated; and still more, the affections of the human heart, though they are to be heightened by his skill, are never to be outraged or perverted.

J. G.

EDINBURGH, *August 15th*, 1834.

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APPENDIX.

Notes on the Sonnets of Petrarch and Della Casa.

LYRICAL COMPOSITIONS.

SONETTO.

DANTE ALIGHIERI.

Born at Florence, in 1265; died at Ravenna, in 1321.

DEH pellegrini che pensosi andate
 Forse di cosa che non v'è presente,
 Venite voi di sì lontana gente,
 Come a la vista voi ne dimostrate;
 Che non piangete quando voi passate,
 Per lo suo mezzo, la Città dolente,
 Come quelle persone che niente
 Par che intendesser la sua gravitate?
 Se voi restate per volerlo udire,
 Certo lo core ne'sospir mi dice,
 Che lagrimando n'uscirete pui.
 Ella ha perduta la sua Beatrice;
 E le parole ch'uom di lei può dire
 Hanno virtù di far piangere altrui.

SONNET.

DANTE.

PILGRIMS and strangers, here who thoughtful stray
With mind intent perhaps on other care,
Come ye indeed from climes remote so far
As this your semblance and your haste would say?
You do not weep while passing on your way
Among our streets, but hurrying onward, fare
As those who know not and who nothing share
Our city's grief in this her sorrowing day.
Would you but stop a while to learn the tale,
My heart assures me with a sigh, that none
Entered her gates who would not weeping go.
Suffice to tell, her Beatrice is gone;
Of whom to speak, though fitting words would fail,
From other eyes than ours the tear must flow.

SONETTO.

PETRARCA.

Born at Arezzio, in 1304 ; died at Argua, near Padua, in 1374.

Voi ch' ascoltate in rime sparse il suono
 Di quei sospiri ond' io nudriva il core
 In sul mio primo giovenile errore,
 Quand'era in parte altr'uom da quel ch' io sono ;
 Del vario stile, in ch'io piango, e ragiono
 Fra le vane speranze, e'l van dolore,
 Ove sia chi per prova intenda amore,
 Spero trovar pietà, non che perdono.
 Ma ben veggì 'or, sì come al popol tutto
 Favola fui gran tempo : onde sovente
 Di me medesmo meco mi vergogno :
 E del mio vaneggiar vergogna è 'l frutto,
 E'l pentirsi, e'l conoscer chiaramente,
 Che quanto piace al mondo è breve sogno.

SONNET.

PETRARCH.

YE who have heard, dispersed in many a strain,
The heavy sighs on which my heart I fed,
Then when my first and erring course I led,
So bent on what I now so much disdain ;
For all those arguments of joy and pain,
Which empty hope or grief as empty bred,
If with a wound like mine your heart has bled,
I may, if not excuse, your pity gain.
Now am I sure that in the general ear
I was a fable long : hence oft I grow
Inwardly shamed, myself my bitter theme ;
And of my folly all the fruits appear,
Sorrow, and cóndemnation, and to know
The world's approving, but a short-lived dream.

SONETTO.

PETRARCA.

QUANTO più m'avvicino al giorno estremo,
 Che l'umana miseria suol far breve,
 Più veggio'l tempo andar veloce e leve,
 E'l mio di lui sperar fallace, e scemo.
 I'dico a'miei pensier: Non molto andremo
 D'amor parlando omai; che'l duro e greve
 Terreno incarco, come fresca neve,
 Si va struggendo; onde noi pace avremo:
 Perchè con lui cadrà quella speranza
 Che ne fe' vaneggiar sì lungamente:
 E'l riso, e'l pianto, e la paura, e l'ira.
 Sì vedrem chiaro poi, come sovente
 Per le cose dubbiose altri s'avanza;
 E come spesso indarno si sospira.

SONNET.

PETRARCH.

As nearer to that final hour, which best
Proclaims the transient date of human wo,
Fleeter I find time's silent foot to go,
His promise liker to an empty jest.
Not long, methinks, by theme of love possest
My tongue or pen shall be, now that I know
How soon this load of earth like falling snow
Dissolves away, and we shall be at rest :
For with it also shall that hope expire
Which leads us here so long and far astray,
And with it grief, and scorn, and mirth, and fear.
Then shall be seen, though here it secret lay,
How seeming evils may for good conspire,
How much amiss we often drop the tear.

SONETTO.

PETRARCA.

BENEDETTO sia'l giorno, e'l mese, e l'anno,
 E la stagione, e'l tempo, e l'ora, e'l punto,
 E'l bel paese, e'l loco ov'io fui giunto
 Da duo begli occhi, che legato m'hanno :
 E benedetto il primo dolce affanno,
 Ch'i' ebbi ad esser con Amor congiunto ;
 E l'arco, e le saette ond' i' fui punto ;
 E le piaghe che infin' al cor mi vanno ;
 Benedette le voci tante ch' io
 Chiamando il nome di mia Donna ho sparte ;
 E i sospiri, e le lagrime, e'l desio ;
 E benedette sian tutte le carte,
 Ov'io fama le acquisto ; e'l pensier mio,
 Ch' è sol di lei, sicch'altra non v'ha parte.

SONNET.

PETRARCH.

BLEST be the time, the year, the month, the day,
 The hour and moment; blest that lovely seat
 And spot, where once it was my hap to meet
 Those eyes, whose powerful influence I obey;
 And blest that fond surprise in which I lay,
 When first I was engaged in converse sweet
 With Love; and blest his bow and arrow fleet,
 And wound which to my heart found sudden way.
 Blest be that various speech wherein I sought
 To move the fair, or named her name; the groan,
 The sigh, the tear, and all that passion wrought;
 And blest the many lines which not unknown
 Have helped to spread her worth; and every thought
 Then pleasing when employed on her alone.

SONETTO.

PETRARCA.

Io son sì stanco sotto'l fascio antico
Delle mie colpe, e dell 'usanza ria ;
Ch' i 'temo forte di mancar tra via,
E di cader in man del mio nemico :
Ben venne a dilivrar mi un grande amico
Per somma ed ineffabil cortesia ;
Poi volò fuor della veduta mia,
Sì ch'a mirarlo indarno m' affatico :
Ma la sua voce ancor quaggiù rimbomba :
O voi, che travagliate, ecco il camino ;
Venite a me, se'l passo altri non serra.
Qual grazia, qual' amore, o qual destino
Mi darà penne in guisa di colomba,
Ch'i' mi riposi, e levimi da terra !

SONNET.

PETRARCH.

So burdened by my former sin I go,
And weight of my offences every day,
That much I fear my fainting by the way,
And falling captive to my dreaded foe :
Though once a mighty friend descended low,
Unutterably kind, my debts to pay ;
But he retired, and all is at a stay,
My sight is dim, my spirits feeble grow.
Yet still his voice of love sounds in my ear,
Hither all ye that heavy laden are,
Come unto me and cast away your fear.
Oh now that I had wings, even as a dove !
What grace, what power divine will help my prayer
That I may find my rest, and soar above !

SONETTO

PETRARCA.

CESARE, poi che'l traditor d'Egitto
 Gli fece il don dell' onorata testa,
 Celandò l'allegrezza manifesta
 Pianse per gli occhi fuor, siccome è scritto :
 Ed Annibal, quand' all' imperio afflitto
 Vide farsi fortuna sì molesta,
 Rise fra gente lagrimosa, e mesta,
 Per isfogare il suo acerbo despetto :
 E così avvien, che l'animo ciascuna
 Sua passion sotto 'l contrario manto
 Ricopre con la vista or chiara, or bruna.
 Però, s'alcuna volta io rido, o canto,
 Facciol perch' io non ho se non quest' una
 Via da celare il mio angoscioso pianto.

SONNET.

PETRARCH.

CÆSAR, when that Egyptian slave elate
Brought him the gift of Pompey's honoured head,
Though in his face might real joy be read,
Dissembling wept, so histories relate.
And Hannibal, in the afflicted state,
Seeing how fortune from their banners fled,
While tears of grief the drooping people shed,
Beneath a laugh concealed his bitter hate.
Thus does it ever happen, that the mind
Would some disguise on all its passions fling,
Now dark, now fair, its real form to blind.
And therefore, if I smile sometimes, or sing,
Be sure no other method I can find
To veil the anguish under which I wring.

SONETTO.

PETRARCA.

OR, che'l cielo, e la terra, e'l vento tace,
E le fere, e gli augelli il sonno affrena,
Notte'l carro stellato in gira mena,
E nel suo letto il mar senz'onda giace ;
Veggio, penso, ardo, piango ; e chi mi sface,
Sempre m'è innanzi per mia dolce pena ;
Guerra è'l mio stato, d'ira, e di duol piena ;
E sol di lei pensando ho qualche pace.
Così sol d'una chiara fonte viva
Move'l dolce, e l'amaro ond'io mi pasco :
Una man sola mi risana, e punge.
E perchè'l mio martir non giunga à riva ;
Mille volte il dì moro, e mille nasco ;
Tanto dalla salute mia son lunge.

SONNET.

PETRARCH.

Now that the earth is still, and hushed the sky,
That sleep on beast and bird has fixed his chain ;
Now that the night slow wheels her spangled wain,
And silent in their bed the waters lie ;
I watch, and pine, and weep, for still is nigh
The sweet disturber and the pleasing pain ;
I live in war and grief, and only gain
By thoughts of her, short truce to misery.
Thus from one fair and only fountain flows
The bitter and the sweet by which I live ;
One only hand has power to hurt and heal.
Thus do my sufferings never reach their close ;
I every moment perish and revive ;
So distant am I from the promised weal.

SONETTO.

PETRARCA.

Pò, ben puo' tu portartene la scorza
 Di me con tue possenti, e rapid' onde ;
 Ma lo spirto, ch'iv' entro si nasconde,
 Non cura nè di tua, nè d'altrui forza :
 Lo qual senza alternar poggia con orza,
 Dritto per l'aure al suo desir seconde
 Battendo l'ali verso l'aurea fronde,
 L'acqua, e'l vento, e la vela, e i remi sforza.
 Re degli altri, superbo, altero fiume,
 Che'ncontri 'l sol, quando e' ne mena il giorno,
 E'n Ponente abbandoni un più bel lume,
 Tu te ne vai col mio mortal sul corno ;
 L'altro coperto d' amoroze piume,
 Torna volando al suo dolce soggiorno.

SONNET.

PETRARCH.

THY waters, Po, may with resistless tide
 Convey this body as their current hies ;
 But that which is within alike defies
 Thy greatest power, and every force beside.
 My soul through yielding air delights to glide,
 Nor by the larboard and the starboard plies ;
 Back to the LAUREL turns, and, as it flies,
 Can wind and wave, and sail and oar, deride.
 Proud river, swelling in thy regal mood,
 Who meet'st the sun what time he brings the morn,
 But leavest in the west a fairer light ;
 This mortal thou may'st drive before thy flood,
 But on love's wing the spirit is upborn,
 And to a sweeter home directs its flight.

SONETTO.

PETRARCA.

ZEFIRO torna, e'l bel tempo rimena,
E i fiori, e l'erbe, sua dolce famiglia,
E garrir Progne, e pianger Filomena,
E primavera candida e vermiglia.
Ridono i prati, e'l ciel si rasserena ;
Giove s'allegra di mirar sua figlia ;
L'aria, e l'acqua, e la terra è d'amor piena,
Ogni animal d'amar si riconsiglia.
Ma per me, lasso, tornano i più gravi
Sospiri che dal cor profondo tragge
Quella ch' al ciel se ne portò le chiavi ;
E cantar augelletti, e fiorir piagge,
E'n belle donne oneste atti soavi
Sono un deserto, e fere aspre, e selvagge.

SONNET.

PETRARCH.

ZEPHYR returns, and leads his pleasant train,
With wonted sweets which herb and floweret bring,
And Progne's talk, and Philomena's pain,
And in her robe of white the blushing spring.
The meadow smiles, the vault is clear again,
And all around are pleasures on the wing ;
Awake is earth, and air, and watery main,
And love the business of each living thing.
Only for me returns the heavier sigh,
Drawn from a burdened heart which has no share
Below, but all its treasure in the sky ;
And song of birds, and scented valley fair,
And beauty's graceful mien and radiant eye,
Are wild and joyless as the desert bare.

CANZONE.

PETRARCA.

STANDOMI un giorno solo alla finestra,
 Onde cose vedea tante, e sì nove,
 Ch'era sol di mirar quasi già stanco ;
 Una Fera m'apparve da man destra
 Con fronte umana, da far arder Giove,
 Cacciata da duo veltri, un nero, un bianco ;
 Che l'uno e l'altro fianco
 Della Fera gentil mordean sì forte,
 Che'n poco tempo la menaro al passo,
 Ove chiusa in un sasso
 Vinse molta bellezza acerba morte ;
 E mi fè sospirar sua dura sorte.

Indi per alto mar vidi una Nave
 Con le sarte di seta, e d'or la vela,
 Tutta d'avorio, e d'ebeno contesta ;
 E'l mar tranquillo, e l'aura era soave ;
 E'l ciel qual' è se nulla nube il vela ;
 Ella carica di ricca merce onesta.

CANZONE.

PETRARCH.

I LATELY at my window stood, alone,
 Where many new and wondrous things I saw ;
 Which even oppressed my sense. First, on the right,
 Appeared a hind—with human front, where shone
 Mildness and grace, that filled my heart with awe—
 Chased by two hounds, one black, the other white,
 Who hung without respite
 On either flank, tearing the gentle deer,
 Till quickly they compelled her to a stay,
 Where Death in ambush lay ;
 Then fell much beauty to his conquering spear,
 At which disastrous sight fast flowed my tear.

A gallant bark next rode upon the seas,
 With silken cordage, and her sails of gold ;
 Ebon and ivory inlaid all o'er.
 Smooth was the tide, and balmy was the breeze,
 And all the mantle of the sky unrolled ;
 And rich and noble merchandize she bore ;

Poi repente tempesta
 Oriental turbò sì l'aere e l'onde,
 Che la nave percosse ad uno scoglio.
 O che grave cordoglio!
 Breve ora oppresse, e poco spazio asconde
 L'alte ricchezze a null' altre seconde.

In un boschetto novo i rami santi
 Fiorian d'un Lauro giovinetto, e schietto,
 Ch'un degli arbor pareva di paradiso.
 E di sua ombra uscian sì dolci canti
 Di vari augelli, e tanto altro diletto,
 Che dal mondo m'avean tutto diviso:
 E mirandol'io fiso,
 Cangioss'il ciel' intorno; e tinto in vista
 Folgorando'l percosse; e da radice
 Quella pianta felice
 Subito svelse; onde mia vita è trista;
 Ché simil' ombra mai non si racquista.

Chiara Fontana in quel medesimo bosco
 Surgea d'un sasso, ed acque fresche e dolci
 Spargea soavemente mormorando:
 Al bel seggio riposto, ombroso e fosco,
 Nè pastori appressavan nè bifolci,
 Ma Ninfe e Muse, a quel tenor cantando.
 Ivi m'assisi; e quando

When suddenly a roar
 Burst from the darkened east on sea and sky,
 And dashed her smooth side on the jutting rock :
 O what a mournful shock !
 Minutes bring woes ; ere yet the morning fly,
 Drowned in the gulf our dearest treasures lie.

In the close bosom of a forest young
 A laurel of unsullied lustre grew,
 Which one of Eden's trees might well have been ;
 And from its shade came sweetly warbled song
 Of many birds, and other charm, that drew
 My spirits from the earth and all between.
 While gazing on this scene,
 Changed was the sky, and angry lightnings played
 From the dark cloud, which soon this hallowed shoot
 Tore furious from the root ;
 And with it in the ground my joys were laid :
 For never shall I find so sweet a shade.

A limpid fountain in that woody glade
 Sprung from a rock, with murmur fresh and clear
 Scattering its gentle waters on the ground ;
 To whose cool margin and sequestered shade
 Nor herd approached, nor rustic wandered near,
 But nymphs and muses ever carolled round.
 Much taken by the sound,

Più dolcezza prendea di tal contento,
 E di tal vista, aprir vidi uno speco,
 E portarsene seco
 La fonte, e'l loco ; ond' ancor doglia sento,
 E sol della memoria mi sgomento.

Una strania Fenice, ambedue l'ale
 Di porpora vestita, e'l capo d'oro,
 Vedendo per la selva, altera, e sola,
 Veder forma celeste ed immortale
 Prima pensai, fin ch'allo svelto alloro
 Giunse, ed al fonte che la terra invola.
 Ogni cosa al fin vola :
 Ché mirando le frondi a terra sparse,
 E'l troncon rotto e quel vivo umor secco,
 Volse in se stessa il becco
 Quasi sdegnando ; e'n un punto disperse ;
 Onde'l cor di pietate, e d'amor m'arse.

Al fin vid'io per entro i fiori, e l'erba,
 Pensosa ir' sì leggiadra e bella Donna,
 Che mai nol penso ch'i'non arda e treme :
 Umile in sé, ma'ncontr' amor superba ;
 Ed avea in dosso sì candida gonna,
 Sì tēsta, ch'oro e neve pareva insieme :
 Ma le parti supreme
 Erano avvolte d'una nebbia oscura.

And by the view, while seated I remain,
 Close to the spot I see an open cave,
 Which swallowed in its grave
 Both fount and rock ; ah, still the bitter pain
 Rooted and fresh in memory I retain.

A phoenix fair, with wings, I now descry,
 In purple vested, and her head in gold,
 Pass o'er the wood, alone, in towering flight.
 At first some form immortal of the sky
 I thought it ; till I saw her, slanting, hold
 Her course, and at the fount and laurel light.
 Short lasts whate'er is bright.
 When, with its shattered trunk and branches strewed,
 That tree she saw, and saw that fountain dried,
 All sudden in her side,
 With sorrow stung, her golden beak she dewed ;
 Thus were my love and pity quick renewed.

Last, walking pensive among herb and flower,
 A lady I beheld, so passing fair !
 Ah me, what thrilling heat that word has brought !
 Humble she was, but still disdained love's power.
 Her robe was spotless white, on which her hair
 Hung circling, as if gold on snow were wrought.
 But all above, methought,
 Was in a cloud enveloped and obscure.

Punta poi nel tallon d'un picciol 'angue,
Come fior colto langue,
Lieta si dipartiò, non che sicura.
Ahi, null' altro che pianto al mondo dura!

Canzon, tu puoi ben dire :
Queste sei visioni al signor mio
Han fatto un dolce di morir desio.

Then, in the foot by a small serpent stung,
Her head like flower she hung,
And smiling fell, so joyful and secure !
Ah, nothing here but sorrow will endure !

Go thou my song in peace,
And he who saw these visions bids thee say,
That death is now his wish, more than to stay.

SONETTO.

PETRARCA.

Non può far morte il dolce viso amaro ;
 Ma'l dolce viso dolce può far morte.
 Che bisogna a morir ben altre scorte ?
 Quella mi scorge ond' ogni ben imparo.
 E Quei che del suo sangue non fu avaro,
 Che col piè ruppe le tartaree porte,
 Col suo morir par che mi riconforte ;
 Dunque vien, Morte ; il tuo venir m'è caro.
 E non tardar, ch'egli è ben tempo omai ;
 E se non fosse, e' fu'l tempo in quel punto
 Che madonna passò di questa vita.
 D' allor innanzi un dì non vissi mai ;
 Seco fu' in via, e seco al fin son giunto ;
 E mia giornata ho co' suoi piè fornita.

SONNET.

PETRARCH.

Not her I loved could death unlovely make,
But the loved face to death a charm could lend :
What better guide could heaven in mercy send ?
Well did she teach, and I the lesson take.
For He whose life was lavished for our sake,
Who, spurning hell, its brazen gates could rend,
Has shown me how the grave is now a friend ;
Then welcome death, within whose arms to wake.
And tarry not ; my debt of life is paid,
If not in years, yet surely had arrived
When my heart's treasure from these eyes was wrested ;
Since which not even a day have I survived ;
Together for we went, together stayed,
And now with hers my travelled feet have rested.

SONETTO.

PETRARCA.

I'vo piangendo i miei passati tempi,
I quai posi in amar cosa mortale,
Senza levarmi a volo, avend'io l'ale,
Per dar forse di me non bassi esempi.
Tu, che vedi i miei mali indegni, ed empi,
Re del cielo invisibile, immortale,
Soccorri all' alma disviata, e frale,
E'l suo difetto di tua grazia adempi.
Sicchè s' io vissi in guerra, ed in tempesta,
Mora in pace, ed in porto; e se la stanza
Fu vana, almen sia la partita onesta.
A quel poco di viver che m'avanza,
Ed al morir degni esser tua man presta:
Tu sai ben, che'n altrui non ho speranza.

SONNET.

PETRARCH.

PAST life I mourn ; I weep that I could place
All hope and all desire on mortal thing,
Nor mounted as I might upon the wing,
Leaving some pattern to the after race.
Do Thou, who seest my sinful state and base,
O Thou invisible, immortal king !
To my lost spirit frail thy succour bring,
My emptiness supplying with thy grace :
That I, my life in war and storm who past,
May die in port, at peace. Oh, if my day
Was dark and troubled, be the evening clear !
Vouchsafe thy help ; my sand is ebbing fast :
When death shall strike, oh may thy arm be near !
Thou knowest that none other is my stay.

SONETTO.

PETRARCA.

Rotta è l'alta colonna, e'l verde lauro,
 Che facean ombra al mio stanco pensiero;
 Perdut' ho quel che ritrovar non spero
 Dal Borea all' Austro, o dal mar Indo al Mauro.
 Tolto m'hai Morte il mio doppio tesoro,
 Che mi fea viver lieto, e gire altero;
 E ristorar nol può terra, ne impero,
 Nè gemma oriental, nè forza d'auro.
 Ma se consentimento è di destino,
 Che poss'io più, se no aver l'alma trista,
 Umidi gli occhi sempre, e'l viso chino?
 O nostra vita, ch'è sì bella in vista;
 Com' perde agevolmente in un mattino
 Quel che'in molt'anni a gran pena s'acquista!

SONNET.

PETRARCH.

FALLEN the high column, withered is the flower,
 Whose shade refreshed me, and protected most :
 Vain were to match the treasure I have lost
 From north to south, in east or western bower.
 Thy hand, O death, has robbed me in one hour
 Of my best solace, and my greatest boast ;
 Nor earth nor empire can repair the cost,
 Nor Indus' gem, nor gold's imperial power.
 And can the soul when pierced not mournful be,
 The head not droop, the eye not fill with tears,
 Though yielding silent to the great decree ?
 How fair, O man, untried thy life appears !
 How with the dawning of one morn may flee
 Thy fondest hope, and fruit of many years !

SONETTO.

PETRARCA.

SE lamentar augelli, o verdi fronde
Mover soavemente a l'aura estiva,
O roco mormorar di lucid' onde
S'ode d'una fiorita, e fresca riva ;
Là' v'io seggia d'Amor pensoso, e scriva,
Lei che'l ciel ne mostrò, terra n'asconde,
Veggio, ed odo, ed intendo, ch'ancor viva
Di sì lontano a' sospir miei risponde.
Deh perchè innanzi tempo ti consume?
Mi dice con pietate ; a che pur versi
Degli occhi tristi un doloroso fiume ?
Di me non pianger tu ; ché miei dì fersi,
Morendo, eterni, e nell' eterno lume,
Quando mostrai di chiuder gli occhi, apersi.

SONNET.

PETRARCH.

WHEN birds melodious plain, and arbours green
Are sweetly by the breath of summer shook,
When the deep murmur of the limpid brook
Is faintly heard within its flowery skreen ;
Thoughtful I stray, or sit, myself unseen ;
Then her whom earth conceals, heaven early took,
I see, and hear, and meet her living look,
Who turns from blissful seats with pitying mien.
O why to sorrow an untimely prey ?
Thus ruthfully she chides my heavy sigh ;
Why from your lid should drops unceasing stray ?
The fleeting hours, then only when we die,
To deathless, change ; and an eternal day
To me was opened when I closed my eye.

SONETTO.

PETRARCA.

Nè mai pietosa madre al caro figlio,
Nè donna accesa al suo sposo diletto,
Diè con tanti sospir, con tal sospetto
In dubbio stato sì fedel consiglio ;
Come a me quella che'l mio grave esiglio
Mirando dal suo eterno alto ricetto,
Spesso a me torna con l'usato affetto,
E di doppia pietate ornato il ciglio,
Or di madre, or d'amante ; or teme, or arde
D' onesto foco ; e nel parlar mi mostra
Quel che'n questo viaggio fugga, o segua,
Contando i casi della vita nostra ;
Pregando ch'a levar l'alma non tarde :
E sol quant' ella parla, ho pace, o tregua.

SONNET.

PETRARCH.

NOT piteous mother for the darling child,
Not passioned lover for his pleasing fair,
With sigh so frequent, with so jealous care
Keep anxious watch, or dread some tempest wild ;
As she who gazing on me thus exiled,
From that high seat which saints and angels share,
Turns to me oft with love's accustomed air ;
And glowing with alternate passion mild
Of spouse and mother, fear and heavenly love
Mingling pure flame, points out in converse sweet
What in my path of life to seek or fly ;
And how the dangers of the road to meet :
And only when she bids me look above
And rise with her, some peace and rest have I.

SONETTO.

JACOPO SANAZZARO.

Born at Salerno in 1458. Died at Naples in 1530.

Sì spesso a consolarmi il sonno riede,
 Ch'omai comincio a desiar la morte ;
 La qual forse non è tant 'aspra e forte,
 Nè tanto acerba quanto il mondo crede.
 Che se la mente vegghia, intende e vede
 Quando le membra stan languide e morte,
 Ed allor par che più mi riconforte,
 Che'l corpo meno il pensa e meno il chiede :
 Non è vano sperar, ch' ancor dappoi
 Che dal nodo terrestre fia disciolta,
 Vegghie, veda ed intenda i piacer suoi.
 Godi dunque, alma afflitta, in pene involta ;
 Che se quì tanta gioia prender puoi,
 Che farai su nella tua patria accolta ?

SONNET.

SANAZZARO.

My soul such pleasure oft in sleep receives,
That death begins to seem a pleasant thing,
Nor to be armed, perhaps, with such a sting,
Or taste so bitter as the world conceives.
For if the mind alone wakes, sees, believes,
While every limb is dead and languishing,
And greatest pleasure to my thoughts can bring
When least the body feels and least perceives ;
Well may the hope be cherished, that when quite
Loosed from the bondage of her earthly chain,
She wakes, and feels, and knows her true delight.
Rejoice then, troubled spirit, though in pain ;
If thou can'st take even here so sweet a flight,
What wilt thou in thy native seats again !

SONETTO.

JACOPO SANAZZARO.

MENTRE ch' Amor con dilettoſo inganno
Nudria il mio cor nelle ſperanze prime,
La mente, con pietose e dolci rime,
Mostrar cercava al mondo il noſtro affanno.
Poi che creſcer il duol più d'anno in anno,
E cader vide i fior dall' alte cime,
Tolta da quel penſier vago e ſublime,
Si diede a contemplar il proprio danno.
Indi in lungo ſilenzio, in notte ſcura
Passa queſto ſuo breve e mortal corſo,
Nè di fama le cal, nè d' altro ha cura.
Dunque, Madonna, cerchi altro ſoccorſo
Il voſtr' ingegno, e guida più ſicura;
Che'l mio, per quel ch'io veggio, in tutto è ſcorſo.

SONNET.

SANAZZARO.

WHILE Love, deceiver sweet, and cherished foe,
Nursed my young heart with visions of delight
Some piteous strain my passion would indite,
And publish to the world my tale of woe.
But finding other sorrows daily grow,
And fairest flowers to wither at their height,
From erring thoughts reclaimed, and giddy flight,
My spirit learned its real griefs to know.
Therefore its mortal period now is lent
To silence, and with shade is overcast,
No more on fame but on itself intent.
Then, Lady, let your genius seek at last
Some fitter guide and wit of stronger bent;
For mine is wasted and my day is past.

SONETTO.

JACOPO SANAZZARO.

LASSO, che ripensando al tempo breve
Di questa vita languida e mortale,
E come con suoi colpi ognora assale
La morte quei che meno assalir deve ;
Divento quasi al sol tepida neve ;
Nè speme alcuna a consolar mi vale :
Ch'essendo in fin quì stato a spiegar l'ale,
Il volo omai per me sia tardo e greve.
Però s'io piango e mi lamento spesso
Di Fortuna, d'Amore, e di Madonna,
Non ho ragion, se non contra me stesso ;
Ch'a guisa d'uom che vaneggiando assonna
Mi pasco d'ombre, ed ho la morte appresso ;
Nè penso ch'ho a lassar la fragil gonna.

SONNET.

SANAZZARO.

ALAS! when I behold this empty show
Of life, and think how soon it shall have fled,
When I consider how the honoured head
Is daily struck by death's mysterious blow,
My heart is wasted like the melting snow,
And hope that comforter is nearly dead;
Seeing these wings have been so long outspread,
And yet so sluggish is my flight and low.
But if I therefore should complain and weep,
If chide with love, or fortune, or the fair,
No cause I have; myself must bear it all,
Who, like a man mid trifles lulled to sleep,
With death beside me feed on empty air,
Nor think how soon this mouldering garb must fall.

SONETTO.

L. ARIOSTO.

Born at Reggio in Lombardy, in 1474. Died at Ferrara, in 1533.

MAL si compensa, ah! lasso, un breve sguardo
All' aspra passion che dura tanto ;
Un interrotto gaudio a un fermo pianto ;
Un partir presto a un ritornarvi tardo.
E questo avvien, chè non fu pari il dardo,
Nè il foco par ch' Amor n' accese a canto :
A me il cor fisse, a voi non toccò il manto ;
Voi non sentite il caldo, ed io tutt' ardo.
Pensai che ad ambi avesse teso Amore,
E voi dovesse a un laccio coglier meco ;
Ma me sol prese, e voi lasciò andar sciolta.
Già non vid' egli molto a quella volta ;
Chè s' avea voi, la preda era maggiore ;
E ben mostrò ch' era fanciullo e cieco.

SONNET.

L. ARIOSTO.

Alas me, how ill that slight and passing show
Of kindness answers my enduring smart !
How ill that late return and haste to part
Suit with my passion keen and bitter woe !
But with unequal hand Love drew the bow,
And tempered with unequal fire the dart ;
It not even touched your robe, but pierced my heart ;
No heat you feel, but wrapped in flames, I glow.
I thought his mark had been for both the same,
One leash of silken net for both designed ;
But me alone he took and left you free.
No skilful archer here at least we see ;
To take the mean and spare the nobler game
Proves what he is, a foolish boy and blind.

MADRIGALE.

L. ARIOSTO.

PER gran vento che spire,
Non s'estingue, anzi più cresce un gran foco,
E spegne e fa sparire ogni aura il poco.
Quando ha guerra maggiore
Intorno, in ogni luogo, e in sulle porte,
Tanto più grande amore
Si ripara nel core, e fa più forte.
D'umile e bassa sorte,
Madonna, il vostro si potria ben dire,
Se le minacce l' han fatto fuggire.

MADRIGAL.

L. ARIOSTO.

THE wind that strongly blows
Will, to strong fire, yet greater force supply ;
But even a breath will make the feeble die.
When most beset with foes .
On every point, around, and at the gate,
Then does a firm affection least abate,
But gathers in the heart and strongest grows.
Lady, and will your love
Thus powerful prove ? or is it low and slight,
Which a few chiding words can put to flight ?

SONETTO.

L. ARIOSTO.

ALTRI loderà il viso, altri le chiome
 De la sua donna, altri l'avorio bianco,
 Onde formò natura il petto e'l fianco ;
 Altri darà a' begli occhi eterno nome.
 Me non bellezza corruttibil, come
 Un ingegno divino, ha mosso unquanco ;
 Un animo così libero e franco,
 Come non senta le corporee some ;
 Una chiara eloquenza che deriva
 Da un fonte di saper ; una onestade
 Di cortesi atti, e leggiadria non schiva.
 Chè s'in me fosse l'arte a la bontade
 De la materia ugual, ne farei viva
 Statua, che dureria più d'una etade.

SONNET.

L. ARIOSTO.

ONE will extol the features of his dame,
 And one her flowing hair ; some more than ought
 Will praise the neck of purest ivory wrought,
 Some give to radiant eyes a lasting name.
 Me passing beauty never could inflame
 Like incorruptible and heavenly thought ;
 The freedom of a generous mind, which nought
 Seems to be hindered by its earthly frame ;
 An eloquence descending from the clear
 Fountains of knowledge, gracious deeds and bland,
 And honourable carriage not severe :
 Material of such worth, that if my hand
 Were equal, should a living creature rear—
 Not only in the present age—to stand.

SONETTO.

L. ARIOSTO.

COME creder debb'io che Tu in ciel oda,
 Signor benigno, i miei non caldi prieghi,
 Se, gridando la lingua che mi sleghi,
 Tu vedi quanto il cor nel laccio goda ?
 Tu che il vero conosci me ne snoda,
 E non mirar ch'ogni mio senso il nieghi ;
 Ma prima il fa, che di me carico pieghi
 Caronte il legno a la dannata proda.
 Iscusi l'error mio, Signor eterno,
 L'usanza ria che par che s'ì mi copra
 Gli occhi, che'l ben dal mal poco discerno.
 L'aver pietà d'un cor pentito anch' opra
 È di mortal : sol trarlo dall' inferno,
 Mal grado suo, puoi Tu, Signor, di sopra.

SONNET.

L. ARIOSTO.

How shall my cold and lifeless prayer ascend,
 Father of mercies, to thy seat on high,
 If, while my lips for thy deliverance cry,
 My heart against that liberty contend?
 Do thou, who knowest all, thy rescue send,
 Though every power of mine the help deny;
 And, oh make haste before the hour draws nigh,
 When to the gates of death I shall descend.
 Eternal God, oh pardon that I went
 Erring so long, whence have mine eyes been smit
 With darkness, nor the good from evil known.
 To spare offenders, being penitent,
 Is even ours; to drag them from the pit
 Themselves resisting, Lord, is thine alone.

SOPRA LA STATUA DELLA NOTTE.

FATTA DA MICHEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

LA notte, che tu vedi in sì dolci atti
 Dormir, fu da un Angelo scolpita
 In questo sasso ; e perchè dorme ha vita :
 Destala, se nol credi, e parleratti.

 RISPOSTA DI MICHEL ANGELO.

Born in 1474. Died in 1564.

IN PERSONA DELLA NOTTE.

GRATO m'è'l sonno, e più l' esser di sasso,
 Mentre che'l danno e la vergogna dura ;
 Non veder non sentir m' è gran ventura :
 Però non mi destar, deh ! parla basso.

INSCRIPTION FOR A STATUE OF NIGHT.

THE WORK OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

THIS Form was moulded by Angelic skill :
 How deep his slumber ! how composed his rest !
 He sleeps, and therefore lives ; but, if you will,
 Awake him ; he will answer, if addressed.

ANSWER, BY M. ANGELO.

THE STATUE SPEAKS.

To sleep is sweet ; and best to sleep in stone,
 While nothing here remains but shame and woe.
 Not to perceive or feel—that, that alone
 Is bliss. Ah ! do not wake me, then ; speak low.

SONETTO.

MICHEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

Born at Caventina in Tuscany, in 1474. Died at Rome, in 1564.
 Pittore, Scoltore, Poeta.

GIUNTO è già il corso dell' vita mia
 Per tempestoso mar con fragil barca
 Al comun porto, ove a render si varca
 Conto e ragion d'ogni opra trista e pia.
 Ma l'alta affettuosa fantasia,
 Che l'arte mi fece idolo e monarca,
 Conosco or ben quanto sia d'error carica,
 E quel, che mal suo grado ognun desia.
 Gli amorosi pensier, già vani e lieti,
 Che fien or, s' a due morti m'avvicino?
 D'una so certo, e l'altra mi minaccia.
 Nè pinger, nè scolpir fia più che queti
 L'anima volta a quell' Amor divino,
 Che aperse in croce a prender noi le braccia.

SONNET.

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

Now my frail bark through life's tempestuous flood
Is steered, and full in view that port is seen
Where all must answer what their course has been,
And every work be tried, if bad or good.
Now do those lofty dreams, my fancy's brood,
Which made of Art an idol and a queen,
Melt into air; and now I feel, how keen!
That what I needed most I most withstood.
Ye fabled joys, ye tales of empty love,
What are ye now, if two-fold death be nigh?
The first is certain, and the last I dread.
Ah! what does Sculpture, what does Painting prove,
When we have seen the Cross, and fixed our eye
On Him whose arms of love were there outspread.

SONETTO.

GIOVAN GIORGIO TRISSINO.

Born at Vicenza in 1478. Died at Rome in 1550.

Poi che sdegno discioglie le catene
Che bellezza construsse, e amore avvinse,
E della dura man, che le distrinse
Tropo aspramente, libertà mi viene ;
Torni la mente al suo verace bene,
Da cui nostra follia lungi la spinse,
Per un pensier, che dentro al cor dipinse
Gioia non vera, e mal fondata spene ;
Ed ella poi con sì beata scorta
Forse potria guidarne a quel cammino
Che parte noi da ogni pensier terreno ;
E la ragion che poco men che morta
Stata è alcun tempo, ed in altrui domino,
Preporre ai sensi, e darle in mano il freno.

SONNET.

G. G. TRISSINO.

Now that the links are broken by disdain
Which beauty forged and love had closer wound,
And the ungentle hand which would have bound
The knot too hard has served to loose my chain ;
To that one source of good my heart would fain
Approach, whence distant far in folly's round
It wandered, and pursuit of bliss, but found
Delusive joys alone, and hope as vain.
Thus by celestial guidance may the mind
Perhaps advance along that better way
Which leaves all trace of worldly thought behind ;
And thus the reason which in bondage lay,
Death-like, and victim to a passion blind,
Rise above sense, and reassume her sway.

SONETTO.

G. G. TRISSINO.

BEMBO, voi sete a quei bei studi intento,
Ch' acquistan vita a l'uom quand'egli è morto,
E come buon nocchier ch' è giunto in porto,
Più noiar non vi può contrario vento.
Io pur mi trovo in mar pien di spavento,
Che'l lito è lunge, ed il viaggio è torto,
Però mi volgo al ciel, avendo scorto
Ogni soccorso uman fallace e lento.
O fortunato, che sì cari frutti
Cogliete omai delle fatiche vostre,
Che le faran gradir mill' anni e mille :
Quando fia mai ch'un bel seren si mostre
A gli occhi miei ? quando saranno asciutti ?
O quando notti avran dolci e tranquille ?

SONNET.

TRISSINO.

THUS bent, my lord, on toils which do not fail
To purchase man a fair name when he dies,
Thou art like him whose boat at anchor lies
After long voyage, and steered in heavy gale.
I still on dark and perilous ocean sail,
And miss the port, and mark the gathering skies,
Though oft to heaven my troubled thoughts arise,
Convinced how slow is human help and frail.
O blest indeed who even now canst reap
Thy fruit of joy compensing dangers past!
Immortal fruit and joy that shall not cease.
Might such a hope serene visit at last
My wearied eyes, used but to watch and weep!
And might they close perhaps at length in peace!

SONETTO.

G. G. TRISSINO.

DOLCI pensier, che da radice amara
Nascer vi sento, ed occuparmi'l core,
Se, come spero, in voi cresce vigore,
Vedrem pur libertà soave e cara.
Già per voi m'avvegg'io quanto s'impara
Nelle cose dubbiose ; e quel dolore
Che conoscer mi fa, che cosa è amore,
Come che tardi, a mia morte ripara.
Sì ch'io ringrazio i sdegni, e la durezza
Di questa donna, anzi nimica mia,
Ch'a mal mio grado mi ritorna in vita.
E se nel cominciar di questa via
Sento giungermi al cor tanta dolcezza,
Or, che fia dunque al fin della salita ?

SONNET.

TRISSINO.

SWEET thoughts, which frequent on the bitter tree
 I find to grow, and now possess my heart,
 By you, if haply strength ye can impart,
 My best and dearest freedom shall I see.
 Already am I sure how much may be
 Gained in adversity ; and even thy dart
 Which tells me, love, tho' late, what thing thou art,
 From a worse death may help to set me free.
 Henceforth, then, do I thank the cold disdain
 And tyranny of her, although my foe,
 Who thus revives me in my own despite.
 And, if while entering on this course we know
 Such peace of mind, what shall we not attain,
 When the soul stretches to her utmost flight?

SONETTO.

G. G. TRISSINO.

Valli, selve, montagne alpestre, ed acque,
Ben potete il mio corpo ritardare,
E chiudergli il cammin di ritornare
Al soave terren dove che nacque ;
L'alma, sciolta da lui, come a Dio piacque,
A mal grado di voi saprà volare
A quella a cui la volse il ciel donare
Serva, dal dì che meco in culla giacque.
Lungo, nivoso, altissimo Appenino,
Che fendi Italia, e tu bel fiume d'Arno
Che mormorando corri a lui vicino,
Quanta forza nel corpo esangue e scarno
Avete ! ma nel spirto, ch'è divino,
Ogni vostro poter s'adopra indarno.

SONNET.

G. G. TRISSINO.

THOSE mountains, valleys, woods, and waters may
 With interposing skreen and rampart high
 Obstruct my path, and wished return deny
 To the loved spot where first I met the day;
 But, uncontrolled, my spirit knows its way
 To her who holds it there in lasting tie,
 Blest from that hour, and favoured by the sky,
 Together in one cradle when we lay.
 O lofty, long, and dreary Appenine,
 Italia's snowy ridge, and thou bright wave
 Of Arno murmuring near, what power you have
 This weak and wasted body to detain!
 But there to cease; the soul, which is divine,
 Can mock your limit, and refuse the chain.

SONETTO.

PIETRO BEMBO.

Born in 1470. Died at Rome, in 1547.

LIETA e chiusa contrada! ov' io m' involo
 Al vulgo, e meco vivo e meco albergo,
 Chi mi t'invidia, or che i Gemelli a tergo
 Lasciando scalda Febo il nostro polo?
 Rade volte in te sento ira, nè duolo,
 Nè gli occhi al ciel sì spesso e le voglie ergo,
 Nè tante carte altrove aduno e vergo,
 Per levarmi talor, s'io posso, a volo.
 Quanto sia dolce un solitario stato,
 Tu m' insegnasti, e quanto aver la mente
 Di cure scarca e di sospetti sgombra.
 O cara selva, o fiumicello amato!
 Cangiar potess'io'l mare, e il lito ardente,
 Con le vostre fredd' acque e la verd' ombra!

SONNET.

P. BEMBO.

YE haunts recluse, where pleased I still retreat
 From crowds, and live alone, what spell denies
 My visit, now that Phœbus in our skies,
 Leaving the Twins, has gathered all his heat !
 Nowhere so calm and free my heart will beat,
 Or thoughts so far above the earth can rise,
 Nowhere my spirit, fed with such supplies,
 Approaches nearer to its native seat.
 How sweet it is in solitude to range
 I learned from thee ; sweet when the world no more
 Distracts us, and our anxious fears are laid.
 O wood and stream beloved, might I exchange
 This restless ocean and its burning shore
 For thy fresh waters and thy verdant shade !

SONETTO.

P. BEMBO.

SOGNO, che dolcemente m' hai furato
A morte, e del mio mal posto in obbligo,
Da qual porta del ciel cortese e pio
Scendesti a rallegrar un dolorato ?
Qual angel ha lassù di me spiato,
Che si movesti al gran bisogno mio ?
Scampo allo stato faticoso e rio
Altro che'n te non ho lasso trovato.
Beato tè, ch' altrui beato fai ;
Se non ch' usi troppo ale al dipartire,
E'n poc' ora mi toi quel che mi dai.
Almen ritorna, e già che'l cammin sai,
Fammi talor di quel piacer sentire,
Che senza te non spero sentir mai.

SONNET.

P. BEMBO.

SWEET dream, to whom this stolen death I owe,
That steeped my sense, and bade my sorrow fly,
Say by what portal did'st thou leave the sky
A messenger of peace, to gladden woe?
What angel there had breathed of one so low
That moved thee on the wings of love to fly?
Since wearied and forsaken where I lie
None but thyself alone can help bestow.
Blest thou, who makest thus another blest!
Save that you ply your wings in too much haste,
And what you gave take back so soon again.
Ah, since the way you know, return at least,
And sometimes of that pleasure let me taste,
Which, but for thee, I would expect in vain.

SONETTO.

VITTORIA COLONNA.

Marchioness of Pescara. Born about the year 1490. Died in 1547.

PADRE eterno del ciel, con quanto amore,
 Grazia, lume, dolcezza in varii modi
 L'uomo dal mondo, e da se stesso snodi,
 Perchè libero a te rivolga il core !
 Rivolto poi, di puro interno ardore
 L'accendi, e legghi con più saldi nodi ;
 Poscia l'affermi con sì forti chiodi,
 Ch'ogni aspra morte gli par vivo onore ;
 Dal pensier ferma nasce in lui la fede ;
 Dalla fè lume, e dalla luce speme ;
 E dal vero sperar fochi più vivi.
 Onde non più rubello il desir cede
 Allo spirto, anzi al ciel volano insieme,
 D'ogni cura mortal sdegnosi e schivi.

SONNET.

V. COLONNA.

ETERNAL God, what peace of mind has he,
What light, what love, what joy of various kind,
When to the world and self no more inclined,
His heart with full desire is turned to Thee !
Now is he given thy purer flame to see,
And held by ties which more securely bind,
In thy restraint his liberty can find,
And bitterest death a crown of life to be.
Thus inward teaching makes his faith alive,
Knowledge by faith, and hope from knowledge spring,
And genuine hope begets new fires again ;
Till the rebellious thoughts no longer strive
Against the soul, but both together wing
Their flight, and mortal cares loathe and disdain.

SONETTO.

V. COLONNA.

PADRE eterno del ciel ! se, tua mercede,
Vivo ramo son io dell' ampia e vera
Vite ch'abbraccia il mondo, e chiusa intera
Vuol la nostra virtù seco per fede :
L'occhio divino tuo languir mi vede
Per l'ombra di mie frondi intorno nera,
Se nella dolce eterna primavera
Il quasi secco umor verde non riede.
Purgami sì ch'io permanendo seco
Mi cibi ognor della rugiada santa,
E rinfreschi col pianto la radice.
Verità sei, dicesti d'esser meco ;
Vien dunque lieto, ond' io frutto felice
Faccia in te degno a sì gradita pianta.

SONNET.

V. COLONNA.

THANKS to thy sovereign grace, O God, if I
 Am grafted in that true vine a living shoot,
 Whose arms embrace the world, and in whose root,
 Planted by faith, our life must hidden lie.

But thou beholdest how I fade and dry,
 Choked with a waste of leaf, and void of fruit,
 Unless thy spring perennial shall recruit
 My sapless branch, still wanting fresh supply.

O cleanse me then, and make me to abide
 Wholly in thee, to drink thy heavenly dew,
 And watered daily with my tears to grow.

Thou art the truth, thy promise is my guide ;
 Prepare me when thou comest, Lord, to show
 Fruits answering to the stock on which I grew.

SONETTO.

V. COLONNA.

PURI innocenti, il vostro invitto e forte
Duca parte, e vi lascia soli inermi ;
E vuol, che i vostri petti siano schermi
Alle sue spalle. O benedetta sorte !
Erode con le voglie inique e torte
Incide, e spezza i bei teneri germi :
Ed ei ne rende a voi gli eterni e fermi
Frutti ; e vita immortal per breve morte.
Tolti dal latte, deste il pianto solo
Per parole ai martiri : ed egli ornati
V'ha di celesti palme e santi allori.
Appena eran sugli òmer vostri nati
I vanni, o cari e pargoletti amori,
Ch' alzaste infin al cielo il primo volo.

SONNET.

V. COLONNA.

PURE innocents, your lord, revealed so late,
Departs, and leaves you unprotected quite;
He wills that on your heads the storm should light,
Averted from His own. Thrice happy fate!
Herod, his dark and fell revenge to sate,
Crops the sweet flowers in bud! O baffled spite!
He gives you thus unfading fruits and bright,
And by short suffering, joys of endless date.
Snatched from the breast, not words but feeble cries
Proclaim the martyrs, whom his deed hath crowned
With palm and laurel from celestial groves.
No sooner are your silken shoulders found
Fledged with the wing, O dear and infant loves,
Than up to heaven at the first flight you rise.

SONETTO.

V. COLONNA.

SE le dolcezze, che dal vivo fonte
Divino stillan dentro un gentil core,
Apparissero al mondo ancor di fuore
Con bella pace in puro amor congiunte ;
Forse sarebbon più palesi e conte
Le cagion da sdegnar ricchezza e onore ;
Onde i più saggi lieti, ebbri d' amore,
Andrebbon con la croce all'erto monte ;
Per sentir con la morte dolce vita
Non solo eternamente, ma in quel punto
Ch' agli altri di lasciar quest' ombre spiace.
Quando lo spirto vivo è a Dio congiunto
Con umil voglia al suo volere unita,
L'aperta guerra gli è secreta pace.

SONNET.

V. COLONNA.

F those delights, which from the living well
 Above are dropped into the heart contrite,
 Were also visible, and others might
 Know what great peace with love divine can dwell,
 Perhaps it would be then less hard to tell
 Why fame and fortune have been counted light;
 And how the wisest men, transported quite,
 Would take their cross, and seek the mountain cell;
 Finding that death-sweet life, and not alone
 In prospect, but now also, while the blind
 And erring world from shadows will not cease.
 When the awakened soul to God has flown,
 With humble will to what He wills inclined,
 Then outward war to such is inward peace.

SONETTO.

V. COLONNA.

AL buon Padre del ciel per vario effetto
Corrono i figli suoi ; tal perchè vede
L'antica serpe a se d'intorno, e crede
Viver secur sotto'l paterno affetto ;
Tal, perchè gran speranza alto diletto
Gli promette lassù, rivolge il piede
Dal' ombre vane al bel raggio di fede,
Ch'a più chiaro sentier gli accende il petto ;
Ma non per nostra tema o nostra speme
Ei ne raccolse mai, nè mai converse
Per tal cagion ver noi sua vera luce ;
Sol guarda in croce lui, che'l ciel ne aperse,
Vinse il serpente, ed è quì nostro duce ;
E con quel capo abbraccia i membri insieme.

SONNET.

V. COLONNA.

To God the fountain of all good above
 With different views we find His children go ;
 One feels the serpent near, his ancient foe,
 And looks for safety in paternal love ;
 Others draw nigh because they hope to prove
 Great joys in heaven ; whence inward peace they know,
 And gladly from this vain and passing show
 By faith's more certain light they would remove.
 But neither by our hope nor by our fear
 God reckons ever ; nor His light is given
 To man on this account. He looks on Him
 Only, and on His cross, who opened heaven,
 Bruising the snake, and is our leader here ;
 And with that head embraces every limb.

SONETTO.

V. COLONNA.

PARMI che'l sol non porga il lume usato,
Nè che lo dia sì chiara a sua sorella,
Nè veggio almo pianeta, o vaga stella,
Rotar lieta i be' rai nel cerchio ornato.
Non veggio cor più di valore armato;
Fuggito è il vero onor, la gloria bella,
Nascosa è la virtù giunta con ella,
Nè vive in arbor fronda, o fiore in prato.
Veggio torbide l'acque, e l'aer nero,
Non scalda il fuoco, nè rinfresca il vento,
Tutti ban smarrito la lor propria cura.
D'allor che'l mio bel sol fu in terra spento,
O che confuso è l'ordin di natura,
O il duol agli occhi miei nasconde il vero.

SONNET.

V. COLONNA.

METHINKS the sun his wonted beam denies,
 Nor lends so fair light to his sister's car;
 Methinks each planet mild and lovely star
 Has left its sweet course in the spangled skies.
 Fallen is the heart of noble enterprise,
 True glory perished and the pride of war;
 All grace and every virtue faded are,
 The leaf is withered, and the floweret dies.
 Unmoved I am though heaven and earth invite,
 Warmed by no ray, nor fanned if zephyr blow;
 All offices of nature are deranged;
 Since the bright sun that cheered me vanished so,
 The courses of the world have quite been changed.
 Ah no, but sorrow veils them from my sight.

On the death of her husband, the Marquis of Pescara.

SONETTO.

GIOVAMBATISTA COTTA.

Born in 1668. Died in 1738

ALTO possente Dio, che i buon desiri
 Scorgi a sublime e glorioso segno,
 E nelle nostre oscure menti ispiri
 Ogni pensiero, e ogni atto, onesto e degno ;
 Volgi, deh volgi da' superni giri
 Sereno un guardo a questo basso ingegno :
 Onde cantando intorno a te m'aggiri,
 Nè il canto mio sia di tue glorie indegno.
 Co' raggi tuoi l'interno mio penetra,
 E quella sgombra, in cui sepolto io sono,
 Nebbia d'error caliginosa e tetra.
 E se di tua somma pietà fu dono
 Questa mia sacra armoniosa cetra,
 Non isdegnar, che a te ne volga il suono.

SONNET.

GIOV. COTTA.

ALMIGHTY God, who only dost inspire
 The just design, and lead to glorious end,
 On whom, for we are dark, all right desire,
 All holy counsel and good works depend ;
 Vouchsafe from where thou dwellest girt with fire
 On my low mind a gracious look to bend,
 Which all confused and weak would yet aspire
 Its praises with the heavenly throng to blend.
 O pierce my inmost frame, and light it so,
 That the deep clouds of error which confound
 My sense, may vanish at thy potent ray ;
 And, to thy sovereign goodness since I owe
 This harp of solemn and harmonious sound,
 Deign to accept the tribute of its lay !

SONETTO.

G. COTTA.

NUME non v' è, dicea fra sè lo stolto,
Nume non v' è che l'universo regga :
Squarci l'empio la benda, ond' egli é avvolto
Agli occhi infidi, e se v'ha Nume ei vegga.
Nume non v' è ! verso del ciel rivolto
Chiario il suo inganno in tante stelle ei legga ;
Speglisi, e impresso nel suo proprio volto
Ad ogni sguardo il suo Fattor rivegga.
Nume non v' è ? de' fiumi i puri argenti,
L'aer che spiri, il suolo ove risiedi,
Le piante, i fior, l'erbe, l'arene, e i venti,
Tutti parlan di Dio ; per tutto vedi
Del grand'esser di Lui segni eloquenti ;
Credilo stolto a lor, se a te nol credi.

SONNET.

G. COTTA.

THERE is no God, the fool in secret cries,
 None who upholds this universal frame ;
 Tear off the bandage from the traitor's eyes,
 And to his faithless view that God proclaim.
 Is there no God ? Look upward to the skies,
 Where all the radiant stars pronounce thy shame :
 Or in the mirror which before thee lies,
 Trace every line and read thy Maker's name.
 No God ? The argent streams that sweetly flow,
 The air you breathe, the ground you tread, each stone,
 Plant, flower, and herb, the sand, the winds that blow,
 All speak of God, all his dread being own,
 And praise him eloquent in signs that glow ;
 Believe their witness, fool, if not thy own.

SONETTO.

G. COTTA.

FRENA, dicea il diletto alla sua sposa,
Frena i lunghi sospiri, e tergi il pianto ;
Su vieni, e regna al tuo signore accanto,
Amica mia, Colomba mia vezzosa.
Già passò il verno, e la vermiglia rosa
Nasce vicina al giglio, e all' amaranto ;
Ed aquilon, che imperversò cotanto
Contro le selve e il gregge, omai riposa.
S' ode la semplicetta tortorella,
Che il pastor chiama a ripotar le viti,
Lieve volando in questa parte, e in quella.
Sorgi ; chè già di mille fiori orditi
Ti ho mille serti, o fra le belle bella ;
Sorgi, ed ascolta i miei celesti inviti.

SONNET.

G. CÔTTA.

CEASE, the beloved said, O cease from those
 Complaining sighs, fair one, and wipe the tear;
 Come to my side, thy Lord invites thee near,
 Come reign with me, my dove, my pleasant spouse.
 Winter is gone, again the damask rose,
 And lily sweet, and summer buds appear,
 And the loud north, which filled the flocks with fear,
 And sounded through the wood, no longer blows.
 The turtle's tender voice is in the land,
 And calls the shepherd to his early care
 Among the vines, flitting from spray to spray.
 Arise, celestial flowers for thee my hand
 Has gathered, O thou fair among the fair;
 Arise, my love, my spouse, and come away.

INNO.

G. COTTA.

ODAMI, cielo e terra,

Fermi le rote in sull'eterea mole ;

E qual udì già il sole

L' altrui temuta imperiosa voce,

Allor che in aspra formidabil guerra

Cadde sconfitto l' Amorreo feroce,

Tal porga orecchio a'miei canori accenti.

M'odano e mari, e fiumi, e gioghi, e selve,

L'aer, gli augei, le placid'aure, e i venti,

E l'universe belve,

M'ascoltin tutte ragionar di Dio ;

Bench'ei non cresca all'altrui canto, o mio.

Ma, poichè a ignobil polve,

Qual io mi son, nelle invisibil cose

In te, Signor, nascose

Senza il tuo Santo lume entrar non giova,

Chè ignoranza e timor tutto m'involva ;

Tu i prischi esempi a'nostri dì rinnuova ;

E qual da te scese al buon Duce ebreo

Spirto di luce in bel liquore ardente,

HYMN.

G. COTTA.

HEAR me, O earth and sky,
 Stay that ethereal round, slack, slack your speed;
 And as the sun gave instant heed
 Once to imperious voice of dreaded power,
 When fell the Amorite fierce in frightful die
 Of battle, smote with sword and stony shower,
 Give equal audience to my tuneful strain.
 Let ocean hear, and stormy wind, and flood,
 All beast and bird, the breeze, the hill, the plain,
 Valley, and every wood,
 Hear while to God I pour the song divine,
 Though profit none has he by others' song or mine.
 But since for worthless dust
 Like me on things invisible to pry,
 Hidden in Thee, O Lord, which lie,
 Without thy sacred help would not avail,
 For I am darkness all and all distrust,
 Revive thy ancient work in this our day;
 And as in flaming cup thy vision bright
 Descended on the Hebrew priest* of old,

* *The Hebrew priest.* See 2 Esdras xiv. 38-41.

Che all'ombre il tolse, e chiaro vate il feo,
 Tal di tua man repente
 Vengami a nuoto in nobil tazza d'oro
 Di facondia e di fiamme almo tesoro.
 Già l'atra nebbia è sgombra ;
 Già mi sollevo ver l'etereo mondo
 Da questo ermo, e profondo ;
 E a me ti scopri quasi cerchio immenso
 D' immensa luce senza macchia ed ombra.
 Al fermo tuo fuor d'ogni luogo estenso,
 E in ogni luogo invariabil centro
 Non corre linea ardimentosa intorno,
 Che il chiuda, e stringa al giro suo per entro ;
 Con ignominia e scorno
 Veggola ognor con sue figure esclusa,
 Ch' esser non puote immensità rinchiusa.
 Quindi ti fugge in vano
 L'empio, che corre a tondo, e invan s'arretra,
 S'empi le sfere, e l'etra,
 L'erme campagne, le marine, e i lidi ;
 E se vi sei col guardo, e colla mano,
 E col sapere, e col poter v'annidi ;
 E colla spada, e collo stral vi giungi,
 E colle fiamme del furor che strugge.
 Onde chi mai da te, signor, va lungi ?
 Ti perde, è ver, chi fugge ;
 Ma ove sen va chi da te fugge ingrato,
 Se non da te pietoso a te sdegnato ?

And cleared his doubts, and streamed prophetic light,
 Pour upon me the flame
 Of hallowed eloquence, and fill my soul
 As if with sparkling wine from rich and flowing bowl.
 And now the shadows fade,
 Even now to empyrean realms I soar,
 Freed from this low and barren shore ;
 I see thee as the circle's endless bound,
 A light unbounded without spot or shade,
 Whose centre stretched beyond all place, and found
 In every place unchanged, no daring line
 To measure by its compass ever tried,
 Or circumscribing limit to confine ;
 But baffled and defied
 I see all figure and all thought how vain,
 Thy whole immensity to reach or to contain.
 Where, then, shall sinners fly,
 Where turn or hide from Thee who still art near,
 Filling the wide ethereal sphere,
 And desert plain, and ocean's farthest bound,
 And ever present with thy hand and eye,
 Knowledge and power, besettest them around,
 And reachest with the arrow and the sword
 And vengeance winged against thine enemies ?
 Who shall avoid thy presence, then, O Lord ?
 Yes, he avoids who flies ;
 But where does he retreat, O mad desire,
 Save from a God of grace to meet him in his ire !

A te sdegnato, e acceso

Di sì gran spirto d'ira e di procella,

Che, in questa parte e in quella,

Regni e cittadi in cenere converti ;

E contra i mari a guerreggiare inteso

Gli volgi in arenosi ermi deserti ;

E secchi i fiumi, che sdegnaro i ponti,

E si recar sul corno arbori e campi ;

A te che stempri quasi cera i monti

Al fiammeggiar de' lampi ;

Onde chi passa dice poi per giuoco,

Qui fu il giogo superbo, e questo è il loco.

Qual stassi rota in rota,

Tal in quel cerchio, gran monarca, io miro

L'interminabil giro

Della felice, senza vespro e aurora,

Ognor presente eternitade immota ;

Dove sei tutto a tutti, e fai dimora,

E ove son tante del gioir le vie,

Che mill' anni e poi mille a te davante

Volan coll' ali di fugace die,

Anzi di lieve instante ;

Dove tu sei la somma vita, e dove

Sei spirto e moto a quanto vive altrove.

Non vide occhio giammai

Nè mai lingua mortale a narrar prese,

O in core umano ascese,

Thee in thine ire to brave

And hot rebuke, who, if thou please to pour
 Afar or near thy flaming shower,
 Realms disappear and towns in ashes lie ;
 Or, if thou makest war upon the wave,
 Who turnest tides to barren land and dry,
 And parchest rivers up which burst their chain,
 And field and forest swept with furious sway ;
 Thee, at whose breath the hills do not remain,
 But melt like wax away,
 Till scorn hereafter tells, and points the hand,
 There rose its haughty head, there did the mountain
 stand.

As wheel on wheel extends,

I see, great King, extended with the bound
 Of that illimitable round,
 Full without Vesperus or morn thy bliss,
 Which never had increase and never ends,
 Where thou art all in all, and makest this
 Thy dwelling, and of joy such fountain hast,
 That thousand years and thousand in thy sight
 Are like the wings of yesterday when past,
 Or as a moment light ;
 O thou, the well of life, whence all that lives
 And moves elsewhere, its motion and its life derives.

The eye has never seen,

Nor tongue of man been able to impart,
 Nor has it entered in his heart,

Qual sei lassù ne' regni tuoi superni,
 E qual già fosti, e in avvenir sarai.
 Chi penetrò ne' gran secreti eterni
 Della tua mente, e nella prima idea
 Vide i pensier de' secoli futuri,
 E ciò che il tempo alato in sè volgea
 Ne' suoi natali oscuri?
 Chi ne' divin consigli unqua s'immerse,
 E l'ordine del mondo ivi scoperse?

Santa umiltà, tu sola,
 Sola col guardo dal tuo fondo arrivi,
 Dove tra eccelsi divi
 Nel formidabil nume suo si copre
 L'alta cura celeste, e altrui s'invola.
 Tu sol penetri i di lei pregi, e l'opre,
 E a te lice il vederli almeno in parte
 Sciolti dal primo nuvoloso velo;
 Come sul dì da sotterranea parte
 Altri le stelle in cielo
 Mira, ch'ei non vedria su donde poggia
 Il sommo olimpo, e oltre le nubi alloggia.
 Io saglio teco, e il guardo
 Spingo nel grembo de' divini abissi,
 Ed ambo i lumi ho fissi
 Omai nel volto del superno amore.
 Oh santo amor focoso, ond' io tutt' ardo,
 In te, di te, per te, sol vive il core;

What on thy holy and celestial throne
 Thou art, and wilt be, and hast ever been.
 Who has the secret mind and purpose known
 Of the Eternal? who the first resolve
 And thought of distant ages has perceived,
 And seen what winged time was to evolve
 When shapen and conceived?
 Who is it that has counselled the Most High?
 Or had the world's affairs subjected to his eye?
 Thou, from thy depth, alone,
 Holy humility, hast ever soared
 Where, by the heavenly host adored,
 God dwells in his pavilion, and arrays
 In light and dreadful majesty unknown;
 Thou only reachest to his works and praise:
 To thee he gives in part at least to know
 His glory, and in part withdraws the skreen.
 Thus upon earth, from cave or part below
 The starry sky is seen
 More clear than if we climbed Olympus' peak,
 And pitched where distant clouds beneath our tent
 should break.
 With thee I mount, I turn
 And gaze where heaven's recesses all unfold;
 And now my stedfast eyes behold
 The countenance benign which beams above.
 O fire of heavenly love with which I burn!
 Only in thee, for thee, by thee I love!

Tu sei quel cibo almo vital perenne,
 Tu sei quel fonte d'inesausta vena
 Che inonda, e sazia, e a noia unqua non venne
 In sua nettarea piena ;
 Tu sei quel sacro animator, che crei
 L'alme immortali, e le converti in Dei.

U'quell' ardor fiammeggia
 Reina sapienza alto risiede ;
 E sovra immobil piede
 Omnipotenza esecutrice attende
 Gli augusti cenni sull' eccelsa reggia.
 Quella disegna i mondi, e questa imprende
 A porgli in opra, e gli conduce a fine,
 E agevolmente tragge lor dal nulla ;
 Qual putto alza d'arene al rio vicine
 Palagi, e si trastulla.

Oh sommo Dio, quanto in poter sei grande,
 Se scherzi in così belle opre ammirande !

Grande, o Signor, t'adoro .

In tua bontade, onde tu sol sei buono ;
 Grande sull' aureo trono
 Di tua giustizia, onde tu sol sei giusto ;
 Mirabil, grande in ogni tuo lavoro,
 Sia spazioso, o angusto ;
 Grande, e possente in vastità d'imperi,
 E non minore in maestà di soglio ;
 Ne' voler, ne' consigli, e ne' pensieri

Thou art that vital, that sustaining food,
 Thou art that unexhausted well of joys,
 That full salubrious satisfying flood
 Whose nectar never cloy ;
 Thou source of life, whose living word bestowed
 Life on our souls, and turns our souls again to God.
 And where this flame expands,
 Wisdom, celestial empress, has her seat ;
 And, rested on eternal feet,
 Omnipotence attends, and ever wakes
 To execute her high and dread commands.
 The worlds which wisdom has devised he makes
 His instant act, conducting to their close,
 And brings from nothing all the beauteous frame ;
 As at the brook a child with ease upthrows
 Palace of sand in game.
 O God Supreme, how great art thou in power,
 Whose works thus gorgeous are light fabrics of an
 hour!
 Great is thy goodness, Lord ;
 I worship thee, for thou art good alone,
 And great upon thy golden throne
 Of justice, only just, just over all ;
 Much in thy countless works to be adored,
 So full of wonder, both the great and small ;
 Vast in thy empire stretched through all extent ;
 Nor lesser in the glory of thy crown :
 How great in will, and counsel, and intent !

Grande, ma senza orgoglio ;
 Benchè talora in tuo furor ragioni
 A noi mortali col ruggir de' tuoni.

S'io non temessi morte,
 Degna mercede al troppo osar del ciglio,
 O grave egual periglio,
 Vorria mirar quel tuo raggianti volto,
 Qual ei si mostra alla superna corte,
 E qual serena il ciel d'orrore involto,
 E le guerre de' nemi in aria acqueta ;
 Che splende, e alluma d'un suo raggio solo
 L'immensa sfera del maggior pianeta,
 E che lassù dal polo
 Invita con sue vaghe auree faville
 Le umane a contemplar egre pupille.

Vorrei mirar la prima
 Somma unitade, e l'immortal bellezza,
 Cui così poco apprezza
 L'ignaro volgo, e lei pone in non cale
 Per fango abbietto, ch'ei cotanto estima,
 Di terrestre beltà caduca e frale :
 E sarei vago di mirar la luce,
 Tanto d'error nemica e di menzogna,
 Del primo ver, che d'ogni vero è duce.
 Ma indarno uom vile agogna
 Poggiar tant' alto ; ond' io le penne allento,
 E torno in terra al primo mio spavento.

And yet thou lookest down
 On man, and warnest him before,
 And callest often ere thy dreadful thunders roar.

And but for death imposed

On too adventurous gaze, or the just meed
 Of equal punishment decreed,
 I would desire to see thy visage bright,
 As when to the angelic court disclosed,
 Clearing the sky from gloom of horrid night ;
 As when it stills the elemental war
 Above, and kindles, by one smiling ray,
 In all its round expanse the greater star,
 And to the realms of day
 Attracts with golden fire, and sweetly cheers
 The drooping eye of man in this his vale of tears.

Up to the first, supreme,

Sole and immortal beauty I would rise,
 Though ignorant and vulgar eyes
 Regard it not, nor does it in their scale
 Outweigh that dust, which they so much esteem,
 Of earthly beauty, perishing and frail.
 In vision to that light my soul ascends
 Where nought that is impure or false can live,
 That fount of truth from which all truth descends.
 But earth in vain would strive
 To mount so far ; and, dropping down, I view
 With dread the daring height to which my pinions flew.

SONETTO.

G. COTTA.

O TU, che gli anni preziosi e l'ore
Ne' vani studii consumando vai,
E sol tesoro a l'altre età ne fai
Pel breve acquisto di fugace onore ;
Veggoti già per fama altrui maggiore,
Maggiore in merto ; ma d'acerbi guai
Qual messe dopo morte alfin corrai,
Se tardi apprendi a divenir migliore !
Ascolta, ascolta ; nell'estremo giorno
Andrà il tuo nome in sempiterno obbligo,
E frutto avrai sol di vergogna e scorno.
Ecco, diran le genti, il pazzo, il rio,
Che di sublime chiaro ingegno adorno,
Tutt' altro seppe, che se stesso, e Dio !

SONNET.

G. COTTA.

O THOU whose precious hours and years are past
In following vain pursuit and studies vain,
Hoping to reap henceforth of all this pain
Slight harvest of renown, short time to last ;
What, though a praise above all praise thou hast
From mortals now, say what shall be thy gain ?
Think, if thy soul no profit shall attain,
What fruit of sorrow shall be thine at last !
Hear, then, O hear, before that final day
Dooms thee, in shame and everlasting scorn,
To have with things forgotten thy abode :
Lo, there the fool and impious, will they say,
'Who, rich in genius and for glory born,
All knowledge had but of himself and God !

SONETTO.

VINCENZO QUIRINO.

A learned Venetian and diplomatist. Died at Rome, in 1514.

BREVE riposo aver di lunghi affanni,
 E in poca servitù molto sospetto,
 Veder fosco piacer, chiaro dispetto
 In cor vuoto di fe', colmo d'inganni ;
 Ridendo l'ore, e lagrimando gli anni,
 Di vera noia trar falso diletto,
 Trovar morto l'ardir, vivo il rispetto,
 Col perder nel guadagno de' miei danni ;
 Gir cercando il mio ben, nè saper dove,
 Trovar di chiusa frode oltraggio aperto,
 E d'antichi pensier favole nove,
 Scoperti sdegni in lusingar coperto ;
 Son le cagion ch' ognor meco si trove
 La speranza dubbiosa, e'l dolor certo.

SONNET.

V. QUIRINO.

(WORLDLY INSINCERITY.)

A SHORT release to have from lengthened pain,
 And in few followers less of truth descry,
 Through outward smiles the covert hate to spy,
 And prove the faithless heart and promise vain ;
 To laugh for moments but for years complain ;
 In quest of false delight to meet the sigh,
 To see affection cool, not passion die,
 And much of labour little fruit obtain :
 To seek for good, not knowing what is best,
 In acts of wrong detect the secret foe,
 To find a hook beneath the courtly lure,
 And read plain scorn in cunning flattery drest ;
 Such is the world, and such its empty show,
 The hope delusive, but the suffering sure.

SONETTO.

BERNARDO TASSO.

Of Bergamo. Born in 1493. Died in 1569.

QUEST' ombra che giammai non vide il sole,
 Qualor a mezzo il ciel mira ogni cosa,
 Dai folti rami d'un mirteto ascosa,
 Col letto pien di calta e di viole ;
 Dov'un garrulo rio si lagna e duole,
 Con l'onda chiara che non tiene ascosa
 L'arena più ch'una purpurea rosa
 Lucido vetro e trasparente suole :
 Un povero pastor, ch'altro non ave,
 Ti sacra, o bello dio della quiete,
 Dolce riposo dell'inferme menti !
 Se col tuo sonno e tranquillo e soave
 Gli chiuderai quest'occhi egri e dolenti,
 Che non veggon mai cose allegre e liete.

SONNET.

B. TASSO.

THIS shade, on which the noon-star never throws
His eye, when all things covered he unseals,
So thickly wrought the myrtle-grove, conceals
A couch where pansy and the violet grows ;
Near which a garrulous brook lamenting goes,
And checks the forest with its plaintive peals,
Whose limpid wave not less the bed reveals
Than pure translucent glass the blushing rose ;
A shepherd, who can boast no other store,
Devotes, henceforth, O gentle rest, to thee,
Who givest oft the labouring heart relief ;
If thou with sweet and silent hand restore
Sleep to these wearied eyes, opprest with grief,
Which nought of pleasure now or joy can see.

SONETTO.

B. TASSO.

SIAN della greggia tua, vago pastore,
L'erbette, e i fior della mia verde riva ;
L'ombre sian tue del gelso, e dell'oliva,
Che fanno al tuo bel colle eterno onore.

Ma non turbar il fresco e dolce umore
Di questa fonte mia lucente, e viva,
Sacra a le muse, ond'il liquor deriva,
Che l'alme inebria di divin furore.

Quì solo beve Apollo, e le sorelle,
I santi amor, le caste ninfe, e liete,
E qualche cigno candide, e gentile.

Tu, se non sei pastor e rozzo, e vile,
Canta rime d'amor leggiadre, e belle,
Indi con l'onde mie spegni la sete.

SONNET.

B. TASSO.

INSCRIPTION FOR A FOUNTAIN.

FREE to thy flocks, O wandering shepherd, still
 Are my green banks, with herb and flower inlaid,
 And free the olive and the mulberry shade,
 Whose aged boughs adorn this lovely hill.
 But trouble not the crystal drops that spill
 From my clear fountain, by the muses made
 Sacred, nor these my sparkling springs invade,
 Whose cooling draughts the heavenly dream instil.
 Here drinks Apollo, here the sister train,
 The loves unblemished, and the maidens chaste ;
 Perhaps a milk-white swan of gentle brood.
 If thou art ought but shepherd base and rude,
 Here may'st thou sing some sweetly moving strain,
 Then largely of my lucid waters taste.

SONETTO.

B. TASSO.

PERCHÈ spiri con voglie empie, ed acerbe
Facendo guerra a l'onde alte, e schiumose,
Zefiro, usato sol fra piaggie ombrose
Mover talor col dolce fiato l'erbe?
Ira sì grave, e tal rabbia si serbe
Contr' al gelato verno ; or dilettese
Sono le rive, e le piante frondose,
E di fiori, e di frutti alte, e superbe.
Deh torna all' occidente, ove t' invita,
Col grembo pien di rose, e di viole,
A gli usati piacer la bella Clori.
Odi l'ignuda state, che smarrita
Di te, si duol con gravi, alte parole,
E pregando ti porta, e frutti, e fiori.

SONNET.

B. TASSO.

WHY thus so keen and angry dost thou sweep,
Why rouse to war the mountain billows white,
O Zephyrus, who used to wander light
In scented fields, and through the woodland creep?
This bitter fury should'st thou rather keep
For rigid winter; all is now delight,
The fragrant banks and leafy groves invite,
And flower and fruit are crowning every steep.
Why should thy balmy breeze be thus delayed?
See, how with gathered violet and the rose
The fair expects thee in thy wonted bowers.
Behold the panting summer all dismayed,
Who at thy strange neglect impatient grows,
And waits to welcome thee with fruits and flowers.

SONETTO.

B. TASSO.

SUPERBO scoglio, che con l'ampia fronte
Miri le tempestose onde marine ;
Che tant' anime chiare e pellegrine
Chiudesti nel famoso tuo bel monte ;
Che la vaga sorella di Fetonte
Spiegando al ciel l'aurato, e crespo crine,
Fece di mille cor dolci rapine
Con le bellezze sue celesti, e conte :
Quì figura cangiar fece, e pensiero
A mille amanti. O voglia iniqua, e ria !
Bosco tu'l sai, che lor chiudesti in seno.
Già lieto colle, or monte orrido, e fero,
Quanto t'invidio, che la donna mia
Indi lieto vagheggi, e'l mar tirreno !

SONNET.

B. TASSO.

THOU haughty rock, whose deep based promontory
 Is fronted in tempestuous ocean's thunder,
 Who heldest in thine ancient mount of wonder
 Far travelled chiefs, and many a name of glory.
 What time that fatal Queen, renowned in story,
 Her bright locks waving thy recesses under,
 Made, by her heavenly charms, sweet stolen plunder
 Of thousand hearts to thy famed territory,
 Working fell change on thousand lovers, reft
 Of mind and shape ; unhallowed purpose bold,
 Witness thou grove, whose deeps they were defiling !
 Fair mountains once, but rugged now and left !
 Yet still those heights I envy which behold
 Thy seat, my fairest, and the Tirenne smiling !

SONETTO.

LUIGI TANSILLO.

Of Nola. Born about 1510. Died about 1570.

E FREDDO è il fonte, e chiare e cresse ha l'onde,
 E molli erbe verdeggian d'ogn' intorno,
 E'l platano co i ramī, e'l salce e l'orno,
 Scaccian Febo, che il crin talor v' asconde;
 E l'aura appena le più lievi fronde
 Scuote, sì dolce spira al bel soggiorno;
 Ed è il rapido sol sul mezzo giorno;
 E versan fiamme le campagne bionde.
 Fermate sovra l'umido smeraldo,
 Vaghe Ninfe, i bei piè, ch' oltra ir non ponno,
 Sì stanche, ed arse al corso, ed al sol sete.
 Darà ristoro alla stanchezza il sonno:
 Verde ombra, ed aura refrigerio al caldo;
 E le vive acque spegneran la sete.

SONNET.

L. TANSILLO.

FOR AN ALCOVE.

CLEAR is the brook, and fresh the fountains play,
 And all the ground with sweetest herb is wove ;
 And branching plane, and ash, and willow grove,
 Exclude the sun, and quench his burning ray ;
 And scarce the passing breezes bend the spray,
 So lightly in these pleasant glades they rove ;
 And Phœbus guides his flaming car above,
 And golden fields reflect the sultry day.
 Then rest, fair nymphs, upon this tender green
 Your graceful feet ; nor follow farther now
 The toil of chase, or tempt the noontide beam.
 Here sleep may soothe you, and the shade will screen ;
 Here let the zephyrs cool your fervid brow ;
 Here quaff the waters of the sparkling stream.

SONETTO.

L. TANSILLO.

POSCIA che'l sol se n'ha portato il giorno,
E l'atra notte di sotterra svelle;
Vien, vaga luna, con le luci belle,
E fa della tua vista, il mondo adorno.
Pon mente al ciel, come girando intorno,
Ad ogni passo par che ti rappelle;
Pon mente, quanti eserciti di stelle
Attendon desiosi il tuo ritorno.
Le stelle, il ciel, la terra, e l'ombre istesse
Ridono all' apparir del tuo bel viso;
E le tenebre mie non son sì spesse.
Mentre col guardo in te, col pensier fiso
Rimiro altrui; s'han fede alte promesse,
Non sono in tutto dal mio ben diviso.

SONNET.

L. TANSILLO.

Now that the sun will make no longer stay,
And from beneath ascends the sable night,
Come, lovely moon, with orb of silver light,
And shed upon the world thy peaceful ray !
Think of the heavens which hold their customed way,
And seem to miss thee in their circling flight ;
Think how the starry host, those legions bright,
Expecting thy return, their lamps delay.
The stars, the sky, the earth, the shadowy train,
At thy approach a smile of pleasure prove,
And calms unwonted in this bosom reign.
For by thy beams my heart is drawn above,
While all my hallowed hopes revive again,
And passion changes to a sacred love.

SONETTO.

L. TANSILLO.

ORRIDA notte, che rinchiusa il negro
Crin sotto'l vel de l'umide tenèbre,
Da sotterra esci, e di color funebre
Ammanti il mondo, e spoglilo d'allegro ;
Io che i tuoi freddi indugi irato ed egro
Biasmo non men che la mia ardente febre,
Quanto ti loderei, se le palpebre
Queto chiudessi un de' tuoi corsi integro !
Direi ch'esci dal ciel, e ch'hai di stelle
Mille corone onde fai'l mondo adorno ;
Che ne chiami al riposo, e ne rappelle
Da le fatiche, e ch'al tuo sen soggiorno
Fanno i diletti ; e tante cose belle,
Che se n'andria tinto d'invidia il giorno.

SONNET.

L. TANSILLO.

O HIDEOUS night, whose ebon locks unbound
 Beneath a veil of dripping darkness fall,
 Who, rising from the deep, with funeral pall
 Mantlest the world, and saddenest all things round;
 I, who thy cold and sullen pace have found
 Thus dismal, and whom feverish thoughts appal,
 Far other note would raise, if at my call
 Thou broughtest one long tranquil sleep profound.
 Sky-born thou shouldst be then, and I would greet
 Thy starry crowns which pour a silver blaze;
 Tell how thou beckonest to repose, and sweet
 Exchange from labour; and how pleasure stays
 With thee; and such high themes would I repeat,
 That day should envious grow hearing thy praise.

SONETTO.

L. TANSILLO.

DEH quando fia, Signor, che tanta fede
 L'alma mia purghi, e tanto amor l'accenda,
 E tal vigor da quella speme prenda
 D'esser del Ciel col tuo figliuolo erede ;
 Che non opri la lingua, o mova il piede
 Se non per gloria tua, nè a cosa intenda
 Che quel tuo santo Spirto attristi, o offenda,
 Che in lei per tua singolar grazia siede ?
 Deh quando fia che da sì grave inferno,
 Da sì dura prigion di morte e d' ira,
 Esca libera e sciolta, e a te sen' voli ?
 Alma mia, perchè piangi, o che ti duoli ?
 Non è il tuo Dio tuo Sposo, e Padre eterno ?
 In lui dunque t'acqueta, e in lui respira.

SONNET.

L. TANSILLO.

WHEN, O my God, when shall my soul be strong
In faith, so filled with heavenly love and heat,
When with such lively hope my bosom beat
Of joys which to thy sons in Christ belong,
That I shall neither move my foot nor tongue
But for thy glory, nor have dread so great
As that thy Spirit pure, who has his seat
In me through grace, should suffer grief, or wrong?
O! when released from this its prison-house,
Where death and fear their strong dominion keep,
Burst forth, and fly to thee, and get release!
But why, my soul, ah why thus wail and weep?
Is not thy God thy Father still and spouse?
O then repose on him, and be at peace.

SONETTO.

ANNIBAL CARO.

Of Civita Nova, in the March of Ancona. Born in 1507. Died at Rome, in 1566.

Poi che per mia ventura a veder torno
 Voi, dolci colli, e voi chiare e fresch' acque,
 E te, che tanto a la natura piacque
 Farti, sito gentil, vago ed adorno;
 Ben posso dire avventuroso il giorno,
 E lodar sempre quel desio che nacque
 In me di rivedervi, che pria giacque
 Morto nel cor di dolor cinto intorno.
 Vi veggio or dunque: e tal dolcezza sento,
 Che quante mai da la fortuna offese
 Ricevute ho fin quì pongo in oblió.
 Così sempre vi sia largo e cortese,
 Lochi beati, il ciel, come in me spento
 È, se non di voi soli, ogni desio.

SONNET.

ANNIBAL CARO.

SINCE happily allowed once more to stray
By the clear streams, to draw the mountain air,
And thee, delightful seat, by nature fair,
Still to adorn and deck in fresh array;
Blest be the hour, with reason I may say,
And blest that secret purpose which I bear
Of visiting once more thy sweet repair,
Though buried long with every hope it lay.
I see you now then, and feel such delight,
That whatsoe'er I took at fortune's hand
Of hardship, to oblivion I resign.
Still breathe the heaven as bountiful and bland
On thee, loved spot, as from my bosom quite
Is past all wish of other haunt but thine !

SONETTO.

GIOVANNI DELLA CASA.

Born in 1503. Died about 1556.

O SONNO, o della queta umida ombrosa
 Notte placido figlio ; o de' mortali
 Egri conforto, oblió dolce de' mali
 Sì gravi, ond' è la vita aspra e noiosa ;
 Soccorri al core omai che langue, e posa
 Non ave, e queste membra stanche e frali
 Solleva ; a me ten vola, o Sonno, e l'ali
 Tue brune sovra me distendi, e posa.
 Ov'è il silenzio che'l dì fugge e'l lume ?
 E i lievi sogni che con non secure
 Vestigia di seguirti han per costume ?
 Lasso ! che'nvan te chiamo, e queste oscure
 E gelide ombre invan lusingo : o piume
 D'asprezza colme ! o notti acerbe e dure !

SONNET.

G. DELLA CASA.

O SLEEP, O peaceful son of the moist, still,
And shadowy night! O comfort of the mind
That suffers, sweet oblivion where to find
Repose and interval of human ill!
Help thou a heart that languishes, nor will
Take rest; those weak and weary limbs unbind,
And, hovering on thy gloomy pinions kind,
Brood o'er me, and with balmy slumbers fill.
Where is the coy and darkling silence fled?
And where the dreams which in thy quiet train,
With light and timorous step were used to tread?
Alas, in vain I call thee, and in vain
Sigh for the dusk and dewy time! O bed
And pillow of thorn! O nights of grief and pain!

SONETTO.

G. D. CASA.

A VENEZIA.

QUESTI palazzi, e queste logge, or colte
 D'ostro, di marmo, e di figure elette,
 Fur poche e basse case insieme accolte,
 Deserti lidi, e povere isolette.
 Ma genti ardite, d' ogni vizio sciolte,
 Premeano il mar con picciole barchette,
 Che quì non per domar provincie molte,
 Ma fuggir servitù, s'eran ristrette.
 Non era ambizion ne' petti loro ;
 Ma 'l mentire abborrian più che la morte,
 Nè vi règnava ingorda fame d'oro.
 Se'l ciel v'ha dato più beata sorte,
 Non sien quelle virtù, che tanto onoro,
 Dalle nuove ricchezze oppresse e morte.

SONNET.

G. D. CASA.

TO VENICE.

THOSE palaces and lofty domes, now graced
 With breathing marble and the Tyrian stain,
 Were mean and scanty huts together placed,
 Deserted shores, and islets in the main.
 But hardy people, not by vice debased,
 In their light shallops passed the watery plain,
 Seeking, not realms or provinces to waste,
 But lonely refuge from the galling chain.
 With no ambitious thoughts were they possest,
 And rather than be traitors, ruin chose ;
 Nor yielded to the lust of gold unblest.
 Beware, since heaven a better state bestows,
 Lest, by this new and growing wealth opprest,
 Those honoured virtues die by which you rose.

SONETTO.

G. D. CASA.

MENTRE fra valli paludose ed ime,
Ritengon me larve turbate, e mostri,
Che tra le gemme, lasso, e l'auro, e gli ostri,
Copron venen che'l cor mi roda e lime ;
Ov'orma di virtù raro s'imprime,
Per sentier novi a nullo ancor dimostri,
Qual chi seco d'onor contendà, e giostri,
Ten vai tu sciolto alle spedite cime :
Onde m'assal vergogna e duol qualora,
Membrando vo, com' a non degna rete
Col vulgo caddi, e converrà ch'io mora.
Felice te, che spento hai la tua sete ;
Meco non Febo, ma dolor dimora,
Cui sola puo' lavar l'onda di Lete.

SONNET.

G. D. CASA.

WHILE me to stagnate vales or cave profound
The troubled spectres bear, their foul abode,
Or, mixed with pomps and gilded state, corrode
My heart, and pour their venom in the wound ;
Thou, where a mortal step scarce marks the ground,
By undiscovered ways and yet untrod,
As one contending sole in honour's road,
Hast vaulted to the summits at a bound.
Hence am I stung, remembering that I sink
A prey to worthless toils, live without name,
And fall unheeded in a common grave.
Blest thou whom liberal fountains gave to drink !
With me no muses dwell, but rather shame,
And fitter to be quenched in Lethe's wave.

SONETTO.

G. D. CASA.

O DOLCE selva solitaria, amica
 De' miei pensieri sbigottiti e stanchi,
 Mentre Borea ne' dì torbidi e manchi
 D'orrido giel l'aere e la terra implica ;
 E la tua verde chioma ombrosa, antica,
 Come la mia, par d'ogn' intorno imbianchi ;
 Or che'n vece di fior vermigli e bianchi
 Ha neve e ghiaccio ogni tua spiaggia aprica ;
 A questa breve e nubilosa luce
 Vo ripensando, che m'avanza, e ghiaccio
 Gli spirti anch'io sento, e le membra farsi :
 Ma più di te dentro e d'intorno agghiaccio ;
 Che più crudo Euro a me mio verno adduce,
 Più lunga notte, e dì più freddi e scarsi.

SONNET.

G. D. CASA.

SWEET wood, whose loneliness bears true consent
With troubled thoughts like mine ! now that the hours
Are few and dismal, and the north wind pours
His icy bolts down heaven's dark battlement ;
That age thy green and spreading boughs hath bent,
And on thy locks like mine are winter showers ;
Now that, in room of white and vermeil flowers,
Are all thy sunny slopes with hail besprent ;
I ponder, by the short and glimmering light,
What soon myself shall be ; for I too feel
My veins to stagnate, and my limbs grow numb.
But more than thee, and inly, I congeal ;
My winter with a keener blast will come,
And days more dim and cold, and longer night.

SONETTO.

G. D. CASA.

FEROCO spirito un tempo ebbi e guerriero,
 E per ornar la scorza anch'io di fore
 Molto contesi; or langue il corpo, e'l core
 Paventa, ond'io riposo e pace chero.
 Coprami omai vermiglia vesta, o nero
 Manto, poco mi fia gioia o dolore;
 Ch'a sera è'l mio dì corso, e ben l'errore
 Scorgo or del vulgo, che mal scerne il vero.
 La spoglia il Mondo mira. Or non s'arresta
 Spesso nel fango augel di bianche piume?
 Gloria non di virtù figlia che vale?
 Per lei, Francesco, ebb'io guerra molesta;
 Ed or placido, inerme, entro un bel fiume
 Sacro ho mio nido, e nulla altro mi cale.

SONNET.

G. D. CASA.

OF warlike spirit once, and full of fire,
I lavished on the outside much of art ;
Now, when this body languishes, and heart
Is faint, repose and silence I require.
Whether in black or purple to attire
Can little pleasure, little grief impart ;
My evening falls, and how the crowd takes part,
Bad judge of truth, no longer I inquire.
The world regards the dress ; and yet we find
Oft wading in low marsh the plume of snow ;
And what is Fame if not to worth allied ?
I sought thee long in warfare hot and blind ;
But now retired where peaceful waters flow,
I find a sacred rest, and there abide.

SONETTO.

G. D. CASA.

Sì lieta avess'io l'alma, e d'ogni parte
Il cor, Marmitta mio, tranquillo e piano,
Come l'aspra sua doglia al corpo insano,
Poich' Adria m'ebbe, è men noiosa in parte!
Lasso! questa di noi terrena parte
Fia dal tempo distrutta a mano a mano;
E i cari nomi poco indi lontano,
Il mio col vulgo, e'l tuo scelto e'n disparte,
Pur come foglia che col vento sale,
Cader vedransi. O fosca, o senza luce
Vista mortal, cui sì del mondo cale!
Come non t'ergi al ciel, che sol produce
Eterni frutti? ahi vile augel, sull'ale
Pronto, ch'a terra pur si riconduce

SONNET.

G. D. CASA.

WOULD that my soul were as alive, and heart
In every point as calm and free from ail,
As the keen pangs of this my body frail
On Adria's pleasant coast abate their smart!
Alas! how quickly this our earthly part,
Wasted by time, from hour to hour shall fail;
And cherished names how soon swept down the vale.
Mine with the crowd, yours noted and apart,
Even as a leaf is driven before the gust,
Shall fall and fade! O human sight, how slow
And dark, still fixed upon the world and dust,
Not raised to heaven where fruits immortal grow!
O earthly bird, so ready to adjust
Your wings for flight, yet still to drop so low!

Written at Naples on recovery from sickness.

SONETTO.

G. D. CASA.

S'io vissi cieco, e grave fallo indegno
Fin quì commisi, or ch'io mi specchio, e sento
Che tanto ho di ragion varcato il segno
In procurando pur danno e tormento ;
Piangone tristo ; e gli occhi a fermo segno
Rivolgo, ed apro il seno a miglior vento :
Di me mi doglio ; e'ncontro amor mi sdegno,
Per cui'l mio lume in tutto è quasi spento.
O fera voglia, che ne rodi e pasci,
E suggi il cor, quasi affamato verme,
Ch' amara cresci, e pur dolce cominci ;
Di che falso piacer circondi e fasci
Le tue menzogne ! e'l nostro vero inérme
Come sovente, lasso, inganni e vinci !

SONNET.

G. D. CASA.

I WHO through paths of sin and folly went
In darkness long, now that I wake and find
How much from reason's course I have declined,
Only to purchase shame and discontent,
Shed many a tear, and turn with fixed intent,
And spread my canvas to a better wind :
Myself I chide, and hale that passion blind
Of love, by which my light was nearly spent.
O fell desire, like worm insatiate,
Gnawing the heart with keen remorseless tooth ;
So bitter grown, and yet began so sweet !
With what alluring pleasure dost thou bait
Thy lies ! and overcomest oft our youth,
Ill armed against thy mockeries and deceit !

SONETTO.

G. D. CASA.

TEMPO ben fora omai, stolto mio core,
Da mitigar questi sospiri ardenti :
E incontr' a tal nemico, e sì pungenti
Arme, da procurar schermo migliore.
Già vago non son io del mio dolore ;
Ma non commosser mai contrari venti
Onda di mar, come le nostre menti
Con le tempeste sue conturba amore.
Dunque dovevi tu spirto sì fero,
Ver cui nulla ti val vela o governo,
Ricever nel mio pria tranquillo stato ?
Allor, nell' età fresca uman pensiero
Senz' amor fia, che senza nubi il verno
Securo andrà contra Orione armato.

SONNET.

G. D. CASA.

Fit time it would have been, O fool and blind,
To stifle these hot sighs when first they rose,
And better fence thyself to combat foes
Thus pitiless, and armed in such a kind.
Henceforth no pleasure in these hurts I find;
For not the tempest, when it loudest grows,
Can vex the deep with tumults such as those
Which passion raises in the human mind.
And wilt thou not, O fierce ungoverned power,
Who dost alike all sail and helm despise,
Give back the quiet of my former age?
Alas! man's heart shall in the springtide hour
Be free from love, then when the winter skies
Unclouded meet Orion in his rage.

SONETTO.

G. D. CASA.

DOGLIA che vaga donna al cor n'apporte,
Piagandol co'begli occhi, amare strida,
E lungo pianto, e non di Creta, e d' Ida
Dittamo, Signor mio, vien che conforte.
Fuggite amor; quegli è ver lui più forte
Che men s' arrischia ov' egli a guerra sfida;
Colà 've dolce parli, o dolce rida
Bella donna, ivi presso è pianto, e morte:
Perocchè gli occhi alletta e 'l cor recide
Donna gentil, che dolce sguardo mova;
Ahi venen novo, che piacendo ancide!
Nulla in sue carte uom saggio antica o nova
Medecina ave, che d'Amor n'affide;
Ver cui sol lontananza ed oblio giova.

SONNET.

G. D. CASA.

WHEN deadly arrow shot from beauty's eye
Has stung thy breast, not sad and bitter wail,
Nor Crete's or Ida's charmed bud avail,
Nor tears, to heal thee, nor the long drawn sigh.
Fly, then, from love ; they conquer here who fly,
And least to dare is surest to prevail :
Where smiles are sweet, and sweetly told the tale,
There know that danger lurks, and death is nigh.
For oft sweet lady with a look betrays,
Feasting the eye, to stab the heart secure.
O wondrous poison, pleasing where it slays !
What ancient leech or modern could mature
Physic for love ? What drug that pain allays ?
Only can distance and oblivion cure.

SONETTO.

G. D. CASA.

CURI le paci sue chi vede Marte
Gli altrui campi inondar torbido insano ;
E chi sdruscita navicella invano
Vede talor mover governo e sarte,
Ami, Marmitta, il porto. Iniqua parte
Elegge ben, chi il ciel chiaro e sovrano
Lassa, e gli abissi prende ; ah! cieco umano
Desir che mal da terra si diparte !
Quando in questo caduco manto e frale,
Cui tosto Atropo squarcia, e nol ricuce
Giammai, altro che notte ebbe uom mortale ?
Procuriam dunque omai celeste luce ;
Che poco a chiari farne Apollo vale,
Lo qual sì puro in voi splende e riluce.

SONNET.

G. D. CASA.

LET him who sees mad war, like deluge, sweep
 Surrounding regions, learn his peace to prize ;
 Let the poor bark with sides unripped, which tries
 In vain by helm and sail its course to keep,
 Make for the port. He lives, perchance, to weep,
 Who quits the genial air and smiling skies
 For depths unknown. O blind desire unwise
 Of mortals, willing thus on earth to creep !
 Oh when, in this his mouldering garment frail,
 Did man, whose thread soon breaks and joins no more,
 Clear his own path, or by his power prevail ?
 Let us the true the heavenly light implore ;
 Till then the muse herself, even thine, shall fail,
 Though never muse had brighter beam before.

This Sonnet also is addressed to the poet Marmitta.

SONETTO.

G. D. CASA.

Dopo sì lungo error, dopo le tante
Sì gravi offese, ond' ognor hai sofferto
L'antico fallo, e l'empio mio demerto,
Colla pietà delle tue luci sante
Mira, Padre celeste, omai con quante
Lacrime a te devoto mi converto,
E spira al viver mio breve ed incerto
Grazia, ch'al buon cammin volga le piante.
Mostra gli affanni, il sangue, e i sudor sparsi,
Or volgon gli anni, e l'aspro tuo dolore
A miei pensieri, ad altro oggetto avvezzi.
Raffredda, Signor mio, quel foco ond' arsi
Col mondo, e consumai la vita e l'ore,
Tu, che contrito cor giammai non sprezzi.

SONNET.

G. D. CASA.

I WHO have gone so far and long astray,
Adding to primal guilt the mountains high
Of trespass day by day, as if to try
Thy long forbearance, still for mercy pray;
For mercy even yet: look ere thou slay,
Great God, upon my tears; look where I lie
Repentant; give, O give before I die
Thy grace, and guide my feet into thy way.
Reveal thy sufferings, thy blood and sweat;
Short is my time; reveal thy bitter cross
To my dark eyes, all used to other sight.
Quench, O my God, all that unhallowed heat
Of former life, which now I count but loss:
Lord thou hast ne'er despised a heart contrite.

SONETTO.

G. D. CASA.

QUESTA vita mortal, che'n una o'n due
Brevi e notturne ore trapassa, oscura
E fredda, involto avea fin quì la pura
Parte di me nell' atre nubi sue.
Or a mirar le grazie tante tue
Prendo ; chè frutti e fior, gielo ed arsura,
E sì dolce del ciel legge e misura,
Eterno Dio, tuo magisterio fue :
Anzi'l dolce aer puro, e questa luce
Chiara che'l mondo a gli occhi nostri scopre,
Traesti Tu d'abissi oscuri e misti :
E tutto quel che'n terra o'n ciel riluce
Di tenebre era chiuso, e Tu l'apristi ;
E'l giorno e'l sol delle tue man sono opre.

SONNET.

G. D. CASA.

THIS mortal life, whose hour or two are fast
Wearing away, like the cold night obscure
Involved my sense till now, and what was pure
In me thick clouds and darkness overcast.
To know thy varied goodness, Lord, at last
I learn; who of these fruits and flowers, and sure
Return of seasons, and each temperature
Genial or cool, the bounteous maker wast.
Also the clear soft air, and this divine
Beam which delivers all things to our sight,
Sprung from the black abyss at thy command:
And these apparent worlds, thy fair design,
Till thou didst open them were sealed in night;
And sun and day proceeded from thy hand.

SONETTO.

G. D. CASA.

Io, che l'età solea viver nel fango,
Oggi, mutato il cor da quel ch' i' soglio,
D'ogni immondo penser mi purgo e spoglio,
E'l mio lungo fallir correggo e piango.
Di seguir falso duce mi rimango ;
A te mi dono, ad ogni altro mi toglio :
Nè rotta nave mai partì da scoglio
Sì pentita del mar com' io rimango.
E poich' a mortal rischio è gita invano,
E senza frutto i cari giorni ha spesi
Questa mia vita, in porto omai l'accolgo.
Reggami per pietà tua santa mano,
Padre del ciel ; che, poich' a te mi volgo,
Tanto t'adorerò quant' io t'offesi.

Al Dio.

SONNET.

G. D. CASA.

HIS RETURN TO GOD.

FAREWELL to earth ; my life of sense is o'er ;
 My heart is changed ; I feel my bonds untied ;
 And, casting every thought impure aside,
 My guilty course abandon and deplore.
 Fallacious leaders I obey no more ;
 I follow thee, refuse all other guide ;
 And ne'er did shipwrecked bark with broken side
 Loose from the shelves more anxious for a shore.
 And since I spent with risk of mortal harm
 My life and dearest hours, nor gathered thence
 Profit or fruit, I crowd my sail to thee.
 Lord I am turned, now let thy gracious arm
 Sustain me, and my future service be
 With zeal proportioned to my past offence.

SONETTO.

G. D. CASA.

SPERANDO, Amor, da te salute invano,
Molti anni tristi, e poche ore serene,
Vissi di falsa gioia e nuda spene,
Contrario nudrimento al cor non sano.
Per ricovrarmi, e fuor della tua mano
Viver lieto il mio tempo, e fuor di pene;
Or, che tanta dal ciel luce mi viene,
Quant' io posso da te fuggo lontano:
E fo come augellin, campato il visco,
Che fugge ratto ai più nascosti rami,
E sbigottisce del passato risco.
Ben sent' io te, che'ndietro mi richiami;
Ma quel signor ch' i' lodo, e reverisco,
Omai vuol che lui solo e me stesso ami.

SONNET.

G. D. CASA.

IN vain from thee, O love, expecting ease,
Few hours of calm but years of grief I past,
And lived on joys and hopes that would not last,
Food ill adapted to my heart's disease.
But now that I desire a full release,
And heaven has granted me this sweet contrast
Of light, and life, and liberty so vast,
Far as I can from thee I fly for peace ;
Even as a bird which, rescued from the snare,
Wings to the shady covert of the grove,
Still fluttering at the danger it has seen.
I hear thee call indeed as I remove ;
But He who sought me, and who hears my prayer.
Allows not earthly love to come between.

SESTINA.

G. D. CASA.

Di là, dove per ostro e pompa ed oro,
 Fra genti inermi ha perigliosa guerra,
 Fuggo io mendico e solo, e di quella esca
 Ch'io bramai tanto, sazio, a queste querce
 Ricorro, vago omai di miglior cibo,
 Per aver posa almen questi ultimi anni.

Ricca gente e beata ne' primi anni
 Del mondo, or ferro fatto, che senz' oro
 Men di noi macra in suo selvaggio cibo
 Si visse, e senza Marte armato in guerra!
 Quando tra l'elci e le frondose querce
 Ancor non si prendea l'amo entro all' esca.

Io, come vile augel scende a poca esca
 Dal cielo in ima valle, i miei dolci anni
 Vissi in palustre limo; or fonti e querce
 Mi son quel che ostro fummi e vassel d'oro:
 Così l'anima purgo, e cangio guerra
 Con pace, e con digiun soverchio cibo.

SESTINA.

G. D. CASA.

REMOTE from purple and the pomp of gold,
 Where among tribes not armed is dangerous war,
 Beggared and stripped I fly, and with that bait,
 So tempting once, now sated, to these oaks
 Return desirous of a better food
 And rest, for these at least my later years.

Rich tribes and happy who in those first years
 Ere yet the world was iron, lived without gold,
 And better fared on that, their savage food
 Than we, and though unarmed were fit for war,
 While yet among the holms and branching oaks
 No hook was found beneath the simple bait.

As a poor bird darts down at some low bait
 From high into the vale, my sweetest years
 I spent in reedy marsh : fountain and oaks
 Are now to me what purple was and gold :
 My spirit thus I purge, exchanging war
 For peace, and famine for abundant food.

Fallace mondo, che d'amaro cibo

Sì dolce mensa ingombri ; or di quell' esca
Foss'io digiun, ch'ancor mi grava, e'n guerra
Tenne l'alma coi sensi ha già tanti anni ;
Chè più pregiate che le gemme e l'oro,
Renderei l'ombre ancor delle mie querce.

O rivi, o fonti, o fiumi, o faggi, o querce,
Onde il mondo novello ebbe suo cibo,
In quei tranquilli secoli dell' oro ;
Deh come ha il folle poi, cangiando l'escà
Cangiato il gusto ! e come son questi anni
Da quei diversi in povertate e'n guerra !

Già vincitor di gloriosa guerra
Prendea suo pregio dall' ombrose querce ;
Ma d'ora in or più duri volgon gli anni ;
Ond'io ritorno a quello antico cibo,
Che pur di fere è fatto e d'augelli esca,
Per arricchire ancor di quel primo oro.

Già in prezioso cibo, o'n gonna d'oro
Non crebbe ; anzi tra querce e'n povera esca
Virtù, che con questi anni ha sdegno e guerra.

Deceitful world, who with thy bitter food
 Marrest our pleasant table, if that bait
 I can forget which loads me still, and war
 Stirred between soul and sense for many years
 How far beyond the price of gems and gold
 Would'st thou enhance the shade of those my oaks.

O streams and fountains, rivers, elms, and oaks,
 From whence the early world derived its food,
 In those the ages undisturbed of gold,
 Alas! what folly now by change of bait
 The taste to change! how much are these our years
 Removed from those by poverty and war!

Time was when victors in the glorious war
 Received their trophies from the branching oaks;
 But harder still and harder grow the years;
 Therefore I chuse again that ancient food
 To birds and savage beasts now left for bait,
 And seek the treasure of that ancient gold.

Virtue by curious *food* and robes of *gold*
 Ne'er grew but midst the *oaks*, and simple *bait*
 On which our late disdainful *years* make *war*.

SONETTO.

ERASMI DI VALVASONE.

Born about the year 1523. Died in 1593.

MORMORANTI famosi, e freschi rivi,
 D'ogni bel vetro più splendenti e puri ;
 Se sempre v'ami il cielo, e v' assecuri
 Dal fiero cane, e suoi furori estivi ;
 Se tra queste alpi ognor correnti, e vivi,
 Nè caso mai vi scemi, o tempo oscuri ;
 Nè vi turbin pastor, nè greggi impuri ;
 Ned a voi mai cosa nimica arrivi ;
 Se veggian lieto fin de' loro amori
 Le vostre ninfe ; e se con pompa eterna
 Ambe le sponde ogni stagion v' infiori ;
 Portate questa, ch' ora in voi s' interna
 Immagin mia, ne' trasparenti umori,
 A lei, che il mio pensier temprà e governa.

SONNET.

E. DI VALVASONE.

YE murmuring and fabied currents sweet,
Fairer than crystal, more than crystal pure,
So may the skies regard you, and secure
From the fierce dog-star and his blaze of heat.
Still in these Alps your sparkling courses fleet
No harm betide, nor any cloud obscure,
Nor shepherd swain disturb, nor herd impure,
Nor hostile thing your waters ever meet,
Still may your faithful naiads wear the crown
Of happy love, and a perennial pride
Wait on your banks, by Flora's finger wrought;
If this my faithful look you carry down
Upon the silver bosom of your tide
To her who leads and tempers all my thought.

SONETTO.

JACOPO MARMITTA.

Of Parma. Born in 1504. Died in 1561.

Sorro il più ricco e più dorato tetto
 E le cure e l' timor volano insieme :
 Queste il riposo, e quei turba la speme
 A seguir sempre volta il van diletto.
 Queto sonno ha colui che il duro letto
 Copre d'un' aspra gonna, e nulla teme ;
 Non chi le molli piume in ozio preme,
 Amando coltre di fin ostro eletto.
 Raffrena dunque, cieco, omai le voglie,
 E'l piede avvezzo in altra parte giri
 A calcar le superbe invide soglie.
 Quì non è pace, se ben dritto miri ;
 Ma se l'uom tace, o se la lingua scioglie,
 Non si odon che querele acri, e sospiri.

SONNET.

J. MARMITTA.

BENEATH the high and gilded canopy
Cares hover still, and boding fears molest,
Our peace and hope disturbing, while in quest
Of joys that ever as we follow fly.
Sweet sleep have they on homely bed who lie,
And rudely sheltered sink to fearless rest ;
Not those by whom the yielding down is prest,
Who court rich trappings of the Tyrian dye.
O then desist, nor even in thought aspire,
But turn thy wonted steps another way,
To tread the envied thresholds of the proud.
Here is not peace, if you aright inquire ;
But, whether looks or words the mind betray,
Are secret grudges or upbraidings loud.

SONETTO.

JAC. MARMITTA.

O DI nostra natura infermo stato,
Volubil rota, che lo move e gira,
Perchè in un punto l'uom ride e sospira,
Sendo infelice quando ei par beato ?
Quante volte il suo mal gli è dolce e grato,
Il ben amaro, e qual nemico in ira !
Nè si rivolge col pensier, nè mira
Ai chiari esempi mai del tempo andato.
Già vidi tal vestir di panni allegri,
Miser, ch' a l' apparir de l' altro sole
Si ricoperse di dogliosi e negri.
Dunque, chi vita aver beata vuole,
Non si attristi per cosa nè si allegri
Che morte cieca o ria fortuna invola.

SONNET.

J. MARMITTA.

O MAN's inconstant state ! behold him rise
On the revolving wheel, to sink so low,
Whose tears even mingled with his laughter flow,
Unhappy then when blest in others' eyes.
Our ill, how many times we love and prize,
Resent our good, and treat it as a foe !
How seldom by reflection helped ! how slow,
Though taught by clear examples, to be wise !
We see that mortal, now elate and glad
In pleasure's garb, whom the returning light
Will find a wretch in weeds of sorrow clad.
Would'st thou in life possess a calm delight,
Let nothing much rejoice or make thee sad,
Which death will end, or fortune's stroke may blight.

SONETTO.

GIAN GIROLAMO DE' ROSSI.

Bishop of Pavia. Born in 1505. Died in 1564.

SIGNOR, che tempri e reggi l'universo,
 E vedi aperto ciò che altrui si serra,
 Dopo sì lunga e perigliosa guerra
 Ne la qual fui solo a me stesso avverso,
 Ricorro a te di lagrime cosperso
 Con le man giunte e le ginocchia a terra,
 Chiedendo pur, com' uom che sovente erra,
 Mercede in quel che fui da te diverso.
 In te solo ho speranza, ch'ogni offesa
 Perdoni a l'alma che al desio fallace
 Ubbidì allor, che dovea far contesa.
 Fa vera in me, tu Redentor verace,
 La tua parola di pietate accesa,
 Chè morte no, ma conversion ti piace.

SONNET.

G. G. DE' ROSSI.

THOU Lord and Governor of all we see,
From whom no secret thought can hidden lie,
After so dangerous warfare, and that I
Am proved myself my greatest foe to be,
I seek thy face, and fall on bended knee,
And clasp my hands and lift my streaming eye,
And, as a man whose sins are many, cry
For pardon where I have offended thee.
My hope is in thy mercy ; do thou blot
Out my transgressions ; and, where headstrong youth
Resisted not the tempter, O forgive.
Fulfil in me thy word of love and truth,
Faithful Redeemer, that thou wouldest not
Our death, but rather that we turn and live.

SONETTO.

FRANCESCO COPPETTA.

Of Perugia. Born in 1509. Died in 1553.

LA prigion fu sì bella ove si pose
 L'alma gentil, sì fece agli occhi forza,
 Ch' altri fermossi a riguardar la scorza,
 E non l' interne sue bellezze ascose.
 Ma poichè 'l verno fa sparir le rose,
 E'l lume de' begli occhi omai s'ammorza,
 Quel chiaro spirto il suo vigor rinforza,
 E mostra gioie che fin què nascose.
 Quindi modestia e cortesia si scorge,
 E de l'altre virtùdi'l sacro coro,
 Che quaggiù valor dona, e grazia porge.
 Cieco è ben chi non vede il bel tesoro:
 Io ringrazio il destin ch'a ciò mi scorge;
 E, se amai prima il corpo, or l'alma adoro.

SONNET.

F. COPPETTA.

THE prison where the noble spirit lay,
 With such engaging charm allured our sight,
 That some o'erlooked the inward beauties quite,
 Contented to admire the mould of clay.
 But now that winter steals the rose away,
 And eyes, that sparkled once, abate their light,
 The soul breaks forth in native vigour bright,
 And gives its hidden glories to the day.
 A mild and lovely band now meets the eye
 Of all the sacred virtues most approved,
 When strength and genius are by grace refined.
 O dark, indeed, who pass that treasure by!
 And blest my lot, who, if at first I loved
 The body, now far better love the mind!

SONETTO.

F. COPPETTA.

LOCAR sovra gli abissi i fondamenti
Dell' ampia terra, e come un picciol velo
L'aria spiegar, con le tue mani, 'è il cielo
E le stelle formar chiare e lucenti ;
Por legge al mare, alle tempeste, ai venti,
L'umido unire al suo contrario e'l gelo,
Con infinita provvidenza e zelo,
E creare e nudrir tutt'i viventi ;
Signor, fu poco alla tua gran possanza.
Ma che tu re, tu creator volessi
E nascer e morir per chi t'offese,
Cotanto l'opra de' sei giorni avanza,
Ch'io dir nol so, nol san gli angeli stessi ;
Dicalo il verbo tuo, che sol l'intese.

SONNET.

F. COPPETTA.

THE pillars of this solid earth to lay
In the great deep, and, as a curtain light,
To weave the ambient air ; to hang those bright
Celestial orbs, and pave the starry way ;
The swelling flood and stormy wind to sway,
And make the elements in jarring fight,
Fiery with cold, and dry with moist, unite
To cherish life ; these, Lord, in part display
Thy power. But of this glory to divest
The King and Maker—to be born as man,
And serve and die for those who had transgressed ;
How far this work thy six days' work transcends
I cannot reach—no, nor the angels can ;
Thy Word shall tell, HE only comprehends.

SONETTO.

F. COPPETTA.

Di diamante era'l muro, e d'oro il tetto,
E le finestre un bel zaffiro apria,
E l'uscio avorio, onde 'l mio sogno uscia,
Che de l'alto edificio era architetto.
Da sì ricco lavoro, e sì perfetto,
Parea ch'uscisse angelica armonia ;
E sì strana dolcezza il cor sentia
Che i sensi ne fur ebbri, e l'intelletto.
Ruppesi alfine il lungo sonno. Oh quanto
La cieca notte il veder nostro appanna !
Perchè su'l giorno, aprendo gli occhi alquanto,
Era l'alto palazzo umil capanna ;
Strido importun d'augei notturni il canto ;
E l'oro paglia ; e le gemme alga e canna.

SONNET.

F. COPPETTA.

OF gold and diamond were the roof and wall,
And windows sapphire, where my palace rose ;
With ivory gate, through which, as fancy chose,
Went forth the dream that planned and built it all :
While from this perfect and so gorgeous hall
Harmonious voices seem to float, like those
Of quiring angels, and at every close
Ravish the sense, and hold the mind in thrall.
At last I wake. But O how morning scowls
On goodliest fabric which our sleep has reared !
The lofty palace proves a dingy cot ;
That heavenly music was from hooting owls ;
And where the gold and sparkling gems appeared
Lie heaps of straw, and worthless weeds that rot.

IL PINO E IL MELOGRANATO.

FAVOLA.

AURELIO BERTOLA.

FAUSTA ti fu la sorte,

Che sotto l'ombra mia nascer ti feo,

Diceva un ampio ed orgoglioso pino

Ad un melogranato, suo vicino ;

Allorchè vien mugghiando il nembo orrendo,

Tu di lui non paventi, io ti difendo.

Rispose l'arboscello, è vero, è vero ;

Ma mentre un ben mi dai,

D'un maggior ben mi spogli ;

Mi difendi dal nembo, e il sol mi toglì.

Così talvolta un protettor sublime

Par che ti giovi, e le tue forze opprime.

THE PINE AND POMEGRANATE.

A FABLE.

A. BERTOLA.

YOURS is indeed a happy lot,
To live beneath a shelter such as mine ;
Thus spoke a lofty spreading pine
To a pomegranate growing near the spot :
When over head the bellowing storm you hear,
Trust to my sure defence, and banish fear.
I own, the shrub replies, I own all this ;
But if we count both what I get and miss,
More harm by you than good is done ;
You ward the storm, and intercept the sun.

Such is at times the proud protector's aid,
Who seems to help, but keeps you in the shade.

IL CARDELLINO.

FAVOLA.

AURELIO BERTOLA.

UN cardellino grato a un nocchiero
 Con lui fe'l giro del mondo intero.
 Stette sull' ancore l'Europeo legno
 Presso le piagge d'Indico regno :
 Quivi volavano lungo la sponda
 Augei scherzando tra fronda e fronda,
 E vestian piume leggiadre assai,
 Piume in Europa non viste mai.
 Il cardellino riguarda e gode,
 E aspetta il canto, ma ancor non l'ode.
 Più giorni passano ; tornano ancora
 Gli augei per gli alberi tacendo ognora.
 Il forestiero si pone in testa
 Che d'oltremare moda sia questa ;
 La moda piacegli ; riede ove nacque ;
 E finchè visse sempre si tacque ;
 Ed alla madre che lo rampogna :
 Del tuo silenzio non hai vergogna ?
 Tal solea grave risposta dare :
 È nova moda presa oltremare.

“ Quanti oggi trovansi fra noi messeri
 Che il peggio tolsero dagli stranieri ! ”

THE LINNET.

A FABLE.

A. BERTOLA.

A SAILOR'S linnet, favourite of the ship,
 Made with his master round the world a trip ;
 And far remote from European tides
 The bark on India's coast at anchor rides,
 There many a painted bird in plumage gay
 Flies through the grove, and flits from spray to spray ;
 Feathers so blue, so red, so green,
 In woods at home are never seen.
 Great pleasure in that sight the linnet found,
 And listened for their song, but heard no sound.
 Day follows day, and back they daily come
 To sport among the trees, but always dumb.
 At last our traveller takes it in his head
 To think this pretty, and the birds high bred.
 Then homeward he returns, his lesson got,
 And never from that hour would chirp a note,
 But sat quite mute ; and when his mother came
 To chide this silence, and would call out Shame !
 He gravely said, It is the foreign mode,
 So much admired ; they never sing abroad.

“ How many of our travellers, like the bird,
 Bring home whatever custom is absurd.”

CORO, IN ALCEO.

ANTONIO ONGARO.

QUANTO s' inganna ed erra

Il cieco volgo ignaro,

Dar non volendo ad alcun sogno fede!

Quando l' alba disserra

Le porte al Sol, che chiaro

Tramontando a gli antipodi, a noi riede:

Spesso ne scopre il cielo

Sotto l' ombroso velo

Di visioni oscure

Le cose a lui presenti, a noi future.

Come sicuro pegno

De' nostri corpi frali

Ne rende l'ombra, ond' è 'l terreno impresso;

Così immagine e segno

De l' anime immortali

Son forse i sogni: onde il futuro spesso

Avvien che s' appresente,

Quasi in specchio lucente,

Sotto mistiche forme,

Sopiti i sensi, a l'alma che non dorme.

Tanto fa torto al vero

Chi crede tutti i sogni esser fallaci,

Quanto chi crede tutti esser veraci.

CHORUS.

FROM THE 'ALCEO' OF A. ONGARO.

How much mistaken seems and crude
 That doctrine of the multitude,
 Refusing to believe in any dream !
 For when the morning's portal bright
 Just opens, and revolving light
 Brings back from other realms its joyful beam,
 Then heaven has often shown,
 Beneath the shadowy veil
 Of vision dark and frail,
 Things present to itself, to earth unknown.

And, as the mortal body weak
 Does truly in our shadow speak,
 And on the ground its real image flings,
 In dreams may likewise be designed
 The shadows of immortal mind ;
 And, while the body slumbers, future things,
 Some mystic form beneath,
 As in a lucid glass
 Before the soul may pass,
 Which tastes not like the sense of sleep or death.

Then look on dreams
 As things at least of doubtful hue ;
 Not all are false, not all are true.

SONETTO.

GALLEAZZO DI TARSIA.

Of Cosenza. Flourished, middle of 16th century.

GIÀ corsi l'alpi gelide e canute,
 Mal fida siepe a le tue rive amate ;
 Or sento, Italia mia, l'aure odorate,
 E l'aere pien di vita e di salute.
 Quante m'ha dato amor, lasso, ferute,
 Membrando la fatal vostra beltate,
 Chiuse valli, alti poggi, ed ombre grate,
 Da' ciechi figli tuoi mal conosciute !
 O felice colui che un breve e colto
 Terren fra voi possiede, e gode un rivo,
 Un pomo, un antro, e di fortuna un volto !
 Ebbi i riposi e le mie paci a schivo :
 O giovanil desio fallace e stolto !
 Or vo piangendo che di lor son privo.

SONNET.

G. DI TARSIA.

PASSED are the frozen Alps for ever white,
 That faithless barrier of my native seat ;
 Thy scented gales, Italia, now I meet,
 And breathe thy genial air fraught with delight.
 Often has love presented to my sight
 In absence all thy fatal beauty sweet,
 Thy slopes, thy vales, thy groves at noonday heat,
 Nought valued by thy slothful sons aright !
 O happy is the swain who has his lot
 With thee, the moderate farm, with skirting brook,
 The smiling orchard, and the peaceful grot !
 How much my peace and comfort I mistook !
 O blindness of my youth not soon forgot,
 Misled by which these blessings I forsook !

On revisiting his native country.

SONETTO.

G. D. TARSIA.

Non così lieve piuma aere sereno,
 Spalmato legno queta onda marina,
 Rapido fiume che giù d' alpe inchina,
 O piè veloce nudo aperto seno
 Solca, come il pensier che senza freno
 Nel verde fondo del suo error dechina ;
 Nè per aspro sentier, nè per ruina,
 Od interposto monte, unque vien meno.
 Ma se va dietro al ver che a destra scorge,
 Quasi augel senza piume, o pigro verme,
 Serra il cammina un sasso, un sterpo solo.
 Tu dunque alto Rettor, più salde e ferme
 Penne mi presta al vero ; all' altre il volo
 Tronca, ed apri la via che a te mi scorge.

SONNET.

G. DI TARSIA.

SWIFTER than feathered arrow in the wind,
Than winged vessel on the yielding tide,
Than river shooting down the mountain side,
Than foot o'er champaign of the slender hind,
To error's flowery vale, the headlong mind
Is prone, without a curb, to fly aside,
Neither by dangers of the path untried,
Nor roughest road, nor highest Alp confined.
But if the way of truth upon the right
It follows, like slow worm or bird unfledged,
At every twig it checks, and stone, and rill.
Great Guide ! make strong my pinions for the flight
In that true course, be every other hedged,
And lift and bring me to Thy holy hill.

SONETTO.

GIULIO BUSSI.

Died at Viterbo, in 1714.

GLORIA, che sei mai tu? per te l'audace
Espono ai dubbi rischi il petto forte;
Su i fogli accorcia altri l'età fugace,
E per te bella appar l'istessa morte.

Gloria, che sei mai tu? con egual sorte
Chi ti brama e chi t' ha perde la pace;
L'acquistarti è gran pena, e all' alme accorte
Il timor di smarrirti è più mordace.

Gloria, che sei mai tu? sei dolce frode,
Figlia di lungo affanno, un' aura vana,
Che fra i sudor si cerca, e non si gode.

Fra i vivi, cote sei d'invidia insana;
Fra i morti, dolce suon a chi non l'ode;
Gloria flagel della superbia umana.

SONNET.

G. BUSSI.

SAY, glory, what thou art. For thee the brave
 Will bare to thousand foes his dauntless breast,
 Bent on a fleeting page his name to grave,
 And death itself by thee in charms is drest.

Glory, what art thou? He alike is slave
 Who woos or wins thee, and deprived of rest;
 They who desire thee, toil, and they who have,
 With fear to lose thee, are yet more unblest.

What art thou, glory, then? A joyless wreath
 With labour bought, a fraud concealed with art,
 With care and sweat procured—an empty breath;
 In life a mark for envy's keenest dart,
 A flattering song sung in the ear of death:
 O glory, lash of human pride thou art!

SONETTO.

G. BUSSI.

INVIDIA.

INVIDIA rea, di mille insanie accesa,
Veggio i tuoi lampi, ed anco i tuoni ascolto,
Ma non fia già che sbigottito in volto
Io de' fulmini tuoi tema l'offesa.
Qual folgore, che a rupe alta e scoscesa
Squarciando il sen, scopre un tesoro accolto,
Tal mentre il tuo livor barbaro e stolto
Lacera altrui, le altrui virtù palesa.
S'oltraggiare i migliori è il tuo talento,
Mentre oggetto d'invidia esser degg'io,
Superbo andrò dell'ira tua contento.
E per render eterno il nome mio,
Nell' arringo d'onore a gloria intento,
Invidia, altri ti teme, io ti desio.

SONNET.

G. BUSSI.

ENVY.

O FRANTIC Envy, fired with deadly spite,
 I see thy flash, and hear thy growling peal ;
 But never shall the blow which thou canst deal
 Alter my cheek, or touch me with affright.
 For as the bolt which tears some rocky height,
 Its vein of hidden treasure may unseal,
 So does thy blind ungoverned rage reveal
 More plain their virtues whom you mean to blight.
 Thy greatest reach is excellence to defame ;
 And I, if worthy of thy mark, content,
 Shall even become through envy's hatred vain ;
 Thus hoping to secure a deathless name
 In lists of honour, while on glory bent ;
 Let others fear thy wrath, I count it gain.

SONETTO.

ANTONIO QUERENGO.

Of Padua. Born in 1546. Died in 1633.

ERGI meco da terra il guardo, e mira,
 Giuseppe, il ciel che ci si volge intorno :
 Ei la dolce vital aura del giorno,
 E gli studi a' nascenti, e'l genio ispira.
 Purpureo manto ambizioso ammira
 Altri, e servendo ha in premio oltraggio e scorno :
 Altri, di ferro marzial adorno,
 Per mille rischi a incerta gloria aspira.
 Questi al mar procelloso un fragil legno
 E sé sommette, e brama argento ed oro :
 Quei d'amor vile al collo ha il giogo indegno.
 Tu ed io cerchiam nel santo aonio coro,
 O in riva al chiaro Ilisso ornar l'ingegno,
 Or di platano i crin cinti, or d' alloro.

SONNET.

A. QUERENGO.

Look up with me, my Joseph, and admire
 Yon heaven in silent wheel continual borne :
 That sun whose vital beam awakes the morn
 Shall raise our genius, and our song inspire.
 Th' ambitious purple, and the glittering tiar
 One follows, recompensed perhaps with scorn ;
 Others, in Mars's liveried steel adorn,
 Through various deaths to doubtful name aspire.
 Some o'er the tumult of the ocean waves
 Point the light bark, on golden treasures bound ;
 Some yield them to the beck of beauty, slaves.
 Let us be with the hallowed Muses found,
 Or meditate where clear Ilyssus laves,
 By turns with plantain or the laurel crowned.

SONETTO.

TORQUATO TASSO.

Born in 1544. Died in 1595.

Or, ch'è l'aura mia dolce altrove spira
 Fra selve e campi; ahi ben di ferro ha'l core
 Chi riman qui solingo, ove d'orrore
 È cieca valle e di miseria e d'ira.
 Qui nessun raggio di beltà si mira:
 Rustico è fatto, e co' bifolchi Amore
 Pasce gli armenti, e'n sull' estivo ardore
 Or tratta il rastro, ed or la falce aggira.
 O fortunata selva! o liete piagge!
 Ove le fere, ove le piante e i sassi
 Appreso han di valor senso e costume!
 Or che far non potea quel dolce lume,
 Se fa, d'ond'egli parte, ov' egli stassi,
 Civili i boschi, e le città selvagge!

SONNET.

T. TASSO.

Now that my charmer breathes another air
In woods and fields, how barbarous to remain
In this deserted place, where grief, and pain,
And darkness dwell, a region of despair !
Nothing is joyful here, and nothing fair :
Love grows a boor, and with the rustic train
Now feeds his flock, now in the sultry plain
Handles the scythe, or guides the pondrous share.
O happy wood, O smiling banks and gay,
Where every beast, and every plant and stone
Have learned the use of generous customs mild !
What shall not yield to her whose eyes alone
Can, as they lend or take their light away,
Polish the groves, and make the town a wild !

SONETTO.

T. TASSO.

Teco varcar non temerei, Ferrante,
Fino agli ispani regni i nostri mari,
Quando è placido il vento a' di più chiari,
E quando spira torbido e sonante ;
E teco ancor verrei là dove Atlante
Lava gli orridi piè ne' flutti amari,
E dove a' furti suoi notturni e cari
Spesso a nuoto passò l'avidò amante ;
E se l'arene mai di Libia, o i lidi
D' Asia premessi, a mille armi nemiche
Teco non schiverei d' esporre il fianco.
Ma pur canuto, e da gli affanni stanco,
Tra selve e fonti delle muse amiche
Alberghi bramo solitari e fidi.

SONNET.

T. TASSO.

WITH thee, Ferrante, dauntless could I go
To where the Tuscan waves the Spaniard greet,
Whether the skies invite and winds are meet,
Or loud and dark the angry tempest blow ;
Could pass with thee where Atlas frowning low,
Bathes in the bitter brine his rugged feet ;
Or where that youth, on stolen venture sweet,
Sunk in the wave, a tale of tender woe ;
Nor if to Afric sands, or Asian shore,
You led the way, to follow would refuse,
Baring my side to thousand arméd foes.
Yet weary as I am, and near my close,
The wood, the fountain, and the secret muse,
Are what I better love, and suit me more.

MADRIGALE.

T. TASSO.

AMOR, ch' aspro tormento
Sei fra mortali in terra,
E mal sicura tregua, e certa guerra,
E terribil procella, e fiero vento,
Che turbi i nostri ingegni
In guisa onde tu movi alti disdegni;
Sei fra gli Angeli in ciel senza difetto,
Contentezza e diletto,
E tranquilla quiete, e stabil pace,
E gioia eterna con piacer verace.

MADRIGAL.

T. TASSO.

O LOVE, a biting smart
To mortals on the earth, thou art ;
A warfare long, short truce, and ill defined,
An angry tempest, and a sweeping wind,
That swells the breast with high disdain,
Like billows of the troubled main.
But with the spirits in heavenly height,
Content thou art and full delight,
A calm repose, a peace without alloy,
Unmingled pleasure, and eternal joy.

CORO. IL TORRISMONDO.

T. TASSO.

AHI lagrime ! ahi dolore !

Passa la vita, e si dilegua e fugge,

Come gel che si strugge.

Ogni altezza s'inchina, e sparge a terra

Ogni fermo sostegno :

Ogni possente regno

In pace cadde alfin, se crebbe in guerra.

E, come raggio il verno, imbruna e muore

Gloria d'altrui splendore ;

E come alpestro e rapido torrente,

Come acceso baleno

In notturno sereno,

Come aura, o fumo, o come stral repente

Volan le nostre fame, ed ogni onore

Sembra languido fiore.

Che più si spera, o che s'attende omai !

Dopo trionfo, e palma,

Sol qui restano all'alma

Lutto, e lamenti, e lagrimosi lai.

Che più giova amicizia, o giova amore ?

Ahi lagrime ! ahi dolore !

CHORUS. FROM IL TORRISMONDO.

T. TASSO.

AH me, what room for sighs !

Life travels on with constant pace, though slow,
And disappears like melting snow ;

The turret bends, the iron wall,
Through time, is mouldered to the ground,

And mighty realms at last are found,

Upraised by arms, in peace to fall ;

And glory, like the beam of winter skies,

Obscured by other glory, dies.

Like torrent, shooting from the mountain cleft,

Or, like the doubtful meteor, seen

A moment in the night serene ;

Like breath, or smoke, or like the arrow's drift,

Man's brief renown as sudden flies,

His honour like the flower that faded lies.

Then whither does he tend, and what remains ?

The palm achieved, the triumph won,

What rests of all that he has done

But groans, and tears, and sad lamenting strains ?

And what has friendship, what has love to prize ?

Ah me, what room for sighs !

SONETTO.

T. TASSO.

Io volo pur quasi palustre mergo
Intorno a' lidi ed a le torbide onde
Di questo mar che i' suoi principj asconde ;
Ma non m'alzo a le stelle, e non m'immergo.
Ma tu, lasciando i più spediti a tergo,
Ricerchi il cielo, e quanto a noi diffonde,
E le prime cagioni e le seconde
Nel viaggio del sole, e l'aureo albergo.
E se contempli fra' più chiari ingegni
Ciò ch'il mare e la terra a noi dispensa,
T'apre natura l'uno e l'altro grembo.
Dunque, o sotto i terrestri e salsi regni
Questa mente conduci, o teco accensa
Voli rapita da celeste nembo.

SONNET.

T. TASSO.

LIKE coot or fenny cormorant I go,
Wading the danks, or near the margin fly
Of this great deep, whose fountains hidden lie,
But soar not to the stars, nor dive below.
But thou, compared with whom the swift are slow,
Searchest the heaven and all this ambient sky,
What causes first and second to descry
In the sun's pathway, and his tent to know.
Or, if with kindred minds thou lov'st to read,
Studious, what earth dispenses and the sea
Thus liberal, Nature either lap displays.
O then to depths terrene this spirit lead,
And ocean's bitter realm, or, rapt with thee,
Bear it and kindle at celestial rays.

SONETTO.

T. TASSO.

DEH perchè amar chi voi con pari affetto
Non ami, e sospirar chi non sospiri?
E distillare in lagrime i martiri
Per tal che mai per voi non bagni il petto?
E'mpallidir per chi non cangi aspetto?
E volger gli occhi in così dolci giri
Ad un crudel ch'in voi non gli raggiuri,
Com'a suo caro e desiato oggetto?
S'amor a voglia altrui s'estingue e infiamma
Spingete il vostro mal gradito e rio,
E de' begli occhi rascingate il duolo:
E geli il cor gentil per lungo oblio,
E se pur dee sentir novella fiamma,
S'accenda sì, ma non s'accenda ei solo.

SONNET.

T. TASSO.

AH! wherefore sigh for him who sighs not too?
 And love where love again will never grow?
 Why should these bitter tears incessant flow,
 While not one drop has wet the cheek for you?
 Why pale for him who keeps his wonted hue?
 Why in your eye such beams of pleasure glow,
 While still you turn to one averted so,
 And gaze intent, with passion ever new?
 If love, at will of others, lives or dies,
 Let this thy unrequited flame expire,
 And dim with grief no more these radiant eyes.
 Let absence change thy tender heart to stone;
 Or, if it must be kindled, let the fire
 Light in thy breast, but not in thine alone.

SONETTO.

T. TASSO.

SIGNOR, da questo lagrimoso Egitto,
 Che d'idoli e di mostri è sì fecondo,
 E ch'io col Nilo del mio pianto inondo,
 Sott' aspro giogo acerbamente afflitto;
 Uscir ben tento, ed a te far tragitto;
 Ma chi mi sgrava oimè! del servil pondo?
 Chi nel deserto, e chi nel mar profondo
 M'affida, e scorge, e mostra il cammin dritto?
 Or debbo a Te, Signor, manna ed augelli
 Chieder per la mia fame, ed osar tanto,
 Ch'io sperì due colonne aver per guida?
 Ma che non lece ad uom ch'in Te si fida?
 Tu i miracoli in me pur rinovelli,
 -Onde in Te me ne glorio, e'n me men vanto.

SONNET.

T. TASSO.

O GOD, from this Egyptian land of woe,
 Teeming with idols and their monstrous train,
 O'er which the galling yoke that I sustain
 Like Nilus makes my tears to overflow,
 To thee, her land of rest, my soul would go :
 But who, ah ! who will break my servile chain ?
 Who through the deep, and o'er the desert plain
 Will aid and cheer me, and the path will show ?
 Shall God, indeed, the fowls and manna strew,—
 My daily bread ? and dare I to implore
 Thy pillar and thy cloud to guide me, Lord ?
 Yes, he may hope for all who trusts thy word.
 O then thy miracles in me renew ;
 Thine be the glory, and my boasting o'er.

SONETTO.

T. TASSO.

NEGLI anni acerbi tuoi purpurea rosa
Sembravi tu, che a' rai tiepidi allora
Non apre il sen, ma nel suo verde ancora
Verginella s'asconde e vergognosa ;
O più tosto parei (ché mortal cosa
Non rassomiglia a te) celeste Aurora,
Che le campagne imperla e i monti indora,
Lucida in ciel sereno e rugiadosa.
Or la men verde età nulla a te toglie,
Nè te benchè negletta in manto adorno
Giovinetta beltà vince o pareggia.
Così più vago è il fior poichè le foglie
Spiega odorate, e'l Sol nel mezzo giorno
Via più che nel mattin luce e fiammeggia.

SONNET.

T. TASSO.

WE saw thee in thy yet unripened green
Like the shut rose, whose damask leaf unspread
To the warm sun still in its virgin bed
Retires, and blushes in its fold unseen.
Or rather,—for an earthly thing is mean,—
Like to Aurora, when with early red
She paints the plain and lights the mountain head,
Kindling with smiles the dewy sky serene.
Nor is thy riper year in aught less fair;
Nor youthful beauty in her choice attire
Can so engage, or equal charm display.
Thus sweetest is the flower when to the air
Unbosomed; thus the sun's meridian fire
Exceeds the lustre of its morning ray.

SONETTO.

T. TASSO.

COME il nocchier da gl' infiammati lampi,
Dal sol nascente, o dalla vaga luna,
Da nube che la cinga oscura e bruna,
O che d' intorno a lei sanguigna avvampi,
Conosce il tempo, in cui si fugga e scampi,
Nembo, o procella torbida importuna ;
O si creda all' incerta aspra fortuna
Il caro legno per gli ondosi campi :
Così nel variar del vostro ciglio,
Or nubilo or sereno, avvien ch'io miri,
Or segno di salute, or di periglio,
Ma stabile aura non mi par che spiri ;
Ond'io sovente prendo altro consiglio,
E raccolgo le vele a' miei desiri.

SONNET.

T. TASSO.

As by the lighted beacons in the sky,
By eastern sun, or wandering star of night,
By cloud obscure which veils her from the sight,
Or blood-red orb that marks her path on high,
The mariner is warned what time to fly
Ere on his bark the furious storm alight,
Or trusts her, if the favouring breeze invite,
To watery plains and fortune's fickle die ;
Thus, in the varying aspect of your face,
As clouded or serene by turns prevail,
My safety or my danger I can trace,
But blows not I perceive a stedfast gale,
Hence oft the prudent counsel I embrace
To check my rash desires, and reef my sail.

CANZONE.

T. TASSO.

SCRITTA IN URBINO ; DOLENDOSI DELLA SUA FORTUNA.

O DEL grand' Apennino
 Figlio picciolo sì, ma glorioso,
 E di nome più chiaro assai, che d'onde ;
 Fugace peregrino,
 A queste tue cortesi amiche sponde
 Per sicurezza vengo, e per riposo.
 L'alta quercia, che tu bagni, e feconde
 Con dolcissimi umori, ond' ella spiega
 I rami sì, ch' i monti e i mari ingombra,
 Mi ricopra coll' ombra ;
 L'ombra sacra, ospital, ch' altrui non nega :
 Al tuo fresco gentil riposo, e sede,
 Entro al più denso mi raccoglie, e chiuda ;
 Sicch' io celato sia da quella cruda
 E cieca dea, ch'è cieca, e pur mi vede,
 Bench'io da lei m'appiatti in monte o in valle,
 E per solingo calle
 Notturmo io mova, e sconosciuto il piede :
 E mi saetta sì, che ne'miei mali
 Mostra tanti occhi aver, quanto ella ha strali.

ODE.

T. TASSO.

TO THE RIVER METAURUS. A FRAGMENT.

O THOU illustrious child
 Of mighty Apennine, humble though you lie,
 In story brighter than thy silver tide ;
 O stranger fleet and wild,
 To this thy friendly and protecting side,
 Well pleased, for safety and repose I fly.
 The lofty Oak,* with mantling branches wide,
 Bathed by thy stream, and from thy cisterns fed,
 Shadowing the mountains and the seas between,
 Embower me with his skreen !
 Inviolatè skreen, and hospitably spread !
 Thy cool recesses undisturbed and sweet
 Shroud me in deepest covert thick entwined !
 So hid from blind and cruel fortune ; blind,
 But not for me, whom still she sees to meet,
 Though far by hill or valley I should stray,
 Or in the lonely way
 Have passed at midnight, and with noiseless feet ;
 And by this bleeding side well understood
 Her aim unerring, as her shaft is good.

* The oak was the cognizance of the Duke of Urbino, at whose seat this Complaint was written.

Oimè ! dal dì che pria

Trassi l'aure vitali, e i lumi apersi

In questa luce a me non mai serena,

Fui dell' ingiusta e ria

Trastullo e segno ; e di sua man sofferesi

Piaghe, che lunga età risalda appena.

Sassel la gloriosa alma Sirena,

Appresso il cui sepolcro ebbi la cuna :

Così avuto v'avessi o tomba o fossa

Alla prima percossa.

Me dal sen della madre empia fortuna

Pargoletto divelse : ah ! di que' baci,

Ch'ella bagnò di lagrime dolenti,

Con sospir mi rimembra, e degli ardenti

Pregghi, che sen portar l'aure fugaci,

Ch'io giunger non dovea più volto a volto,

Fra quelle braccia accolto

Con nodi così stretti, e sì tenaci :

Lasso ! e seguì con mal sicure piante,

Qual Ascanio, o Camilla, il padre errante.

In aspro esiglio, e'n dura

Povertà crebbi ; in quei sì mesti errori,

Intempestivo senso ebbi agli affanni,

Ch'anzi stagion matura

L'acerbità de' casi, e de' dolori,

In me rendè l'acerbità degli anni.

Since first I breathed this air,

Ah me, since first I met the glorious light
Which never to these eyes unclouded shone,
I was her fatal care,
Chosen to be her mark and her despise ;
Nor yet those early hurts by time outgrown.
Well to that spirit pure my words are known
Beside whose sainted tomb my cradle stood :
Might they have laid me in the peaceful ground
When I received the wound !

Me from my mother's bosom fortune rude
Tore while a child : O yet I feel those last
Kisses and burning tears upon my cheek,
With sighs remembered ; still I hear that meek
And ardent prayer, caught by the rising blast ;
Then parted ever ; no more face to face
Folded in strict embrace,
And held by close and loving arms so fast ;
Ah, but like Ilus, or Camilla, hied
With steps unequal by my father's side.

In banishment I grew

And rigid want, instructed by our strange
Disastrous flight to shed untimely tears ;
Nor childhood's pleasure knew ;
But bitterness to me of chance and change
Brought immature the bitterness of years.

L'egra spogliata sua vecchiezza, e i danni
 Narrerò tutti. Or che non sono io tanto
 Ricco de' proprii guai, che basti solo
 Per materia di duolo ?
 Dunque altri ch'io da me dev'esser pianto ?
 Già scarsi al mio voler sono i sospiri,
 E queste due d'umor sì larghe vene
 Non agguaglian le lagrime alle pene.
 Padre, o buon padre, che dal ciel rimiri,
 Egro e morto ti piansi, e ben tu il sai,
 E gemendo scaldai
 La tomba, e il letto ; or che negli alti giri
 Tu godi, a te si deve onor, non lutto,
 A me versato il mio dolor sia tutto.

. *manca.*

Despoiled and bare his feeble age appears
 Before me still. Alas! and is my store
 Of griefs become so scanty, that my own
 Are not enough to moan?
 That others than myself I must deplore?
 But seldom though I bid, will come the sigh,
 Or from these wells the gushing water spring
 In measure suited to my suffering.
 Dear father, now my witness from the sky,
 Whom sick thou knowest how I mourned, and dead
 Poured on thy grave and bed
 My ardent heart; thee in thy mansions high
 All bliss beseems, and unalloyed with pain;
 Only for me the sighs and tears remain.

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MADRIGALE.

T. TASSO.

Ecco, mormorar l' onde
 E tremolar le fronde
 All'aura mattutina e gli arboscelli;
 E sovra i verdi rami i vaghi augelli
 Cantar soavemente,
 E rider l' Oriente;
 Ecco già l'alba appare
 E si specchia nel mare,
 E rasserena il cielo,
 E le campagne imperla e'l dolce gelo
 E gli alti monti indora;
 Oh bella e vaga Aurora!
 L'aura è tua messagiera, e tu dell' aura,
 Ch'ogni arsa cor ristora.

MADRIGALE.

T. TASSO.

O VAGA tortorella,
 Tu la tua compagnia,
 Ed io piango colei che non fu mia.
 Misera vedovella,
 Tu sovra il nudo ramo,
 Appiè del secco tronco io la richiamo.
 Ma l'aura solo e'l vento,
 Risponde mormorando al mio lamento.

MADRIGAL.

T. TASSO.

HARK! the rippling waters play,
 And the leaf trembles on the spray ;
 It is the breath of morn ; from bush and brake
 Sweet birds are flitting, and their carols wake
 Among the verdant boughs ; the East
 In radiant smiles is drest ;
 For, see Aurora comes again,
 And looks in mirror of the main :
 See how she calms the troubled sky,
 And tips with gold the mountains high,
 And lights the dew-drops of the lawn.
 O fair and lovely dawn,
 Herald of Zephyrus, and zephyr thine,
 Whose fan restores the burning hearts that pine.

MADRIGAL.

T. TASSO.

O FAIR complaining dove,
 You for an absent partner pine,
 I weep for her who was not mine.
 A widowed mourner thou
 Upon the leafless bough,
 I at the withered root, and call my love ;
 But nothing answers to my bitter wail
 Save the breeze only, and the passing gale !

CANZONE.

T. TASSO.

LA bella pargoletta
Ch'ancor non sente amore,
Nè pur noto ha per fama il suo valore,
Co'begli occhi saetta,
E col soave riso,
Nè s'accorge che l'arme ha nel bel viso.
Qual colpo ha nel morire
Della trafitta gente
Se non sa di ferire?
Oh bellezza omicida, ed innocente!
Tempo è ch'amor ti mostri
Omai nelle tue piaghe i dolor nostri.

ODE.

T. TASSO.

THE youthful Fair, while yet her heart
Is strange to Love, and to its flame,
And scarce by story knows the conqueror's name,
From sparkling eyes already shoots the dart,
And from her pleasant smile,
Unconscious that she charms, nor aiming to beguile.
What if that face be fatal found,
And kill so many while they gaze,
Is she to blame who never meant to wound?
O Beauty, guiltless while it slays!
Time is that Love to you made known
What pain we suffer, by your own.

CANZONETTA.

T. TASSO.

CONNUBIO.

Intermedio 2. del suo *Aminta*.

SANTE leggi d'amore e di Natura,
 Sacro laccio, ch'ordìo
 Fede sì pura di sì bel desio ;
 Tenace nodo, e forti e cari stami,
 Soave giogo, e dilettevol salma,
 Che fai l'umana compagnia gradita,
 Per cui regge due corpi un core, un' alma,
 E per cui sempre si gioisca ed ami,
 Sino all' amara, ed ultima partita ;
 Gioia, conforto, e pace
 Della vita fugace,
 Del mal dolce ristoro, ed alto obbligo,
 Chi più di voi ne riconduce a Dio ?

CANZONET.

T. TASSO.

O SACRED laws of nature and of love,
O hallowed bond in which conspire
Unblemished faith and pure desire;
Endearing chords, and knot so finely tied;
A yoke unfelt, a burthen gently laid;
How human life is sweetened by thy power,
When by one mind, one spirit, two are swayed,
And peace and joy are still with love allied
Down to the last farewell, that bitter hour!
O balm of woe and heart's relief
In this our journey brief,
Who can refresh and cheer us on our road
Like thee? who oftener brings us back to God?

SONETTO.

CELIO MAGNO.

Venetian. He died in 1602.

Non fuggir, vago augello, affrena il volo,
 Ch' io non tendo a' tuoi danni o visco o rete;
 Che, s'a me libertà cerco e quiete,
 Por te non deggio in servitute e'n duolo.
 Ben io fuggo a ragion nemico stuolo
 Di gravi cure in queste ombre secrete,
 Ove sol per goder sicure e liete
 Poch' ore teco, a la città m'involò.
 Qui più sereno è'l ciel, più l'aria pura,
 Più dolci l'acque, e più cortese e bella
 L'alte ricchezze sue scopre natura.
 O mente umana al proprio ben rubella!
 Vede tanta sua pace, e non la cura;
 E stima porto ov'ha flutto e procella.

SONNET.

CELIO MAGNO.

O STARTLE not, fair bird, thy fears are vain ;
 By me no snare or poisoned twig is drest ;
 Ill were it suiting one who comes for rest
 And freedom, to appoint thee bars and pain.
 I from the city and her madding train
 Fly to the secret shades, a willing guest ;
 Here to enjoy some undisturbed and blest
 Moments of peace, in thy secluded réign.
 Balmy the breezes here, serene the sky,
 And sweetest waters are ; here nature kind
 With unexhausted treasure fills the eye.
 O man, to his advantage ever blind,
 Who sees a resting-place, yet passes by,
 And counts it port where all is wave and wind !

SONETTO.

CELIO MAGNO.

ALMA che scendi in noi pura immortale,
 Primo pregio del mondo e maraviglia,
 Luce, il cui raggio al sommo Sol somiglia,
 E di quest' altro alla beltà prevale !
 Tu c'hai ministri, in questo viver frate,
 Angioli ch'a tua guardia apron le ciglia,
 Alta cura di Dio, sua dolce figlia,
 Per cui salvar vestìo spoglia mortale !
 Dunque sì tralignar non ti vergogna
 Di tanta stirpe, e tuo splendor natio,
 E stai vilmente in tanti error sepolta ?
 Deh sorgi omai, lasciando l'ombre e i sogni,
 Chè morte hai presso ; e mostra, al ciel rivolta,
 Che ti formar le proprie man di Dio.

SONNET.

CELIQ MAGNO.

IMMORTAL spirit, inmate of the breast,
Chiefest on earth of what is rich and rare,
With whom that orb of day may not compare,
And next and likest to the fountain blest ;
Thou whom, in brittle clay a present guest,
Commissioned angels guard with ceaseless care,
God's ransomed child, for whom He did not spare
In mortal garb His glories to invest ;
Ah why from such a birthright fallen so low,
And such a home, why thus polluted lie
In paths far distant from thy heavenly road !
Arise, my soul, those dreams of time forego ;
Death is at hand ; look to thy native sky,
And know thyself, the workmanship of God.

SONETTO.

CELIO MAGNO.

AHI, perchè questa luce alma e gradita
Divien per morte in sì poc' ore oscura?
O il corso almen, ch' a lei prescritto dura,
Non è tutto verace intera vita?
Quanta dal sonno a lei parte è rapita,
Da membra inferme, e da ria sorte dura!
Quanta ne rode insaziabil cura,
Ogni sua pace e libertà smarrita!
Chi può vita chiamar de' teneri anni
L' ignara mente? e qual mortale oltraggio
Vince della vecchiezza i gravi affanni?
Quel dunque chi riman, qual picciol raggio
Fuor d'atra nube, a ristorar suoi danni
Spenda in oneste e liete cure uom saggio.

SONNET.

CELIO MAGNO.

AH why, this balmy light, this pleasant ray,
 So soon to be obscured by death's dark night !
 Alas, and even in its destined flight
 Not wholly life, entire and real day !
 How great a part by sleep is stolen away,
 By sickness marred, and cruel fortune's spite !
 How much insatiate care, with anxious bite,
 Makes all our peace and liberty his prey !
 O who to childhood's uninstructed years
 Would give the name of life ? what mortal dream
 To find old age exempt from ills and fears ?
 Improve the rest, then ; seize that little gleam
 When clouds disperse ; O lose it not in tears,
 But haste by useful labours to redeem.

CANZONE.

CELIO MAGNO.

INTITOLATA, DIO.

DEL bel Giordano in su la sacra riva
 Solo sedeami, ed al pensoso volto
 Stanco i' facea della mia palma letto ;
 Quand' ecco tra splendor che d'alto usciva
 Un dolce suon, ver cui lo sguardo volto,
 E, pien di gioia e meraviglia il petto,
 Scorsi dal cielo in rilucente aspetto
 Bianca nube apparir d'angioli cinta,
 Ch' in giù calando al fin sovra me scese,
 E in aria si sospese.
 Restò tutta a que' rai confusa e vinta
 L'alma, e certa che nume ivi s'asconda,
 Le divote ginocchia a terra inchina.
 Rotta la nube allor tosto s'aperse,
 E nel suo cavo sen tre Dee scoperse
 Tutte in vista sì vaga e pellegrina,
 E tanto nel mio cor dolce e gioconda,
 Ch'uman pensier non è ch'a lei risponda :
 Ma la prima, che sparse in me sua luce
 Parea dell'altre due reina e duce.

ODE.

CELIO MAGNO.

As by the side of Jordan's sacred stream
I sat retired, and rested on my arm,
Thoughtful and weary; lo, a sudden light
Shone from above, in midst of which the sound
Of sweetest melody; when, looking up,
With wonder filled, and joy unfelt before,
Appeared a lucid cloud, with angels girt,
Descending slow, till o'er my head in air
Hung the celestial chair.
Bewildered with the blaze, and overcome,
Nor doubting what it held to be divine,
I bent my knee devoutly to the ground;
On which the cloud was parted all at once,
And in its bosom showed three heavenly forms,
Of such excelling grace and strangely fair,
And kindling in my breast such sweet delight,
That human thought has nothing to compare.
But She whom first I saw, of dazzling mien,
Seemed leader of the other two and queen.

Questa in gonna d'un vel candido e puro
 Coronato di stelle il crine avea,
 Co' lumi bassi, e tutta in sè romita :
 L'altra in verde e bel manto un cor sicuro
 Mostrando, le man giunte al ciel tenea,
 Con gli occhi e col pensiero in lui rapita :
 D'ostro ardente la terza era vestita,
 E frutti e fiori, ond' avea colmo il seno,
 Spargea con larga e non mai stanca mano.
 La prima in sovrumano
 Parlar disciolse alla sua lingua il freno ;
 Ed, " O cieca," a me disse, " o stolta mente
 Di voi mortali ! o miserabil seme !
 Mentre lunge da Dio ven, gite errando,
 Ed a vostri desir pace sperando
 Ove tra guerra ognor si piagne e geme.
 Quel sommo eterno Amor tanto fervente
 In tua salute, or grazia a te consente,
 Che'l vero ben da noi ti si dimostri ;
 Tu nel cor serba attento i detti nostri.
 " Apre nascendo l'uom pria quasi al pianto
 Che all'aria gli occhi ; e ben quinci predice
 Gravi tormenti a' suoi futuri giorni.
 Nè quaggiù vive altro animal, che tanto
 Sia di cibo e vestir privo, e infelice ;
 Nè ch' in corpo più fral di lui soggiorni.
 L' accoglie poi tra mille insidie e scorni
 Il mondo iniquo ; e'n labirinto eterno

In virgin robe of white she was arrayed,
 Her tresses circled by a starry crown,
 With eyes downcast, retired, and wrapt in thought.
 The next, in mantle veiled of shining green,
 With heart assured, and hands upraised and clasped,
 Still looked to heaven, and seemed collected there.
 She that was third, in glowing purple clad,
 Strewed from her lap which teemed with fruits and
 flowers,

A never-ending store, with liberal hand.

And now the First, in bland

Angelic speech, gave utterance to her tongue.

And, "O how blind," she said, "and fools in heart,
 Are all ye mortals! O unhappy race!

Who, wandering in a labyrinth far from God,

Pursue your own desires, expecting peace

Where only war is found, and tears and groans.

But now Supreme Eternal Love, to whom

Thy soul is dear, permits us in his grace

To show thee what is good; be it thy part

To hear our words, and lay them to your heart.

"While yet his eyes scarce open to the sun,

Man opens them to weep; a sure presage

What heavy griefs abide his after day:

Nor lives on earth that creature so in want

Of food and covering, and deprived of joy,

Or dwells in frailer tenement of clay.

Behold him next, mid thousand scoffs and snares

Wronged by the world, in one continued maze

Di travagli e d'error l'intrica e gira,
 Ch' ognor brama e sospira
 Oltra il suo stato; e sente un vermo interno,
 Che le midolle ognor consume e rode.
 Chi d'or la sete o di diletti appaga?
 Chi mai d'ambizion termine trova?
 E, se pur dolce in tanto amaro prova,
 Di soave veleno unge la piaga,
 E di mortal Sirena al canto gode;
 Che quel ben torna a maggior danno e frode,
 Ancor ch'ei ben non sia, ma sogno ed ombra,
 Che non sì tosto appar, che fugge e sgombra.
 “Ma che dirò della tremenda e fera
 Falce, onde Morte ognor pronta minaccia,
 Sì ch'aver sol dal cielo un cenno attende?
 Ahi, quante volte allor ch'altri più spera
 La sua man lungi, e che più lenta giaccia,
 Giunge improvvisa, e'l crudo ferro stende.
 Voi, le cui voglie sazie appena rende
 Il mondo tutto, e, quasi eterni foste,
 Monti ognor sopra monti in aria ergete,
 Voi, voi tosto sarete
 Vil polve ed ossa in scura tomba poste.
 E tu ancor, che m'ascolti, e'l fragil vetro
 Del viver tuo saldo diamante credi,
 Egro giacendo, e di rimedio casso,
 Ti vedrai giunto al duro ultimo passo;
 E gli amici più cari, e i dolci eredi

Of toil involved and whirled, and full of care,
 Pouring the daily prayer
 For something more ; and feels a worm within
 Which wastes his bones and gnaws him to the core.
 Who ever reached ambition's utmost height ?
 And when was thirst of gold or pleasure slaked ?
 Or, would he lose his bitter draught in sweet,
 He pours some pleasing poison in his wound,
 Rejoicing in the Siren's fatal song ;
 Till greater misery proves this fancied good
 A dream—a shadow which has mocked his eyes,
 And, scarcely yet perceived, already flies.

“ But how describe that fell terrific sword
 Of Death, still wielded, still prepared to smite,
 And waiting but the signal from above ?
 Alas ! how often, when his hand is thought
 Farthest removed, and where he threatens least,
 Falls the dire stroke at once, and levels low !
 Ye whose desires the globe of earth itself
 Would scarce suffice, who counting endless days
 Your heaps on heaps are piling to the sky,
 Soon, soon are ye to lie
 Vile dust and bones in prison of the grave.
 And you who hear me now, whose brittle glass
 Is to thy mind an adamant wall,
 In sickness stretched, and past the help of art,
 To you that unrelenting hour is near,
 To leave thy friends, the children of thy heart,

Con ogni tuo desir lassando addietro,
 Freddo esangue n'andrai soma in feretro.
 Oltra che spesso avvien, ch' uom moia come
 Fera senza sepolcro, e senza nome.

“ Misera umana vita ! ove per altra
 Miglior nata non fosse, e un sospir solo
 Dell' aura estrema in lei spegnesse il tutto ;
 Suo peggio fora aver mente sì scaltra,
 Che'l conoscer il mal raddoppia il duolo,
 E buon seme daria troppo reo frutto.
 Ma questo divin lume in voi ridotto
 Giammai non muore ; in voi l'anima regna
 Che del corporeo vel si veste e spoglia,
 La qual, s'ogni sua voglia
 Sprona a virtù, del ciel si rende degna ;
 E quanto prova al mondo aspro ed acerbo
 Spregiando fa parer dolce e soave.
 Ma com' uom possa a tanta speme alzarsi,
 M'ascolta, o figlio ; e, benchè siano scarsi
 Tutti umani argomenti, ove a dar s'ave
 Luce dell' alto incomprendibil Verbo
 Quando umiltà non pieghi il cor superbo,
 Tu però, che di sete ardi a miei raggi,
 Vo' che'l fonte del ver nei rivi assaggi.

“ Mira del corpo universal del mondo
 Il vago aspetto, el' animate membra,
 E qual han dentro occulto spirto infuso.
 Mira dell' ampia terra il sen fecondo

And all you loved and hoped, thyself laid down
A cold and pallid corpse upon thy bier.

Besides that man dies often like the herd,
Without a sepulchre, his name unheard.

“ O human life most wretched, but for that
Other and better ! if this breath were all,
In that last sigh extinct, and there to end !
But worst of all, with minds to comprehend ;
O wretched state, when knowledge doubles woe,
That from good seed those fruits of evil grow.
The heavenly spark once kindled in your breast
Is never quenched : in you the spirit rules,
And, when its earthly vesture shall be rent,
If fully thou art bent
In heart and will on heaven, to heaven will rise ;
And what the world so bitter deems and harsh
Be held as light by you, or counted sweet.
But how you may aspire to hope so great,
Now learn, my son ; for though all speech must fail,
And light of human argument, to show
The Word incomprehensible divine,
Where pride yet reigns in the unhumbed heart,
To you who thirst for truth and feel my beam,
Is given to quaff the fountain in the stream.

“ Behold this universal frame, its face
How fair, and members all instinct with life !
What hidden spirit through the mass diffused !
See the broad earth, within her fertile womb

Quante cose produce, e quanto sembra
 Ricco del bello intorno a lui diffuso;
 E teco dì: Questo mirabil chiuso
 Vigor, che'n tante e sì diverse forme
 Tutto crea, tutto avviva, e tutto pasce,
 Onde move? onde nasce?
 Qual fu'l maestro a tant' opra conforme?
 Qual man di questo fior le foglie pinse,
 E gli asperse l'odor, la grazia, e'l riso?
 Chi l'urna e l'onde a questo fiume presta?
 E'l volo e'l canto in quel bel cigno desta?
 Chi da i lidi più bassi ha'l mar diviso,
 E per quattro stagion l'anno distinse?
 Chi'l ciel di stelle, e chi di raggi cinse
 La Luna e'l Sole, e con perpetuo errore
 Sì costante lor diè moto e splendore?
 “ Non son, non sono il mar, la terra, e'l cielo
 Altro che di Dio specchi, e voci, e lingue,
 Che sua gloria cantando innalzan sempre;
 E ne fia certo ognun, che sguarci il velo,
 Che degli occhi dell' alma il lume estingue,
 E che l'orecchie a suon mortal non stembre.
 Ma l'uom, più ch' altri, in chiare e vive tempre
 Dee risonar l'alta bontà superna
 Se dei suoi propri onor grato s'accorge,
 E in sè rivolto scorge
 Quanto ha splendor della bellezza eterna.
 Ei di questo mondan teatro immenso

How many things produced ! what change appears
 And store of beauties on her surface spread !
 And ask thyself, what is that wondrous power
 Within, which working in so various ways
 Creates, and animates, and feeds the whole ?
 How moved ? and whence the soul ?
 What master, say, was fitted to the task ?
 What pencil laid the colours on that flower,
 And gave it grace and scent, and bade it smile ?
 Who poured the rivers, and supplies their store,
 Or taught that bird his note and how to soar ?
 Who barred the ocean from its shelving beach,
 Or in his fourfold season cast the year ?
 And girt the heaven with stars, and sun and moon
 With radiant beams of unextinguished light,
 And guides them in their fixed and mazy flight ?
 “ Nought, nought beside are sea, and earth, and sky,
 But mirrors of the Godhead, voices, tongues
 Which chant his glory, and exalt his praise ;
 And man would own it, but his mental eye
 Is covered with a veil which dims the day ;
 His ears to all but mortal accents closed.
 For chiefly him, endued above the rest
 By goodness most supreme, befits it most,
 If grateful, to resound the highest praise,
 In whom so many rays
 Reflected of eternal beauty shine :
 In this unmeasured theatre—the world,

Nobil re siede in più sublime parte,
 Anzi del mondo è pur teatro ei stesso ;
 E del gran Re del ciel, che mira in esso
 La sua sembianza, e tante grazie sparte,
 Tutto ver lui d'amor benigno accenso.
 Ahi mal sano intelletto ! ahi cieco senso !
 Com' esser puo, che sì continua e fosca
 Notte v'ingombri, e'l Sol non si conosca !
 “ Che, benchè fuor di queste nebbie aperto
 Scorgerlo in van procuri occhio mortale,
 Tanto splende però, che giorno apporta.
 Questo in ogni cammin più oscuro ed erto
 È fido lume, e giunge ai piedi l'ale,
 E d'ineffabil gioia i cor conforta.
 Questo ebber già per solo duce e scorta
 Mille lingue divine e sacri spirti,
 Che'l fero in voci e'n carte altrui sì chiaro,
 E che'l mondo spregiaro
 Tra boschi e grotte in panni rozzi ed irti.
 E voi, ch'in tanta copia, alme beate,
 Palma portaste di martirio atroce,
 O di che ferma in Dio fede splendeste,
 Mentr' or sott' empia spada il collo preste
 Porgete, e di Tiranno aspro e feroce
 Col mar del vostro sangue i piè bagnate ;
 Or di gemiti in vece inni cantate
 Fra l'aspre rote e fra le fiamme ardenti,
 Stancando crudeltà ne'suoi tormenti.

And on its loftiest seat he sits a king ;
 Or rather is himself that theatre
 Beheld by heaven's high King, who sees in him
 His image, with so much of grace infused ;
 And glows complacent with paternal love.
 O man's distempered mind ! O clouded sense,
 Still groping thus, enveloped still in one
 Long night of darkness, nor discerns the Sun !
 " What though the mortal eye attempts in vain
 Piercing those clouds to see him as he is,
 He shines with bright assurance of the day.
 This is a stedfast lamp to guide the feet
 In darkest, loneliest path ; and gives them wings,
 And cheers the heart with joy transcending speech.
 Conducted by this torch, and this alone,
 Were thousand spirits bright and heavenly tongues,
 As by their voice attested, and their pen ;
 Although, despised by men,
 Clad like the beast in caves and woods they roamed.
 And ye, blest souls, who in so numerous band
 Now bear of cruel martyrdom the palm,
 Or, crowned through faith in God, most glorious shine,
 Who yielded to the sword your willing neck,
 And bathed with rivers of your blood the feet
 Of some remorseless tyrant, breathing rage ;
 Yours now are hymns of praise instead of groans,
 No more with torment of the fiery stake
 Or racking wheel the lust of blood to slake.

- “ Noi fummo allor vostra fortezza, e vostre
 Dolci compagne in que' supplicj tanti,
 Che frale e vano ogni altro schermo fora.
 Così son giunte ognor le voglie nostre
 D'un foco accese in desir giusti e santi ;
 Nè l'una senza l'altra unque dimora.
 Dio c'inviò per fide scorte ognora
 Dell' uom sì caro a lui diletto Figlio ;
 Onde seco per noi si ricongiunga,
 Ed in sua patria giunga.
 Ma quella i' son ch'al ver gli allumo il ciglio,
 E d'aperto mirarlo il rendo degno ;
 Ove cieco salir per sè non basta ;
 Ed ove giunto ogni altro ben disprezza.
 Tu meco dunque a contemplar t'avvezza,
 Ed a lodar, con mente pura e casta,
 L'alto Signor di quel celeste regno,
 Dietro a me per la via ch'ora t'insegno :
 Ma mentre le mie voci orando segui,
 Fa che'l mio cor, più che la lingua, adegui.
- “ O di somma bontate ardente sole,
 A par di cui quest' altro è notte oscura,
 Vera vita del mondo, e vero lume !
 Tu, ch'al semplice suon di tue parole
 Il producesti, e n'hai paterna cura ;
 Tu, c'hai poter quanto il voler presume ;
 O fonte senza fonte ! o immenso fiume,
 Che stando fermo corri, e dando abbondi,

- “ We, in that time of anguish, were the sweet
 Companions of your suffering, we your strength,
 When poor and vain all other prop had been.
 Thus, at one fountain fed, we three unite
 In all your just desires and holy thoughts,
 Nor one without the rest arrives or stays.
 Us God, as faithful helps, in every age
 Has sent to man, his Son so much beloved :
 By us he comforts you, and bids you come
 Back to your Father’s home.
 But chiefly is it mine to show the true
 And only path by which to see his face.
 This road unaided, sense could never find,
 But they who know it scorn all other good.
 And now, with fixed intent and mind sincere,
 Lift up your eyes from earth, to praise with me
 The Sovereign Lord, who reigns in heaven above,
 And try to follow where I show the way.
 But be it yours, while joining in the prayer
 That not your tongue so much as heart may share.
- “ O love supreme, full orbéd and glorious sun,
 Compared with whom that other is but night,
 The world’s true life alone, and world’s true light !
 O Thou, whose breath created it at first,
 And still upholdest with a father’s care !
 Whate’er thou willest who hast power to do !
 O fountain without rise, whose boundless stream
 Flows without ebb, and undiminished pours !

E senza derivar da te derivi!
 Tu ch'eterno in te vivi,
 E quanto più ti mostri e più t'ascondi;
 Tu che quand' alma ha di tua luce vaghi
 I suoi desir, le scorgi al cielo il volo,
 Rinnovata Fenice a' raggi tuoi;
 Se nulla è fuor di Te, che solo puoi
 Esser premio a te stesso; e se tu solo
 Dai'l ben, l'obbligo avvivi, e'l merto paghi;
 S'ogni opra adempi, ogni desiri appaghi,
 Dal ciel benigno nel mio cor discendi,
 E gloria a te con la mia lingua rendi."

Mentre così cantava, e del suo foco
 Divin m'ardea la bella Duce mia,
 L'altre ancor la seguian col canto loro,
 E degli Angioli insieme il sacro coro;
 Del cui concento intorno il ciel gioía,
 Sembrando un novo paradiso il loco:
 Conobbi allor che'l saper nostro è un gioco;
 E che quel che di Dio si tien per fede
 Certo è via più di quel che l'occhio vede.

Who from thyself derivest, underived !

And in thyself hast ever lived !

Who, when revealed the most, then most art hid !

Thou, if the soul has breathed one true desire

To see thy light, wilt give it wings for heaven,

To mount a phoenix at thy beam revived !

Since nought there is beside thee, in thyself

And of thyself sole blest ! since only Thou

Conferrest good, and to receive must give,

Deign in my heart to light the holy flame,

And by my lips give glory to thy name."

While thus my fair conductress poured the strain,

Kindling my breath with her celestial fire,

Those other two united in the song,

And all the angels joined the sacred quire ;

Which filled the sky with such melodious sound,

That earth no more it seemed but heavenly ground.

Then did I know what mockery in itself

Is human wisdom, and how far the light

From God, received by Faith, surpasses sight.

SONETTO.

GABRIEL FIAMMA.

Venetian. Born in 1531. Died in 1585.

Quì, d'onde porta il Sil tributo al mare
 Senza mai far a'campi oltraggio e danni,
 E la terra al Leon, ch'ha d'oro i vanni,
 Devota inonda con fresch' acque e chiare ;
 Romito seggio amiche stelle e care
 M'han fatto aver, perchè del viver gli anni
 Passi intento a' miei studi, e i gravi affanni
 Oblii del mondo, e l'egre cure amare.
 Diletti chiostri, amata cella, ov'io
 Sol con gli amici miei pensieri albergo,
 E sano de gli error le piaghe interne :
 In voi s'accende, in voi s'erger il desio ;
 Col vostro aiuto io quelle carte vergo
 Che faran forse al tempo ingiurie eterne.

SONNET.

G. FIAMMA.

HERE, whence the Sil bears tribute to the main
His crystal tide, not wasting where he flows,
But with his sweet and friendly current goes
Only to water Leon's fertile plain,
Has been my good and pleasant lot to gain
The hermit's seat, and with it gain repose,
And studious hours, and liberty which grows
Strange to the world, and the world's care and pain.
Cloisters endeared, and chosen cell, where I
So long my thoughts my only friends have made,
Tending what wounds of former life I bear,
With you I feel my genius lifted high,
My soul enlarged ; and dictate, by your aid,
What time may be compelled perhaps to spare

SONETTO.

G. FIAMMA.

QUAL uom che, intento a cercar gemme ed oro,
 Apre a l'antica madre il petto e' il seno,
 E d'ingorda speranza acceso e pieno
 D'or in or di trovar crede il tesoro ;
Ma quanto più profonda il suo lavoro,
 Tanto men ricco ognor scopre il terreno ;
 Onde al fin il suo error conosce a pieno,
 E indarno cerca a' suoi danni ristoro :
Tal è colui che da te lungi tenta
 D'aver, Sommo Signor, salute e vita,
 Odaltro ben che appagar possa il core ;
S'affligge, e più infelice ognor diventa,
 Perchè non può quetar cosa finita
 L'alma, capace de l'eterno amore.

SONNET.

G. FIAMMA.

As one who speeds, intent on gems or gold,
Earth's matron lap and bosom to explore,
And, fed with promise of imagined ore,
Each moment seems the glittering prize to hold ;
But, searching deeper in the stubborn mould,
Less fruitful daily finds it than before ;
Taught thus at length to mourn, though not restore,
Pains ill employed, and hours in folly told :
Such is the man, O sovereign Lord, who far
From Thee, in quest of health or safety flies,
Or other good whereon to stay the mind ;
No rest he gains, no truce from mental war ;
Since nothing finite ever can suffice
The Spirit for eternal love designed.

SONETTO.

G. FIAMMA.

Non è sì vaga alla stagion novella
 L'ape di puri ed odorati fiori,
 Allor che i novi preziosi umori
 Industrie porta ad arricchir la cella ;
 Nè cervetta giammai leggiadra e snella,
 Dianzi seguita ne' riposti orrori
 Da fieri veltri, di sospetto fuori,
 Sì ratta corse all'acqua chiara e bella ;
 Com' io son vago d'un ardente umore,
 Che versan gli occhi allor che tema, o zelo,
 Od altro affetto più m'accende in Dio.
 Dice allor ebro di dolcezza il core :
 Quanto è felice quel ch'alberga in cielo,
 S'egli ha gioia maggior del pianto mio !

SONNET.

G. FIAMMA.⁷

Not, when the earth revives with genial heat,
To fresh and blooming flowers the bee applies
With such delight, and bears on loaded thighs
The fragrant treasure to her waxen seat ;
Not young and timorous hind with course so fleet,
Escaped to trackless forest from the cries
Of fell pursuit, now unsuspected flies,
Panting to reach the cooling waters sweet ;
As I in these hot tears exult, which shower
From my relenting eyes, when up to God
With love or kindling zeal my heart ascends.
How great, in transport thus my soul I pour,
Must be their glory in the blest abode,
Whose joy the pleasure of my grief transcends !

SONETTO.

G. FIAMMA.

SPARGER quest'ampie sfere al centro intorno
E di spirti sublimi ornar il cielo;
Temprar degli elementi il vario zelo
E'l mondo far con la lor guerra adorno;
Dar la luna alla notte, il sole al giorno,
Stender nell'aria delle nubi il velo;
Frenar i venti, e far ch'or caldo or gielo
Doni alla terra della copia il corno:
Dar corso a fiumi in questa e'n quella parte;
Ornar l'uom d'intelletto e di parole;
Dar vita, senso, e moto agli animali;
Delle tue man son opre altere e sole,
Signor, onde a noi ciechi egri mortali
Mostri il tuo sommo amor, la forza e l'arte.

SONNET.

G. FIAMMA.

To strew these orbs through heaven's expanse that glow,
And round the centre guide their mazy flight ;
To rule the winds, and by the jarring fight
Of elements, adorn the world below ;
To stretch the shadowing cloud, and paint the bow,
The sun by day to give, the moon by night,
That heat and cold alternate may delight,
And plenty's horn with fruits may overflow ;
To lead the rivers through their devious line ;
Man to endow with reason and with speech,
And all that live with power to feel and move :
These are thy works of power, Maker divine !
By which in part our feeble thoughts may reach
The yet surpassing wonders of thy love.

SONETTO.

GIOVANNI BATTISTA MARINI.

Neapolitan. Born in 1569. Died in 1625.

O DEL silenzio figlio e della notte!
 Padre di vaghe immaginate forme,
 Sonno gentil, per le cui tacit' orme
 Son l'palme al ciel d'amor spesso condotte!
 Or, che'n grembo alle lievi ombre interrotte
 Ogni cor fuor che'l mio riposa e dorme,
 L'Erebo oscuro al mio pensier conforme
 Lascia, ti prego, e le Cimmerie grotte!
 E vien col dolce tuo tranquillo obbligo,
 E col bel volto in ch'io mirar m'appago,
 A consolar il vedovo desio:
 Che, se'n te la sembianza ond'io son vago,
 Non m'è dato goder, godrò pur io
 Della morte che bramo almen l'immagine.

SONNET.

G. BATTISTA MARINI.

O THOU, the birth of Silence and of Night,
Father of fleet and lovely forms that fade,
Soft Sleep, upon whose noiseless chariot stayed,
Love bears the spirit oft to realms of light ;
Now, in the lap of shadowy visions bright,
When every heart but mine is gently laid,
O leave awhile thy grots replete with shade,
Dark as my thought, and haunts of sad delight ;
Hither, O come, with fond oblivion sweet,
And tranquil brows on which I love to rest,
Shedding thy balm into this troubled mind ;
That if no more I can expect to find
In thee the dream of bliss, I may at least
Behold death's image, whom I fain would meet.

SONETTO.

G. BATTISTA MARINI.

APRE l'uomo infelice, allor che nasce
 In questa valle di miserie piena,
 Pria che al sol gli occhi al pianto ; e nato appena
 Va prigionier fra le tenaci fasce.
 Fanciullo poi che non più latte il pasce
 Sotto rigida sferza i giorni mena :
 Indi in età più ferma e più serena
 Fra fortuna ed amor more e rinasce.
 Quante poscia sostiene tristo e mendico
 Fatiche e stenti, infinchè curvo e lasso
 Appoggia a debil legno il fianco antico !
 Chiude alfin le sue spoglie angusto sasso
 Ratto così, che sospirando io dico :
 Dalla culla alla tomba è un breve passo.

SONNET.

G. BATTISTA MARINI.

UNHAPPY man, an infant mourner found,
Opens his eye in this disastrous vale
Not first to meet the sun, but first to wail,
A captive in the cradle, swathed and bound.
Then weaned from milk, the boy begins his round
Of years beneath the tyrant lash to quail,
Till grown robust he issues braced in mail,
To meet through love and war with many a wound.
Behold him next by want opprest and shame,
Worn out with toil, by weight of griefs downcast,
Lean on a tottering staff his aged frame !
In narrow pit his body thrown at last !
Short is that step, oh, well may we exclaim,
Which from the cradle to the tomb is passed !

SONETTO.

G. BATTISTA MARINI.

LIONZO quì, cui pari al dente, al corso,
 Non vide Arcadia, o Sparta, o Pelio, o Cinto,
 Giace ; Lionzo il can, che spesso ha vinto
 Coi piedi i lampi, i fulmini col morso.
 Pugnò già con la Tigre, affrontò l'orso,
 Fu poi da fier Cinghiale a morte spinto ;
 Ma lasciò quì de l'uccisore estinto
 E le zampe, e le zanne, e'l ceffo, e'l dorso.
 I compagni mastini egri e smarriti,
 E i mesti armenti, ognun par che l'onori
 Di pietosi latrati, e di muggiti.
 Voi, che perdeste il difensor, Pastori,
 Incontro a i lupi ingordi, a i ladri arditi,
 Spargetelo di lagrime e di fiori !

SONNET.

G. BATTISTA MARINI.

HERE Leo rests. And ne'er was bred in Crete,
Never in Sparta, or Molossian ground,
Or wooded Thessaly, a nobler hound—
Like thunder crashing, as the lightning fleet.
Not wolf or tiger did he fear to meet ;
And when from tuskéd boar he took his wound,
The invader's muzzle, claws, and bones were found—
A warrior's trophies scattered at his feet.
His drooping fellows, and the herd in heap,
Who miss the Leader and Protector near,
Wail him with piteous howl, and lowings deep.
Shepherds, who now the beast and robber fear,
Unused without your Guard the folds to keep,
Strew flowers on Leo's turf, and drop a tear!

SONETTO.

BERNARDINO ROTA.

Of Naples. Born in 1509. Died in 1575.

QUAL uom, se repentin fulgor l'atterra,
 Riman di se medesmo in lungo oblio;
 Dal tuo ratto sparir tal rimas' io
 Legno dannato a foco, arida terra.
 Che la prigion non s'apre, e non si sferra
 Il mezzo che restò del viver mio,
 Fulminata la speme, e col desio
 Ogni mia gioia, ogni mio ben sotterra?
 In cotal guisa chi può dir ch'uom viva?
 O manca, o tronca vita! e pur pietade
 Devria trovar chi l'esser tiene a sdegno.
 Così calcata serpe parte è viva
 Parte morta si giace; e così legno
 Tocco in selva dal ciel pende e non cade.

SONNET.

B. ROTA.

As one who struck by lightning to the ground,
Long senseless and forgetful lies ; even so,
Stunned by thy loss as with a sudden blow,
Withered I fell, scarce conscious of the wound.
But why revived ? why in these fetters bound,
And half my years to run, alas, how slow !
Since hope is blighted, and desire laid low,
Nor joy to me remains of sight or sound.
O mangled state ! O life much nearer death !
Even though compassion should that name allow
To him who only draws unwilling breath.
The trodden snake thus lives in part, not all ;
In verdant forest thus the shattered bough
Is scathed by heaven, but hangs and does not fall.

SONETTO.

B. ROTA.

QUESTO cor, questa mente, e questo petto
Sia il tuo sepolcro, e non la tomba o'l sasso,
Ch'io t'apparecchio quì doglioso e lasso;
Non si deve a te, donna, altro ricetto.
Ricca sia la memoria, e l'intelletto
Del ben, per cui tutt' altro a dietro io lasso;
E mentre questo mar di pianto passo
Vadami sempre innanzi il caro obietto.
Alma gentil, dove abitar solei
Donna e reina in terren fascio avvolta,
Ivi regnar celeste immortal dei.
Vantisi pur la morte averti tolta
Al mondo, a me non già; ch'a pensier miei
Una sempre sarai viva e sepolta.

SONNET.

B. ROTA.

I CONSECRATE this heart, this mind, this breast,
To be thy tomb. O what can emblem pale,
Or vault, or marble pageantry avail?
That living sepulchre befits thee best.
While memory is enriched, and thoughts possess
Of worth so great, what else can I bewail?
While on this sea of sorrow where I sail,
Before me still I find that image blest?
If dwelling here, upon thy earthly shrine
I burned the incense of a sacred flame,
Much more when now immortal and divine.
Let death, the tyrant, then, his conquest claim
From others, not from me ; still thou art mine ;
To me, alive or buried, still the same.

SONETTO.

B. ROTA.

GIACEASI donna languidetta e stanca,
Quasi notturno fior tocco dal sole,
E tal era a veder qual parer suole
Raggio di sol che poco a poco manca.
Io l'una e l'altra man gelata e bianca
Baciava intanto, e non avea parole ;
Fatto già pietra che si muove e duole,
Sospira, piange, trema, arrossa, imbianca.
E baciando bagnava or questa, or quella,
Col fonte di quest'occhi, e co i sospiri
L'alabastro asciugava intorno intorno.
Partì quest'alma allor per gir con ella,
Sperando di dar fine a miei martiri ;
Poi tornò meco a far tristo soggiorno.

SONNET.

B. ROTA.

WITH wearied frame and languishing she lay ;
As by the sun some gentle flower of night
Is withered, or that sun appears to sight,
When gradual he contracts his evening ray.
Meantime, for words no more can find their way,
Those hands I kiss, now cold, of snowy white,
Myself like stone, as if a statue might,
By signs and tears, its silent grief betray.
Frequent I bathe, from fountain of my eyes,
Each hand in turn, and sigh, and fondly strain
That purest marble to my lips compest :
My spirit then, well pleased with hers to rise,
Parted awhile ; but oh too soon again
Came back to sojourn in my desolate breast.

SONETTO.

B. ROTA.

IN lieto e pien di riverenza aspetto,
Con vesta di color bianco e vermiglio,
Di doppia luce serenato il ciglio
Mi viene in sonno il mio dolce diletto.

Io me l'inchino, e con cortese affetto
Seco ragiono, e seco mi consiglio,
Com' abbia a governarmi in quest' esiglio;
E piango intanto, e la risposta aspetto.

Ella m' ascolta fisa, e dice cose
Veramente celesti, ed io l'apprendo,
E serbo ancor ne la memoria ascose.

Mi lascia al fine e parte; e va spargendo
Per l' aria nel partir viole e rose:
Io le porgo la man, poi mi riprendo.

SONNET.

B. ROTA.

METHOUGHT in sleep, and still that vision cheers,
Arrayed in saffron robe and spotless white,
With look benign which beamed celestial light,
The loved companion of my heart appears.
Lowly I bend and pour into her ears
All my complaint, and counsel how I might,
In this exile, direct my course aright ;
And for an answer wait, not without tears.
Intent she listened, nor withheld her share
Of converse sweet, but words angelic spake
Which reached my soul, and still are treasured there.
And now, while fond adieus we give and take,
Perfume of rose and violet fills the air :
I try to stretch my circling arms—and wake.

SONETTO.

GIOVANNI GUIDICIONI.

Born about the year 1480. Died in 1541.

DEGNA nutrice delle chiare genti
 Ch'ai dì men foschi trionfar del mondo,
 Albergo già di' dei fido e giocondo,
 Or di lagrime triste e di lamenti;
 Come posso udir io le tue dolenti
 Voci, e mirar senza dolor profondo
 Il sommo imperio tuo caduto al fondo,
 Tante tue pompe e tanti pregi spenti?
 Tal così ancella maestà riserbi,
 E sì dentro al mio cor sona il tuo nome,
 Che i tuoi sparsi vestigi inchino e adoro;
 Che fu a vederti in tanti onor superbi
 Seder reina e incoronata d'oro
 Le gloriose e venerabil chiome!

All' Italia.

SONNET.

G. GUIDICIONI.

GREAT nurse of nations, and a line renowned
 To whom the world in arms once homage paid!
 Seat, where a godlike race the sceptre swayed,
 But loud lament and wailing now resound!
 How can I view thy tears and not be drowned
 In sorrow? how behold thee, undismayed,
 Stript of thy pageantry, thy honours laid,
 And pomp and glory, prostrate in the ground?
 Still, thus in bondage, still thou art a queen:
 And if thy name can yet my bosom fire,
 If I can kiss thy steps even at this hour,
 What was it then, in summit of thy power,
 To see thee with commanding front serene,
 And tresses circled in the regal tiar!

To Italy, on occasion of the wars in the 16th century.

SONETTO.

G. GUIDICIONI.

DAL pigro e grave sonno, ove sepolta
Sei già tanti anni, omai, sorgi, e respira ;
E disdegnosa le tue piaghe mira,
Italia mia, non men serva, che stolta.
La bella libertà, ch' altri t'ha tolta
Per tuo non sano oprar, cerca e sospira ;
E i passi erranti al cammin dritto gira,
Da quel torto sentier dove sei volta.
Che se risguardi le memorie antiche,
Vedrai, che quei, che i tuoi trionfi ornaro,
T'han posto il giogo, e di catene avvinta.
L'empie tue voglie a te stessa nemiche,
Con gloria d'altri, e con tuo duolo amaro,
Misera, t'hanno a sì vil fine spinta.

All' Italia.

SONNET.

G. GUIDICIONI.

BURIED in sleep of indolence profound
So many years, at length awake and rise,
My native land, enslaved because unwise,
And look with scorn upon thy deathlike wound;
Shake off the yoke which on thy neck was bound
By those who learned thy weakness to despise;
And, while an even path before thee lies,
No longer in these crooked ways be found.
Look to the former times, and there behold
How such, as served thy triumphs to adorn,
Have forced thee still in galling chains to bend.
Still, fatal to thy peace, thy wishes bold
Made others glorious, but thyself to mourn,
And brought thee to this ruin in the end!

SONETTO.

ANGELO DI COSTANZO.

Of Naples. Born in 1507. Died about 1590.

DELL' età tua spuntava appena il fiore,
 Figlio, e con gran stupor già producea
 Frutti maturi, e più ne promettea
 L'incredibil virtute e'l tuo valore ;
 Quando Atropo crudel mossa da errore,
 Perchè senno senile in te scorgea,
 Credendo pieno il fuso ove attorcea
 L'aureo tuo stame, il ruppe in sì poch'ore ;
 E te della natura estremo vanto
 Mise sotterra, e me ch'ir dovea pria,
 Lasciò qui in preda al duol eterno e al pianto.
 Nè saprei dir se fu più iniqua e ria,
 Troncando un germe amato e caro tanto,
 O non sterpando ancor la vita mia.

SONNET.

A. COSTANZO.

THY age, ere yet the flower was fully spread,
Produced such fruit mature, beloved son,
Thy worth and manly sense so early shone,
And growing virtues such a lustre shed,
That Atropos, unwitting and misled,
Supposed the spindle full, the labour done,
And unrelenting, while her sister spun,
Cut short, in fatal haste, thy golden thread :
Thou nature's boast, on thy untimely bier
Thus laid ; and I, whose turn was first to go,
Remaining to let fall the ceaseless tear ;
Uncertain which to count the heavier woe,
That you was plucked, the tender bud thus dear,
Or I, the broken stem, was left to grow.

On the death of his son, in early life.

SONETTO.

CESARE SIMONETTI.

SE la Ragion, com' ella dee, non frena
L'amoroso desir ond' io vaneggio,
E mi trasporta, lasso, ov' ir non deggio,
Nel sentier che a morir doppio mi mena ;
Sommo Sol, la cui luce alma e serena
Ne le tenebre mie risplender veggio,
Sii la mia scorta ; ond' al celeste seggio
Ritorni fuor de la prigion terrena.
Debole, infermo, in mezzo a tre nemici
Misero temo a sostener la guerra,
Senza la tua da me bramata aita.
Drizza i passi a gli alberghi alti e felici ;
Sgombra il falso ; e da vita alla mia terra ;
Tù sei la Via, la Verità, la Vita.

SONNET.

C. SIMONETTI.

SINCE Reason bears not, as it ought, the sway
O'er passionate Love, that wayward guide, by whom
Hurried in paths forbid I fear my doom
Soon to be sealed, of twofold death the prey :
O thou Great Sun, whose bright and serene ray
Still I can see in thickest of my gloom,
Make plain my path to realms beyond the tomb,
From earth's dark dungeon to thy glorious day.
For weak, alas, and fearful, how can I,
Unless thy wished-for help I soon receive,
With three my powerful foes maintain the strife ?
Be Thou my Leader to the seat on high ;
Chase what is false, and what is dead revive ;
O Thou who art the Way, the Truth, the Life.

SONETTO.

ANTONIO SFORZA.

Venetian. Died in 1735.

CHI siete voi, Signore, e chi son io,
 Che con tenero cor così m'amate?
 Quasi senza di me vil uom, non siate
 Quell' eterno, beato, e sommo Dio?
 E, s'altro obbietto fuor di voi desio,
 Sì geloso di me vi dimostrate,
 Che di dolce rigor la destra armate,
 Per riscuoter così l'affetto mio.
 Deh caro padre, per pietade omai
 Deponete il flagel, che bene i rei
 Peccati io piango e la stagion ch'errai.
 Sia nobil pena agli alti falli miei
 Il dir che sino ad ora io non v'amai,
 E il non potervi amar quanto vorrei.

SONNET.

A. SFORZA.

WHAT art thou, O my God, and what am I,
That even to me thy heart is melted so?
As if without thy creature vile and low
Thou wert not blest, eternal and most High!
Thou, when to other objects I would fly,
Art pleased thy loving jealousy to show,
And by the rigorous but the needful blow
Correct thy erring child, and bring him nigh.
Enough, O gracious Father, strike no more;
Thy rod has every sin to memory brought,
And all my guilty wanderings I deplore.
My punishment be now this bitter thought,
Repentance that I loved thee not before,
Grief that I do not love thee as I ought.

SONETTO.

POMPONIO TORELLI.

Parmigiano. Died in 1608.

SOLETTA siede lagrimosa e mesta,
 Gran madre già di sacerdoti e regi,
 La Giudea vinta, e de' passati pregi
 Memoria alto dolor nel sen le desta.
 Di gemme e d'oro all'infelice testa
 Fan cerchio in vece orribili dispregi:
 E in luogo ha di real manto e di fregi
 Servil catena, e lacerata vesta.
 Da barbarica man d'empio tiranno
 Di Dio già te sottrasse il braccio invitto,
 Ingrata, e tu del suo figliuol fai scempio!
 Del ciel Tito flagello, al mondo scritto
 Mostra in quest' arco, il tuo perpetuo danno,
 Priva d'onor, di libertà, di tempio.

SONNET.

P. TORELLI.

DISSOLVED in tears, abandoned, and forlorn,
She by whom kings and kingly priests were bred,
Judea, still recalls her glories fled,
But finds them in her bosom now a thorn ;
Not gold and gems, but foul contempt and scorn,
The crown that circles her devoted head ;
Exchanged the royal robe and sceptre dread
For slavish fetters, and a mantle torn.
Rescued so oft by God's uplifted hand
From tyrant thralldom, and the heathen foe,
Ungrateful, she despised and slew his Son.
And lo, the Roman scourge, at heaven's command,
Sets her to earth for a perpetual bow,
Her honour, liberty, and temple gone.

SONETTO.

GIROLAMO PRETI.

Of Bologna. Page to Alfonso, 2d Duke of Ferrara. Died at Baroclina, in 1626.

SOMMO Sol, che a quell'altro errante in cielo,
 Che dà lume alle stelle, il lume dai;
 Tu, per soffrir della cui luce i rai
 Si fan con l'ale i Serafini un velo!
 Quelle tenebre sgombra, e rompi il gelo
 Onde il petto coversi e'l petto armai;
 Che, poichè gli occhi a due begli occhi alzai,
 Ardo a quel lume, e nel tuo foco io gelo.
 Questi sospir, che sparge immonda voglia,
 Sollevi il raggio tuo che puro accende,
 E gli accolti sospiri in pianto scioglia;
 Tal se dall' onde salse impuro ascende
 Vapor cui purghi il Sol, cui nube accoglia,
 S'alza amaro, e poi dolce in pioggia scende.

SONNET.

G. PRETI.

GREAT Sun, to whom that other in the skies
 Which lights the stars, its light and being owes,
 Thou, at whose burning look the mountain flows,
 And seraphs when they worship veil their eyes,
 Dispel the cloud which on my bosom lies,
 And warm this heart, now chill as Alpine snows,
 Which soon at sight of earthly beauty glows,
 But from thy sacred flame unkindled flies.
 O let thy bright and scorching beam refine
 Those sighs, the breathing of impure desire,
 Till melted in a flood of tears they blend ;
 As exhalations, pregnant with the brine
 Of ocean, rise, till, purged by solar fire,
 The bitter clouds in a sweet shower descend.

SONETTO.

JOANNES MILTON.

Born in 1608. Died in 1674.

GIOVANE piano, e semplicetto amante
 Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
 Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'umil dono
 Farò divoto ; io certo a prove tante
 L'ebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
 Di pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono ;
 Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
 S'arma di se, e d'intero diamante ;
 Tanto del forse, e d'invidia sicuro,
 Di timori, e speranze al popol use,
 Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,
 E di cetra sonora, e delle muse :
 Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
 Ove Amor mise l'insanabil ago.

SONNET.

J. MILTON.

AN artless youth and lover somewhat new,
Mistrusting of myself, nor skilled to hide,
Lady, to thee my heart I would confide,
An humble gift: Yet, when occasion grew,
Report has vouched it constant, bold, and true,
To courtesy and gentle thoughts allied,
Turning the great rout of the world aside
By inward arms, and metal tempered due:
As much by force unmoved, or slanderous tongue,
Or what the crowd condemn or what approve,
As still to wit and noble valour found
Responding, and the sonorous harp and song.
There only will you find it yield where Love
Inflicted his immedicable wound.

SONETTO.

J. MILTON.

DIODATI, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,
Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar solea
E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea
Già caddi, ov' uom dabben talor s'impiglia.
Nè treccie d'oro, nè guancia vermiglia
M'abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea
Bellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
Portamenti alti onesti, e nelle ciglia
Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua più d'una,
E'l cantar che di mezzo l' emispero
Traviar ben può la faticosa Luna ;
E degli occhi suoi avventa sì gran fuoco
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

SONNET.

MILTON.

I TELL thee, friend, and blush to speak it, I
That rebel, who so oft would make a jest
Of love, and often mock his great behest,
Am fallen where champion many times will lie.
Yet golden tresses, and the vermeil dye,
Allure me not, but charms of newer zest,
And foreign beauty by the heart confest ;
A nature gentle, and demeanour high,
The brows of jet serene, like starry night,
Discourse when grace of various tongue we hear.
And song of such sweet potency as might
Compel yon labouring moon to quit the sphere ;
While in her eyes I meet a flame so bright
That little would avail—stopping my ear.

ODE.

FULVIO TESTI.

Of Modena. Born in 1593. Died in 1646.

AL SIGN. CONTE RAIMONDO MONTECUCCOLI.

Contra la superbia di quelli che non sanno contenersi nelle grandezze.

RUSCELLETTO orgoglioso !

Che, ignobil figlio di non chiara fonte,

Il natal tenebroso

Avesti intra l'orror d'ispido monte,

E già con lenti passi

Povero d'acque isti lambendo i sassi :

Non strepitar cotanto,

Non gir sì torvo a flagellar la sponda ;

Chè benchè Maggio alquanto

Di liquefatto gel t'accresca l'onda,

Sopraverrà ben tosto

Asciugator di tue gonfiezze Agosto.

Placido in seno a Teti,

Gran re di fiumi, il Po discioglie il corso,

Ma di velate abeti

Macchine eccelse ognor sostien sul dorso,

Nè per arsura estiva

In più breve confin stringe sua riva.

Tu, le gregge e i pastori

Minacciando per via, spumi e ribolli,

E di non propri umori

ODE.

FULVIO TESTI.

ADDRESSED TO COUNT RAYMOND MONTECUCCOLI.

O PROUD, ambitious brook !

Of parents little known ignoble child,

Born in some dusky nook

Amidst the horrors of the mountain wild,

Who lately with thy puny jet

Of scanty waters, tried these rocks to wet ;

Boast not so loud to-day,

Nor whirl so fierce, nor lash from side to side ;

Though now relenting May,

With melted snows, increase your little tide,

Soon August with his scorching beam

Will drink your swelling wave, and dry your stream.

In Thetis' lap to rest

The Po completes his way, that river king ;

While on his placid breast

The lofty vessel daily spreads her wing,

Nor blaze of summer heat has force

His bank to straiten, or retard his course.

But you, to show your power,

Look big, and foam, affrighting herd and swain,

And, owner for an hour

Possessor momentaneo il corno estolli,
 Torbido, obliquo ; e questo
 Del tuo sol hai, tutto alieno è il resto.

Ma fermezza non tiene
 Viso di cielo, e sue vicende ha l'anno ;
 In nude aride arene
 A terminar i tuoi diluvi andranno,
 E con asciutto piede
 Un giorno ancor di calpestarti ho fede.

So che l'acque son sorde,
 Raimondo, e ch' è follia garrir col rio ;
 Ma sovr' Aonie corde
 Di sì cantar talor diletto ha Clio,
 E in mistiche parole
 Alti sensi al vil vulgo asconder suole.

Sotto ciel non lontano
 Pur dianzi intumidir torrente io vidi,
 Che di tropp' acque insano
 Rapiva i boschi e divorava i lidi,
 E gir credea di pari
 Per non durabil piena a i più gran mari.

Io dal fragore orrendo
 Lungi m' assisi a romit' Alpe in cima,
 In mio cor rivolgendo
 Qual era il fiume allora, e qual fu prima,
 Qual facea nel passaggio
 Con non legitim 'onda ai campi oltraggio :

Of muddy tribute, like a braggart vain,
Bluster and bounce ; and this your pride
Is yours alone, the rest is all supplied.

For seasons do not wait ;
Skies have their changes, and the year comes round.
Your flood will soon abate,
And only parched and naked sands be found ;
Where on no distant day I yet
Expect to cross you with my feet unwet.

Waters are deaf, I know ;
And who would babble with a babbling rill ?
But Clio often so
Has deigned with fancy's dream her chords to fill,
Accustomed in a mystic song
To veil her lesson from the vulgar throng.

Near where I lately stood,
I saw a torrent, mad and boiling o'er,
Whose chafed and angry flood
Devoured his banks, and through the forest tore,
As if his swell, soon to subside,
With mightiest seas and all their billows vied.

The loftiest cliff I sought
Far from the horrid din, and gazed below ;
Revolving in my thought
Whence does this river come, and whither flow,
Whose current with resistless sway
Commits such lawless ravage in its way.

Ed ecco ! il crin vagante
 Coronato di lauro e più di lume,
 Apparirmi davante
 Di Cirra il biondo re, Febo il mio nume,
 E dir ; “ Mortale orgoglio
 Lubrico ha il regno, e ruinoso il soglio.

“ Mutar vicende e voglie
 D'instabile fortuna è stabil arte ;
 Presto dà, presto toglie,
 Viene e t'abbraccia, indi t'abborre e parte ;
 Ma quanto sa si cange,
 Saggio cor poco ride e poco piange.

“ Prode è il nocchier che'l legno
 Salva tra fiera aquilonar tempesta ;
 Ma d' egual lode è degno
 Quel che al placido mar fede non presta,
 E del' aura infedele
 Scema la turgidezza in scarse vele.

“ Sovra ogni prisco eroe
 Io del grande Agatocle il nome onoro,
 Che delle vene Eoe
 Ben sulle mense ei folgorar fe l'oro,
 Ma per temprarne il lampo
 Alla creta paterna anco diè campo.

“ Parto vil della terra
 La bassezza occultar de'suoi natali
 Non può Tifeo ; pur guerra
 Muove all'alte del ciel soglie immortali :

When, lo! his waving hair,
 With laurel crowned, but more with heavenly light,
 The son of Cirra fair,
 Patron of song, appear'd before my sight,
 And said; " The seat of human pride
 Is slippery found, and ruin by its side.

" With never-ending play,
 Inconstant Fortune, constant here alone,
 Soon gives, soon takes away;
 She comes, embraces, hates you, and is gone.
 The wise man, knowing how she veers,
 Will laugh the less, and shed the fewer tears.

" The pilot's skill is shown,
 Who safely steers his bark where tempests roar;
 But theirs not less I own
 Who smiling seas distrust, and keep the shore;
 Or who, with spare and gathered sail,
 Are ready to receive the treacherous gale.

" Above all heroes old
 Thy name, great Agathocles, be revered,
 Who, though the eastern gold
 Profuse and dazzling at thy feast appeared,
 Chose with the early time to share
 At thy own board, nor left thy father's fare.

" The meanness of his birth
 In hopes to hide, Tipheus vainly strove;
 Yet did this son of earth
 Wage impious war upon the powers above.

Che fia? sott' Etna colto
Prima che morto, ivi riman sepolto.

“Egual finger si tenta
Salmoneo a Giove allor che tuona ed arde;
Fabrica nubi, inventa
Simulato folgor, fiamme bugiarde;
Fulminator mendace
Fulminato da senno a terra giace.”

Mentre l'orecchie io porgo
Ebbro di maraviglia al dio facondo,
Giro lo sguardo, e scorgo
Del rio superbo inaridito il fondo,
E conculcar per rabbia
Ogni armento più vil la secca sabbia.

What then ? before the giant dies,
In burning Etna caught, he buried lies.

“ With bolt and lightning brand,
To equal Jove, Salmoneus would aspire,
And dared with impious hand
To forge pretended clouds, and mimic fire ;
But soon the lying thunderer found
That thunder true which smote him to the ground.”

He ceased, and in my ear
The tuneful strain yet sounded, when behold,
Dry barren sands appear
Where late that proud ambitious torrent rolled ;
Whose channel now, a common road,
With careless hoof the herd of cattle trod.

STANZE.

FULVIO TESTI.

AL SUO FIGLIO.

Esortazione agli studii Poetici.

DI Troja al domator, mentre garzone
 Nelle spelonche sue facea dimora,
 Insegnava con man tenera ancora
 L'arco paterno ad incurvar Chirone.

Giulio, del dio guerrier farti seguace
 Già non poss' io, nè mia virtute è tale ;
 Ma ben t'insegnerò con lode eguale
 Trattar su cetra d'oro arco di pace.

Tu nascesti alle Muse ; a i tuoi vagiti
 I suoi canti alternò Pindo e Permessò ;
 E nuovi lauri al tuo natale istesso
 Dell' onda Ippocrenèa nacquer su i liti.

Ma non creder però che all' erta cima,
 Ove in trono immortal la gloria siede,
 Giunga cor neghittoso, e lento piede
 Per aereo sentier vestigie imprima.

STANZAS.

F. TESTI.

TO HIS SON ;

Exhorting him to the Study of Poetry.

HE who the Trojan wall should overthrow,
 While yet the boy in Chiron's cave remained,
 Was early tutored to his arms, and trained
 With childish hand, to stretch his father's bow.

Expect not, Julius, that thy peaceful sire
 In fields of Mars should teach thee to contend ;
 But learn of him, an equal praise, to bend
 Apollo's bow, and strike the golden lyre.

Thy birth the Muses hailed ; Parnassus hill
 And Pindus echoed in alternate lay
 Your infant cry ; and, on your natal day,
 Fresh laurels waved o'er Hyppocrene's rill.

But none has ever, with a careless mind,
 Mounted that steep to fame's enduring seat ;
 Nor, in ethereal paths, the sluggish feet,
 One vestige in the road, will leave behind.

Ben di propizia stella amico lume
 Impeti eccelsi in gentil core infonde ;
 Ma se alimento ei non procaccia altronde
 Il mal nudrito ardor forza é che sfume.

Furar agli occhi il sonno, a i dì più algenti
 Giunger le notti, e fuor de' patri alberghi,
 Pria che d'inchiostri tuoi le carte verghi,
 Su gli altrui fogli impallidir convienti.

Scorta ti sian le due di Smirna e Manto
 Inclite trombe ; e se pur Clio t'inspira
 Più teneri furori, alla tua lira
 Del gran Cigno Circeo sia norma il canto.

Già non pensar, e dal mio esempio impara,
 Di cumular tesori a suon di cetra :
 Trarran forse i tuoi carmi o pianta o pietra,
 Oro non già ; troppo è l'etate avara.

Se ne' tumulti del rabbioso foro
 L'ore vender volessi e le parole,
 Bensì vedresti in un girar di Sole
 Pioverti innanzi al piè procelle d'oro.

Or mendico è Parnaso, e le grand' alme
 Sdegnan chinare l'orecchio a i versi nostri ;

A friendly star may shed propitious ray,
 And with its heat the generous breast inspire ;
 But, if no food be sought to nurse the fire,
 The flame unfed will languish and decay.

Your sleep curtailed, a studious hermit grown,
 And days of cold prolonged to colder night,
 Ne'er till your cheek is paled by glimmering light
 O'er other pages, try to ink your own.

Those two your leaders be, of trumpet tongue,
 Smyrna's and Mantua's bard ; or, if the fire
 Of softer passion wakes thy trembling lyre,
 Let Circe's noble swan direct the song.

Yet learn from me, that harp and sweetest lays
 No more will serve the classic board to feed ;
 A flower, a stone may follow as their meed,
 But gold no longer in these grudging days.

If willing in the loud contentious hall
 Your breath to pawn, and wage the wordy fight,
 Look for the harvest ere returning light,
 And at your feet the glittering showers to fall.

Poets now ask an alms, and great men slight
 The suppliant bard, or lend a vacant ear ;

E pur rigate da Pieri inchiostri
Più gloriose al ciel s'ergon le palme.

Ma nè prodigo tu de' carmi tuoi
I tesor d'Elicon a altrui dispensa ;
Temerarie non sian le lodi, e pensa
Che rari a nostra età nascon gli eroi.

Tra le ceneri fredde e l'ossa ignude
Materia, onde tua cetra alto rimbombe
Trovar forse potrai ; dentro le tombe
Sbandita di quassù fuggì virtude.

O venga un dì che, per mia gran ventura,
Minor della tua cetra oda chiamarsi
Per l'Italia il mio plettro, e vegga farsi
Dal nome tuo la mia memoria oscura !

Though in our lines the victor's palm can wear
A fresher green, and rise to nobler height.

And be not thou in haste to scatter round
Thy stores of Helicon, with hand profuse ;
Think how unworthy homage stains the muse,
And heroes in our time do not abound.

Where naked bones rest in their silent bed
And the cold dust, perhaps some lofty theme
Your lyre may find ; for to the grave with them,
And banished hence, have worth and valour fled.

O may that day arrive, to crown my lot,
When, swelling above mine, thy harp shall claim
Italia's praise, and in thy greater name
The memory of thy father's be forgot !

MADRIGALE.

GABRIELLO CHIABRERA.

Of Savona. Born in 1552. Died in 1637.

Dico alle Muse ; Dite,
 O dee, qual cosa alla mia dea somiglia ?
 Elle dicon allor : L'Alba vermiglia,
 Il Sol che a mezzo dì vibri splendore,
 Il bell' Espero a sera infra le stelle.
 Queste immagini a me paion men belle ;
 Onde riprego Amore,
 Che per sua gloria a figurarla muova ;
 E cosa che lei sembri, Amor non trova.

EPITAFIO.

G. CHIABRERA.

PER IL SIGNOR TORQUATO TASSO.

TORQUATO Tasso è quì sepolto. Questa
 Che dal profondo cor lagrime versa
 E Poesia ; da così fatto pianto
 Argomenti ciascun qual fu costui.

MADRIGAL.

G. CHIABRERA.

I LATELY to the Muses said,
 Ye goddesses, what paints my goddess best?
 The Dawn they say, in rosy vest,
 The Sun when shooting from his mid-day car,
 Among the lamps of night the Western Star.
 Not satisfied with these, to Love I go,
 And beg him by his taste refined
 Some portrait fairer still to show?
 But nothing which is like her Love can find.

EPITAPH.

G. CHIABRERA.

FOR TASSO.

HERE is Torquato laid. That form of grief,
 Who bends beside him, in her heart opprest
 And weeping, is the Muse. Think of those tears,
 And ask no other proof of what he was.

SONETTO.

GIOVAMMARIO CRESCIMBENI.

Born in 1663. Died in 1728.

Io chiedo al Ciel : chi contra Dio l'indegno
 Misfatto oprò, cui par mai non udissi ?

Dice ei, fu l'uomo ; e di dolore in segno
 Io cinsi il sol di tenebrosa ecclissi.

Al Mare il chiedo ; anch' ei, su duro legno,
 Grida, l'uom il guidò ; qual ne sentissi
 Doglia tel dica quel sì giusto sdegno,
 Ond'io sconvolsi i miei più cupi abissi.

Io chiedo al Suol ; con egual duolo acerbo
 Egli esclama, fu l'uom ; dalle profonde
 Sedi io mi scossi, e i segni ancor ne serbo.

All' Uom, che ride in liete ore gioconde,
 Irato il chiedo al fin ; ma quel superbo
 Crolla il capo orgoglioso, e non risponde.

SONNET.

G. CRESCIMBENI.

I ASK the Sky, what new and daring foe
With hand so high against his God rebelled?
It answers, Man; and when he struck the blow,
In blackness of eclipse the sun I held.

I ask the Ocean: heaving from below,
Man, it replies; by Man He was compelled
To suffer thus, and with convulsive throe
Unwonted tides my lowest channel swelled.

I ask the Land: with long and bitter groan,
Man shook me to the centre, is its cry;
And still upon my face the marks are shown,
To Man, whose laughing hours in pleasure fly,
To man, incensed I turn: proud Man alone,
Tossing his lofty head, makes no reply.

MADRIGALE.

AGOSTINO NARDI.

PERCHÈ pingesti cieco,
 E con la benda il giovanetto Amore,
 Poco saggio Pittore ?
 Egli è sbendato, e nasce
 Sol dal veder, e di veder si pasce :
 Dunque s' altrui mostrar verace il vuoi,
 Pinger un Argo con cent' occhi puoi.

MADRIGALE.

EGIDIO MENAGIO.

Born at Angers, in 1613. Died in 1692, at Paris.

CONTRA te, se nol sai,
 Di sdegno arde nel core
 L'alma Madre d'Amore.
 Nè certo, o bella Enone,
 Arde senza ragione ;
 Che gli vaghi Amoretti,
 Gli Scherzi vezzosetti,
 Per seguir l' orme tue
 Or lasciano le sue.

MADRIGAL.

A. NARDI.

O WITLESS Painter and unskilled,
 Why should you make poor Cupid blind,
 His youthful brows with bandage thus confined?
 The boy is born with vision free as light;
 He lives by seeing, feeds and grows on sight.
 When you would paint him next, let me advise,
 To paint an Argus with his hundred eyes.

MADRIGAL.

E. MENAGIO.

It was at you, Enone fair,
 That Cupid's mother lately showed her spite,
 And well the charming goddess might,
 Nor wants just reason to complain;
 Since her own sportive train
 Of young Desires, and Loves, and Wiles,
 Who watched her steps, and caught her smiles,
 All have deserted her of late,
 On you to wait.

CANTATA.

CARLO MARIA MAGGI.

Of Milan. Born in 1629 or 1630. Died in 1699.

ALMA mia tu sospiri,
 Perchè amando la Terra
 Ci vorresti aver pace, e sempre hai guerra.
 Son vani i tuoi desiri,
 E mal posta quaggiù la tua speranza.
 Quì vedi pur, che stanza
 Di riposo non è, ma di martiri.
 Sempre con doglie
 Il Mondo veggio.
 Se un mal si toglie,
 Succede un peggio.
 Passa un' onda, e l'altra viene,
 E si va di pene in pene.
 Ma il Mondo piace
 Pien di dolore,
 E si vuol pace
 Dal traditore.
 Ride un poco, e poi n'accora;
 Già si sa, ma pur s'adora.

ODE.

C. M. MAGGI.

Dost thou, my soul, complain
That while thou lovest earth, and art inclined
For peace, yet war and only war you find?
These thy desires are vain,
And much misplaced thy hope on things below :
The earth, thou mightest know,
A station is not of repose but pain.
The world for which you sigh
Is full of sorrow's weed ;
One ill perhaps may die,
But new and worse succeed :
One billow ebbs, another flows,—
We only pass from woes to woes.
Yet from this world of grief,
We peace and rest demand,
And still expect relief
At the betrayer's hand.
Pleased for an hour, but soon as much downcast,
We find the cheat, yet worship to the last.

Sospiro in van quiete

Da gli onori, dall'or, dalla beltà.

Sospiri miei tacete :

Voi dimandate pace a chi non l'ha.

Come infermo tormentato,

Per le piume io volgo il fianco ;

Ma inquieto in ogni stato

Cerco posa, e più mi stanco.

Affanato cuor mio

Credi una volta a me ;

Non v'è pace per te,

Se non in Dio.

Still the same hopes deceive,
That honour, beauty, wealth, can yield thee rest ;
An idle wish, a thought unblest ;
The peace you sue for is not theirs to give.
Thus, one who seeks, when racked with pain,
By change of posture for repose,
Turns in his bed, but turns in vain,
And courting rest, more restless grows.
Then cease, my troubled heart, O cease
At last thy fruitless moan ;
Believe me thou shalt find thy peace
In God, and him alone.

SONETTO.

C. M. MAGGI.

GIÀ il suo rigor dissolve il verno argente,
Già si dilata ogni virtù ferace
Nel grembo della terra, ed aprir face
I vaghi labbri ad ogni fior ridente ;
Fissa ne' fiori a contemplar la mente
Con quanto studio a noi Natura piace,
Mentre al puro piacer tranquilla giace,
Chiara il ragiona, e non turbata il sente.
Ma vien meno col sol quella bellezza,
E la pietà delle sembianze smorte
Mi mette in cuore una gentil tristezza ;
Par poi, che con l'odor mi riconforte.
Dir non mi si potea con più dolcezza,
Ch' ogni beltate è in signoria di morte.

SONNET.

C. M. MAGGI.

HIS frozen rule the winter now foregoes,
Now every germ expands, with power replete,
In lap of earth ; and, moved by genial heat,
Their beauteous lips the smiling flowers disclose.
Fixed upon these, the mind with pleasure glows
To think how Nature pours her various treat ;
Returning joys within my bosom beat,
And reason rests in undisturbed repose.
But with the scorching sun their hues depart ;
And sadness steals again into my breast,
With soft compassion for the withered flower
That seems, with odours faint, to cheer my heart.
How could the truth more sweetly be exprest,
That Death subjects all beauty to his power.

SONETTO.

C. M. MAGGI.

SPERAI nel Mondo ; e la speranza mia,
Per sovente ingannar perdè la fede :
Ma ritornar sul dritto calle il piede,
Par, che da mia stanchezza opra non sia.
Tal chi per gran cammino ancor travia,
Se tardi il sente, addolorato siede,
Volge addietro lo sguardo, e aver non crede
Vigor, nè tempo, a riandar la via.
M'accorgo ove, smarrito ho'l mio viaggio,
Ma quale è acuto sprone a debil fianco,
Tale a forze perdute è un pensier saggio.
Dammi lena, O mio Dio, per correr franco
Il sentier, che m'addita il tuo bel raggio :
Non basta il lume a Passaggier ch'è stanco.

SONNET.

C. M. MAGGI.

I TRUSTED in the world ; day after day
Has mocked my hopes, and proved its promise vain :
But how, alas, the proper path regain,
Tired as I am, and after such delay !
As one in journeying who goes far astray
When checked at last, will look behind with pain
On the long track, in doubt if strength remain,
Or time will serve, to measure back the way ;
Thus do I see how wide from truth I went ;
But like the eager spur to drooping steed
Is wisest counsel when the power is gone,
Help me, O God, to run ; thy word is sent
And shews the road ; but, Lord, the light alone
Suffices not a weary pilgrim's need.

SONETTO.

C. M. MAGGI.

Dove sono i sospir, ch' al giovinetto
Mio cor porger solean vano alimento?
Al superbo mio cor, ch' ebbe a dispetto
Di moderata speme andar contento?
Le dorate catene, onde fui stretto
Or d'amore, or di gloria, io più non sento.
Che'l desio giovenil, che m'arse il petto,
Venne qual fuoco e poi passò qual vento.
Così disposto al fine a cangiar metro,
All' antiche follie chiudo l' orecchio
E con saggio dolor mi guardo indietro;
Riconosco ognor più, quanto più 'nvecchio,
Che le speranze mie furon di vetro,
E di quel vetro all' avvenir fo specchiò.

SONNET.

C. M. MAGGI.

WHERE are those sighs which in the season blind
Of youth, supplied my heart's vain aliment,—
My swelling heart which would not be confined
To hopes in measure, and a just content?
Those gilded fetters can no longer bind,
No longer now on love or glory bent;
Desires which preyed upon my youthful mind,
Which came like furnace, and in vapour went.
Prepared at length such follies to forsake,
To all this song my ear is dull and cold,
And of past life a sad review I take.
Daily I see, as daily growing old,
These hopes like glass; and of this glass I make
A mirror, where the future I behold.

SONETTO.

C. M. MAGGI.

CARE dell' alma stanca albergatrici
Selve, piagge, aure, fonti, ombre, verdure !
Ov' ancor le mie nere aspre venture
Col dolce rimembrar tornan felici ;
Patria del saggio cor, le cui pendici
Sono a' naufragi miei sponde sicure ;
Deh, qual porgon sovente alle mie cure
Dolce conforto i tuoi silenzi amici !
Quì povertà con innocenza addita
Com'io passi quaggiù, per vie men torte,
Da lieta stanza a placida partita.
E quì pur vegno, in moderata sorte,
Di sue lusinghe a dinudar la vita,
De' suoi spaventì a disarmar la morte.

SONNET.

C. M. MAGGI.

O WELCOME as the hall to pilgrim feet,
 Ye woods and steeps, breeze, fountain, shade, and
 green,
 Where bitter draughts of life, and sorrows keen,
 To fond remembrance change, and musing sweet!
 Home of the sober mind, whose calm retreat
 A haven to my shipwrecked bark hath been,
 How has my heart oft blessed your friendly skreen!
 How owned the comfort of your silent seat!
 Companion of the poor here let me stray,
 Who, distant far from the world's fretful wave,
 Expect, in tranquil joys, their resting day.
 Here let me learn, what fortune never gave,
 To pluck from life its flattering mask away,—
 Here of its terrors to disarm the grave.

SONETTO.

C. M. MAGGI.

GIOVENILI appetiti io vi ringrazio,
Che più non mi tormenta il vostro ardore ;
Che del duro servaggio omai son fuore
Che pareva conforto, ed era strazio.
Avrò di tempo almeno un breve spazio
Prima ch'io muoia a riposarmi il core.
Misero è ben chi affaticato more,
Del vano desiar lasso e non sazio.
Folle colui che della torta via
Già conobbe l'error, sentì l'affanno,
E dal dritto sentiero ancor si svia.
Se andar fra tanti guai senz' alcun danno
All'uom non si concede, almen dovria
Prima che uscir di vita uscir d'inganno.

SONNET.

C. M. MAGGI.

THANKS, youthful passions, that ye are content
To leave me at the last, your cruel fires
Relenting, and will spare me from desires
Which pleasure seemed, but were a punishment.
Now shall I have a little season lent
For rest; which, ere I go, my heart requires;
Unblest is he who in the chase expires
Of vain delight, not satisfied, though spent.
O fool, and blind, to whom this crooked way—
This labyrinth of life has been exposed,
Still from the right and even path to stray!
If all the snares which here are interposed
He may not hope to shun, at least he may
To close his wanderings ere his life be closed.

SONETTO.

C. M. MAGGI.

L'ALMO di questo suol genio innocente
I miei stanchi pensieri omai ristora,
Col silenzio, col rio, col verde, e l'ora
Sana il cuor, pasce i sensi, e bea la mente.
Di sue cure in tal pace il cuor si pente,
E di puri diletti il senso infiora;
La mente regna, e del Signor che adora
Medita i magisteri, e l'amor sente.
Anche l'età dell' or lieta e sicura
Godon le ville e le lodate ghiande,
Fe' le cittadi e peggiorò ventura.
Che rai vitali aperto ciel ne spande!
Quanto in sua purità bella è natura!
Quanto in sua libertà l'animo è grande!

SONNET.

C. M. MAGGI.

THIS sweet and silent clime already throws
New spring into my soul ; the fanning air,
The brook, the shade, my weary thought repair,
And feast the sense, and give the mind repose.
Its wonted fears the heart no longer knows,
And pure delights again their blossom bear ;
Now the mind reigns, and freed from other care,
God's law contemplates, at his goodness glows.
Thus peace and joy in healthful seats renew
The golden age once more, not loath to fly
The city haunts, and bid the court adieu.
How streams the radiance of an open sky !
What charm has nature in her simple hue !
The soul what grandeur in her liberty !

SONETTO.

C. M. MAGGI.

Ecco, o mio Dio, che al vostro nome io rendo
Dato da voi della mia cetra il suono ;
Con questa a voi di farmi grato apprendo,
Ch'è sconoscenza il non usar del dono.
Benchè le vostre lodi io mal comprendo,
E le mie colpe ancor colpa ne sono,
Tanta è pietate in voi, ch'io già n'attendo
Premio al volere, e al non poter perdono.
Pindo profano, addio. Deh qual contento,
Qual mi viene da voi furor più degno,
Sol ch'io vi pensi alla mia cetra intento !
Tolto a me, caro a voi fia questo legno ;
Ne' versi miei le vostre voci io sento,
E voi sentite il cuor più che l'ingegno.

SONNET.

C. M. MAGGI.

To thee, my God, and to thy name I raise
My grateful song, to whom the harp I owe ;
From thee the power, to thee belong the lays ;
We own the giver when the gift we show.
And, since I cannot reach thy glorious praise,
For through my sin my sinful thoughts are low,
Thou wilt, such pity is in all thy ways,
Accept the purpose, though the act be slow.
Ye strains of earth, adieu. How swells the chord !
What new and sacred flames my bosom fire,
While these my notes rise to thy holy hill !
But take the lyre, or guide my hand, O Lord,
Thy voice be heard, thyself the song inspire ;
Or look upon my heart, and not my skill.

SONETTO.

C. M. MAGGI.

ANCH' io sul vaneggiar de'miei verd'anni
L'amoroso delirio ebbi per vanto,
E narrando alle muse i cari affanni
Fei d'amare querele un dolce canto.
Or più matura età mi scuopre i danni
Delle prime follie, che piacquer tanto,
E preso accorgimento infra gl'inganni,
È la cetera mia conversa in pianto.
Il pentimento a lagrimar mi mena ;
Ma, se il riso primier fu pien di noia,
In questo punto il cuor si rasserenà.
Fa il duol ch'io viva, e fa il piacer ch'io muoia :
Così folle gioir ritorna in pena,
Così saggio dolor ritorna in gioia.

SONNET.

C. M. MAGGI.

LIKE others, in the greenness of my leaf
I followed love, and drank its poison long,
And, whispering to the muse my cherished grief,
Made of my bitter woes a pleasant song.
But finding in my riper years how brief
And light the baubles which to youth belong,
I touched my harp again, and sought relief
In real sorrow from imagined wrong.
Thus has repentance led again to tears;
But not like that first passion to destroy;
For now I find an inward calm remain.
That former pleasure killed, this sorrow cheers;
Thus foolish mirth a harvest brings of pain,
And thus does hallowed mourning end in joy.

SONETTO.

C. M. MAGGI.

ANIMA mia, da tua viltade oppressa,
Perchè sì cara a Dio sì ti contristi?
Dio vuol amore, e tu all' amor resisti,
Che cessa amore, ove fidanza cessa.
Pensa del regno eterno alla promessa,
Che quì dal nulla ad aspettar venisti;
Le forze ch'ei ti dà, perchè il conquisti,
In su la cetra al tuo Signor confessa.
Egli ti parla ognor di sua bontade:
Deh non t'amareggiar con tua tristezza
La manna, che dal ciel sì dolce cade.
Piangi le colpe sì, ma il pianto avvezza
Alla speranza. Il dimandar pietade,
Ov'è sì gran pietade, è gran dolcezza.

SONNET.

C. M. MAGGI.

WHY, O my soul, though worthless and undone,
 If dear to God, why thus desponding lie?
 He asks your love, but you that love deny;
 For where is love when confidence is gone?
 Think of that promise, while you looked for none,
 Even an eternal kingdom in the sky;
 Yours is the fruit; then lift your voice on high
 To Him by whom the victory was won.
 His goodness every day you may recall,
 And every hour: O let not sorrow blight
 The manna which he makes so sweetly fall.
 Yes, weep for sin: but let those tears contrite
 Now usher hope. For mercy there to call,
 Where mercy is so great, is great delight.

CANZONE.

C. M. MAGGI.

RAVVEDIMENTO DELLE UMANE VANITÀ.

APPENA apersi gli occhi a questa luce
 Che di vane speranze e falsi beni
 Sembianze lusinghiere intorno vidi.
 Corse il desio, ma senza prender prima
 Le misure del corso, e di sua lena,
 Onde a mezzo il cammino i passi torce.

Se guida o fren gli amori miei non torce,
 Rimarrò senza lena e senza luce,
 Anzi ch'io giunga a sì bugiardi beni.
 Se cammin torto io presi, e corto vidi,
 Doveva attender lume, e fermar prima
 Su i primi passi il cuore, e prender lena.

Che bel cammin fornir con questa lena
 Che pria trasporta, e alla sinistra torce,
 Or per me si potria che ho miglior luce !
 Così avess'io per quegli stessi beni
 Che in su le porte a questa vita io vidi,
 Levato il guardo all'alta Cagion prima !

SESTINA.

C. M. MAGGI.

REVIEW OF HUMAN FOLLIES.

SCARCE had my eyes been opened to the light,
 Till of vain hopes and false though seeming good
 Delusive semblances around I saw.
 Then took my heart its course, but took not first
 The measure of my way, or of my strength,
 Till from the proper path my footsteps turn.

Unless the whip or rein my passions turn,
 I shall be without strength and without light,
 Even should I reach to this the seeming good.
 When the wrong way I took and wrong I saw,
 I should have sought for light, and stopped at first
 My heart in its first course, and gathered strength.

In how much better course with this my strength,
 Which to the left so quickly made me turn,
 Would I have journeyed with my present light,
 If I had looked, when I desired this good
 Which in this life in vain is sought I saw,
 Up to that source of good, the best and first!

Stimolo dell' error ch'io presi prima

Forte mi punge, ed accrescendo lena

Le mie speranze a miglior corso torce.

Signor, m'aita a sostener la luce

Che discerne da' veri i falsi beni,

Che per raggio sì chiaro unque non vidi.

Se talor volgo il guardo a quel che vidi,

Veggio esser fien quello che fior fu prima,

E mi duol che vi corsi a sì gran lena.

Lo sguardo per dispetto indietro torce

La mente sana, e con più salda luce

Mira a quel Bene ond'han fermezza i beni.

Di quell' error che ne confonde i beni

Alfin m'accorsi, e per me stesso vidi

Che non è miglior segno il piacer prima.

Pria che allentar la briglia, e prender lena,

Chi a dubbioso cammino i passi torce

Vada al Sole immortale a prender luce.

That strong desire which led me wrong at first,
 Still spurs me onward, and acquiring strength
 Would now in better course my purpose turn:
 Lord, do thou help me then to bear that light
 Whereby to know the false from real good,
 Which never with so clear a beam I saw.

If sometimes I look back to what I saw,
 I find that gall which honey seemed at first,
 And grieve that I had wasted so my strength:
 With mind restored, despitefully I turn
 My view within, and see with stronger light
 That good on which alone to build our good.

Thus from that error which confounds our good
 I was relieved, and for myself I saw
 How that is not the best which pleases first.
 Then, ere you give the rein and push your strength,
 Ere in the doubtful path your footsteps turn,
 Ask that eternal Sun to give you light.

SONETTO.

C. M. MAGGI.

DEH sarà mai quel giorno in cui sicuro,
Padre divin, del tuo perdono io sia?
Si spaventevol dubbio all'alma mia
Verso un padre sì buono ah! troppo è duro.
Ma pur non soffre il mio peccato impuro
Che facil pace al traditor si dia,
E non merto pietà di colpa ria,
Che rimessa vorrei, pianger non curo.
Forse il dubbio per freno a me conviene,
E all' uomo pellegrin non si conface
Vivere in sicurtà d'un tanto bene.
Pieghisi al tuo voler mia brama audace;
Sia cammino di prova amar con pene,
Che beato riposo è amar con pace.

SONNET.

C. M. MAGGI.

WHEN shall I have the full and perfect sense,
 O heavenly Father, of thy pardoning love?
 Those doubts which still within my soul I prove,
 To one so good, what bliss can recompense?
 And yet, where long and foul was the offence,
 There peace must to the traitor slowly move:
 Have I so oft against my Maker strove,
 And should remission with my tears dispense?
 Perhaps those doubts are needed as a rein;
 Perhaps for pilgrim man it is not fit
 To rest in so great joy without decrease.
 The path of trial is to love with pain.
 Yes, Lord; but still my daring suit permit,
 O give the blessed end to love with peace!

SONETTO.

C. M. MAGGI.

QUESTO di morte a me forse vicina
Piccolo cenno, onde il Signor mi desta,
Vien dall' amante sua Grazia Divina,
Che i miei pensieri al duro varco appresta.
Non vorria sua pietà che repentina
L'ora venisse dell' orrenda inchiesta ;
Tardi è contro alla fiera onda marina
Le difese apprestar, quando è tempesta.
Mentre il corpo è languente, in van presume
L'anima d'aver luogo a gran consiglio ;
Tutto ciò, che allor s'opra, è per costume.
Folle, se al fido avviso io non m'appiglio ;
Che mentre aggiugne esperienza al lume,
Dimesticando il mal, toglie il periglio.

SONNET.

C. M. MAGGI.

THESE hints, which haply the precursors are
Whereby my death at hand the Lord would show,
Are love celestial, and his gracious care
To rouse and warn me for the coming blow.
He wills, in pity, that not unaware
I meet the onset of that dreaded foe ;
Against the angry billows we prepare
Too late, already if the tempest blow.
Amidst the body's suffering, no skill
The mind retains, or liberty to soar ;
Whate'er we do is custom then, not will.
O fool, who counselled faithfully before,
Averttest yet from sight of death ; that ill,
Familiar made, has power to hurt no more.

Written after an illness.

SONETTO.

C. M. MAGGI.

A' GIOVANI.

Rotto dall' onde umane, ignudo e lasso,
Sovra il lacero legno alfin m'assido,
E ad ogn' altro nocchier da lungi grido
Che in tal mare ogni parte è mortal passo.
Ch'ogni dì vi s'incontra infame un sasso
Per cui di mille stragi è sparso il lido ;
Che nell'ira è crudel, nel riso è infido,
Tempeste ha l'alto, e pien di secche è il basso.
Io che troppo il provai, perchè l'orgoglio
Per tante prede ancor non cresca all' empio,
A chi dietro mi vien mostro lo scoglio.
Ben s'impara pietà dal proprio scempio.
Perch' altri non si perda alto mi doglio ;
A chi non ode il duol parli l'esempio.

SONNET.

C. M. MAGGI.

WRECKED in the surge of life, fatigued and bare,
I take my seat upon the shattered prow,
Calling on those who follow to beware,
Since death lurks here in every step they go.
Where'er they sail some fatal rocks there are,
Whose thousand spoils th' insatiate gulf can show;
Cruel when angry, smiling to ensnare—
Above the tempest, and the reef below.
I who have proved too well its tyrant boast,
Lest others to the proud destroyer fall,
Point out the hidden dangers of the coast.
They pity soonest who have felt the pain;
Hence loudly warning to the rest I call;
Example moves where counsel oft were vain.

ARIETTA.

C. M. MAGGI.

L'ALMA instabile e leggiera
 Sempre pensa a sorte nuova ;
 Piace il ben quando si spera,
 Noia è poi quando si prova.
 Cangiar stato è cangiar pena ;
 Vita umana non ha stagion serena.

MADRIGALE.

C. M. MAGGI.

Io vissi augel loquace,
 Senza senso del cuor formando i detti,
 Perciò gradito a lei che per sua pace
 Suole i versi gradire, e non gli affetti.
 Dunque in mia morte ancor punto non sia
 Turbato il suo bel core,
 E la sembianza mia
 Resti a farle memoria, e non dolore.

Pappagallo imbalsamato, e pianto da Eurilla.

AIR.

C. M. MAGGI.

O HOW unstaid the mind, and light,
 Which still some turn of fortune loves !
 The good in prospect gives delight,
 Which if obtained a trouble proves :
 A change of state is change of woe ;
 There is no rest or peace for man below.

MADRIGAL.

C. M. MAGGI.

ALIVE a chattering bird I was,
 And, without sense or feeling, spoke my part ;
 Hence was I dear to her who pleasure has
 In talk and chatter, without mind or heart ;
 And therefore let my death to that fair breast
 Give not the slightest jot of pain,
 But only let my form remain
 To feed her memory, not disturb her rest.

On a lady's stuffed parrot.

MADRIGALE.

GHERARDO DE' ROSSI.

Of the 18th Century.

SEPOLTE in questa fossa
 Son d'un poeta l'ossa,
 Che col solo mestier de' carmi visse:
 Pensa, o lettor, quante bugie mai disse!

A VARIZIA.

GIOV. FRANCO. LORIDANO.

Of the 17th Century.

SEN giace quì fra questi marmi unita
 D'un avaro crudel l'alma meschina,
 Che pianse, quando morte ebbe vicina,
 La spesa del sepolcro, e non la vita.

MADRIGAL.

G. DE' ROSSI.

READER, beneath these stones
Repose a poet's bones ;
And writing verses was his only trade :
O think what foolish things he must have said !

ON THE MARBLE MONUMENT OF A MISER.

G. F. LORIDANO.

THE wretched man who moulders here,
Cared not for soul or body lost ;
But only wept when death drew near,
To think how much his tomb would cost.

EPIGRAMMA.

CONTE CARLO RINCALLI.

SE Cupido ti vede
 E sua madre ti crede,
 È nel più grande error.
 Tu mille volte sei
 Più vezzosa di lei ;
 E tu non senti amor.

EPIGRAMMA.

IL MEDESMO.

L'UOM d'onore, o Zerbin, sai tu qual è?
 Quel che di tutti men somiglia a te.

EPITAFFIO.

AUTORE IGNOTO.

IN questa tomba è un chiacchieron serrato,
 Ch' assordò col suo dir tutta la gente ;
 Ma bench' egli ammutisca eternamente,
 Non può tanto tacer, quanto ha parlato.

EPIGRAM.

C. C. RINCALLI.

IF met by Cupid in the way,
 You should be for his mother taken,
 Lady, forgive me, if I say
 He could not well be more mistaken :
 Fairer a thousand times thou art,
 And love is stranger to thy heart.

EPIGRAM.

THE SAME.

A MAN of honour dost thou wish to see ?
 Then look for one who least resembles thee.

. EPITAPH.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

A BABBLER lies shut fast within this tomb,
 And, after deafening all the world, is dumb ;
 His endless silence must be now unbroke ;
 But never can amount to what he spoke.

ARIA IN NAAMAN.

APOSTOLO ZENO.

Venetian. Born in 1668. Died in 1750.

QUEL destrier per rupi e sassi
 Chino il capo, e tardo i passi,
 Trae la soma, e soffre il morso.
 Ma s'avvien, che in piano erboso
 Ei si vegga errar disciolto,
 Lieto allora, e baldanzoso,
 Par che l'aure ei sfidi al corso.

ARIA IN ALESSANDRO.

IL MEDESMO.

VINTO son, ma non oppresso ;
 Sono ancor Re di me stesso,
 Sfortunato e sempre forte.
 Sul mio cor non hai poter.
 Ho virtù per non temer,
 Se per vincer non ho sorte.

AIR.

A. ZENO.

ASCENDING slow that rocky height
 The generous steed behold !
 See how he strains beneath the weight,
 His drooping head with curb confined !
 But turn him to the flowery plain,
 And ease him of his galling yoke,
 Firm and erect he moves again,
 And, in his conscious freedom bold,
 Rejoices to outstrip the wind.

AIR.

BY THE SAME.

CONQUERED I am, but not cast down ;
 Still as a king I wear my crown,
 And, though thy captive, do not quail.
 This heart shall never be thy slave ;
 The virtue not to fear I have,
 Though not the fortune to prevail.

ARIA.

IL MEDESMO.

DELL' empio la grandezza
 Qual onda alfin si spezza
 A pie' di scoglio.
 Gonfia, s'innalza, e freme,
 Guerra minaccia al polo;
 Ma picciol urto e solo
 Finir fa in sabbia, e spuma,
 Un tanto orgoglio.

IL MEDESMO.

FIUMI dividere, e far che l'onda
 Formi al passo argine e sponda;
 Trar da rena ampio torrente;
 Render vita a membra spenta;
 Fur prodigi; e pure oprarli
 Giuda vide il suo Profeta.
 Spera in lui. Chi già di morte
 Potè aprir le ferree porte
 Or potrà da lebbra immonda
 Sanar l'egro, e te far lieta.

A I R.

BY THE SAME.

THE glory of the wicked and his strength
 Is like the angry billow, which at length
 Breaks and disperses on the rock :
 It swells and raves, and foaming high
 Threatens to war against the sky ;
 But see that stone its force deride,
 Till nothing but some froth and sand
 Remain of all its pride.

BY THE SAME.

RIVERS to part, and make the tide
 Stand as a bank on either side ;
 To draw from rocks the gushing spring ;
 And from the dead the spirit bring ;
 Such works surpass our human thought,
 Yet Judah's sons in time of yore
 Beheld them by her prophet wrought.
 O still that prophet's God implore,
 Still on his arm repose thy hope,
 Death's iron portals who could ope ;
 Thy soul he can restore again,
 And cleanse thee from the leprous stain.

ARIA.

IL MEDESMO.

NELLA selva ombrosa
Dove fu colta un dì,
Paventa ognor nascosa
La rete che la tradì ;
E sempre con timor
Del Cacciator
Guardinga se ne sta
Per la sua libertà
Quella cervetta.

Dal mormorio d'ogni onda,
Dal moto d'ogni fronda,
Dal fiato d'ogni auretta,
Sempre temendo va
Laccio, o saetta.

AIR.

BY THE SAME.

IN covert of the woody glade,
Beside her native lair,
The timorous hind if once betrayed,
Still dreads the hidden snare ;
She stands erect with listening ear,
Already captive in her fear,
And watches for the foe.
Still in each murmur of the brook,
Each rising gust that fans the trees,
Each leaf that to the ground is shook,
Again the fatal net she sees,
Or hears the twanging bow.

IL MEDESIMO.

SAGGIO sii. Non sempre viene
 Ogni mal per nostro affanno.
 Spesso il mal sta nel' inganno.
 Scorto ingegno il cangia in bene,
 Cieca doglia il pasce in danno.

MADRIGALE.

JACOPO DAL PERO.

He lived in the early part of the 16th Century.

ERRI dal buon sentiero,
 Alma, s'al ciel non ergi il tuo pensiero.
 Vedi che gli occhi in più sublime parte
 Del tuo corporeo velo
 Natura a studio ed arte
 Pose, perchè mirar si deggia il cielo :
 Onde fia grave e natural errore,
 Se come gli occhi al ciel non volgi il core.

BY THE SAME.

BE wise. Not all our seeming woes
Are for our real grief designed :
The ill is often in the mind ;
A gain if well improved it grows,
A loss if nursed by sorrow blind.

MADRIGAL.

J. DAL PERO.

IF thou, my soul, wouldst travel right,
Lift up to heaven thy thoughts and mental sight.
You see that nature with much care and art
In this thy clay has given the eye
Its station at the highest part,
Directing thus its vision to the sky.
Then much they err from nature, and are blind,
Who, turning there the eyes, turn not the mind.

MADRIGALE.

G. BATTISTA STROZZI.

Born in 1504. Died in 1571.

TROPPO t'affidi sola e pargoletta
Per quell' onda fallace
Ch'or sì queta si giace, e pur t'alletta.
Dardo ivi nè saetta
Non giova, e spesso ancor remo nè vela.
Quanti scogli, quant' orche e mostri cela
Il bel tranquillo infido !
Girati accorta omai, girati al lido.

MADRIGAL.

G. B. STROZZI.

O TRUST not thus, so young, without a guide
The bosom of the faithless deep,
Though lulled the tempting water sleep.
Nothing the dart and arrow here avail;
And oft too will the canvass fail,
And helm and oar.
What rocks are hid, what ravening monsters glide
Beneath that smooth and treacherous tide!
O yet be wise—seek, seek the shore.

The ocean of life.

SONETTO.

PETROCCHI.

Io chiesi al Tempo : ed a chi sorse il grande
Ampio edificio che quì al suol traesti?
Ei non risponde, e più veloci e presti
Fuggitivo per l'aere i vanni spande.
Dico alla Fama : O tu che all' ammirande
Cose dai vita, e questi avanzi e questi !
China ella gli occhi conturbati e mesti,
Qual chi dogliosi alti sospir tramande.
Io già volgea maravigliando il passo,
Quando sull' alta mole, altero in mostra,
Visto girsene Obbligo di sasso in sasso ;
Ah tu, gridai, forse apprendesti, ah mostra.
Ma in tuono ei m'interruppe, orrido e basso,
Io di chi fu non curo, adesso è nostra.

SONNET.

PETROCCHI.

I CALL on Time, who batters down that high
And spacious pile, to say from whence it rose ;
No answer he vouchsafes, but onward goes,
And spreads his pinions broader to the sky.
Fame I invoke ; O thou, who lettest die
Things only of no worth, tell what are those :
Troubled and sad her eye she downward throws,
Like one oppress'd who pours the deep-drawn sigh.
Then ruminating slow I turn aside ;
When on the ruined mass, with haughty brow,
From stone to stone I see Oblivion stride :
Perhaps, I said, thou knowest when or how ;
But he in low and horrid thunder cried,
I care not whose it was, mine it is now.

SONETTO.

LODOVICO PATERNO.

Neapolitan. He wrote in the latter part of the 16th Century.

DEH non sprezzar tante preghiere omai,
 Padre dell'ore più felici e liete,
 Sonno benigno, universal quiete
 Ch'alle lagrime altrui rimedio dai;
 Or tutto 'l mondo tace, e tu che fai?
 Spargimi tosto di licor di Lete.
 Fa sotto l'ale tue l'alma s'acquete,
 Abbian tregua i martir, taccian i lai.
 Se con le larve, d'ogni effetto vote,
 M'apporterai, sta notte, il mio bel sole,
 L'antro, ov'or giaccio, a te sia dato in sorte;
 Sovra 'l cui limitar di lunghe note
 Staran più d'un età queste parole:
 Antro sacro al gran dio frate alla morte.

SONNET.

L. PATERNO.

O TURN not from my earnest suit away,
Thou who delightest in a sceptre bland,
Sweet Sleep, the general nurse, whose lenient hand
Can soothe the wretched and his pangs allay.
The world is silence all, O why delay
To touch me with thy moist Lethean wand?
Spread now thy covering wing; at thy command
Awhile my heart be hushed, and mute the lay.
If, with the futile spectres of the night,
Thou givest to my hope one vision fair,
Sacred to thee this cavern I bequeath;
Whose solemn entrance, charactered aright,
Shall to the after-time his legend bear,
This to the sovereign power, brother of death.

SONETTO.

L. PATERNO.

SOLINGO Augello, che ne' dolci accenti
Da più riposti boschi udir ti fai,
Tutte le notti piagni e ti lamenti,
Ne' sei di lamentarti stanco mai!
Ben ora puoi co' miei dogliosi guai
Accompagnar le voci tue dolenti;
Forse Favonio e Flora a' nostri lai
Quì fermeransi per udirne intenti:
Tu sovra un secco tronco, io sotto questi
Alti cipressi assiso alla trist' ombra,
Cingerem l'aria di querele intorno,
Cantando con pietà quel che n'adombra
Il fior degli anni lagrimosi e mesti,
Che tu brami la luce, io fuggo'l giorno.

SONNET.

L. PATERNO.

SWEET bird, who warblest in melodious strain,
From covert of the grove thy song of woe,
And lovest nightly to repeat the pain,
Suffering thy grief with no respite to flow !
Now with my deep lament thou mayest so
Mingle thy mournful notes, that of us twain
Favonius and Flora both shall grow
Enamoured, and to hear us fixed remain ;
While sitting, one upon the withered bough,
One in the cypress gloom, we make our wail ;
And fill the echoes with our plaintive lay,
Pouring in Pity's ear all the sad tale
Of long distress, and sing untired ; but thou
To wait for dawn, I to escape from day !

To the Nightingale.

CANZONE.

BENEDETTO DELL' UVA.

Of Capua. He flourished about the year 1570.

MUSA prendi la lira,
 E sacri inni cantando
 I desir vaghi del mio cor affrena :
 Che se desio mi spira
 Lo ciel, poner in bando
 Ogni altra ben debb' io voglia terrena.
 Or con fronte serena
 Tessi al gran Re de' regi
 Qual puoi serto di fiori ;
 E le corone e i fregi
 Siano i suoi propri onori.

Dì com' egli primiero,
 Creò la terra e'l cielo
 Informe e rozzo, e fe' di luce adorno
 L'uno e l'altro emispero,
 De le tenebre il velo
 Egualmente spiegando ad ambo intorno :
 E poscia il sole al giorno,
 E con la vaga luna
 Le stelle erranti e fisse
 Diede a la notte bruna,
 E lor legge prescrisse.

HYMN.

B. DELL' UVA.

WHAT muse will touch the lyre,
 And, with a solemn sacred strain,
 The swelling troubles of my heart compose?
 If from above comes this desire,
 Far hence be every thought profane,
 Nor let one earthly passion interpose.
 And now, in sacred sweet repose,
 A wreath the King of kings to crown
 My worthless hand attempts to twine;
 But let the flowers be all his own,
 The praise and honour of his name divine.

Tell how his plastic hand
 Created first the sky and earth,
 Shapeless and rude; and how with light arrayed
 The firmament of sea and land;
 And gave the covering darkness birth;
 To either sphere alternate bright and shade.
 Tell how the sun for day he made,
 For gloomy night her lunar car,
 With its appointed times for change,
 And every distant glimmering star,
 Prescribing each his station and his range.

Indi comanda a l'acque,
 E ratto fuggon l'onde
 A raunarsi subito in un loco,
 E nel suo letto giacque
 Il mare, e per le sponde
 De l'ampio lito franse il flutto roco.
 Avresti a poco a poco
 Visto sorgere le cime
 De' monti, e per le valli
 Aprir l'erbette prime
 I fior vermigli e gialli.

Poi d'un istesso seme
 Canta come formasse
 Il garrulo augelletto, e'l muto pesce ;
 E questo alzarsi teme,
 E nel suo nido stasse,
 E quel spiega le penne, e di fuor esce :
 Ed in pro genie cresce
 L'uno e l'altro infinita ;
 Che con legge d'amore
 Volse eternar lor vita
 Il sagace Fattore.

Canta, come la terra
 Produisse ad un suo cenno
 Fere selvagge, e mansueto gregge.

The waters then he bade,
 And swift the ebbing floods subside,
 And the collected streams their channel seek.
 Now in deep bed the ocean laid,
 Rolls within banks his angry tide,
 And on the beach the murmuring billows break.
 Now by degrees the mountain peak
 And lofty ridges may be seen ;
 And, where the hidden valleys flow,
 The herb and every tender green
 Appear, and flowers with vermeil tint to glow.

Next of that goodness tell
 Which fashioned in so numerous pair
 The fishes mute, and birds of different song ;
 Some in their lowly roost to dwell,
 Some rising on the buoyant air
 To sail, or mount aloft with pinion strong :
 Each in their kind a countless throng,
 Directed by that law of love,
 The sky and teeming ocean fill ;
 His wisdom and His power to prove,
 Whose gracious ends they serve and sovereign will.

Sing how the pregnant earth
 Produced, at his creating word,
 The savage race, and every tamer breed ;

Nè da principio guerra
 Gli orsi e le tigri fenno
 A gl'inermi animali, come si legge,
 Finchè la bella legge
 E'l vero secol d'oro
 Durò, che durò breve
 Spazio, e nacque fra loro
 Odio e timor non leve.

Ecco dispone al fine,
 E par che si consigli
 Con se medesimo a far più nobil opra ;
 Opra, che a le divine
 S'agguagli e a Dio somigli,
 E la bontà di lui comprenda e scopra :
 Aura immortal di sopra
 Giunse a terrestre limo,
 E formò l'uomo. Oh quanti
 Doni ebbe ! e rege e primo
 Fu su gli altri animanti.

Ma poi che quì son giunto,
 Canzon, fermar ti dei ;
 Che qui fin ebbe appunto
 L'opra di giorni sei.

Nor at this time of nature's birth
 Was yet the weak and harmless herd
 Warred on by bears and tigers, as we read ;
 While that first law by heaven decreed,
 The true and only golden age,
 Endured, but to endure short date,
 Alas ! and fear and cruel rage
 To follow in its stead, and reckless hate !

Now see his last design ;
 Where seems as if Jehovah staid
 Within himself for counsel to descend ;
 That work partaking of divine,
 In the Creator's image made,
 And somewhat of his love to comprehend.
 Behold him knead the clay, then blend
 A spark of his immortal fire,
 And man is formed—how richly stored
 With gifts ! and is the general sire :
 First of all life below, and sovereign lord.

But cease, O muse, nor venture more
 The swelling chord to bend ;
 For now the six days' work is o'er,
 And fit the song should end.

SONETTO.

GIOVANNI MOZZARELLO.

Of Mantua. He flourished about the year 1520.

AURA soave, che sì dolcemente
 Lusinghi l'aere, e tra l'erbette e i fiori
 Dolci scherzando accogli mille odori,
 E poi li spargi sì soavemente ;
 O verde prato, o bel rivo corrente,
 Grato rifugio a gli amorosi ardori ;
 Che già le mie speranze e i miei timori
 Sì pietosi ascoltasti, e sì sovente ;
 Al tristo suon ch'ognor tra voi s'udiva
 Posi eterno silenzio : e può ben tanto
 Nostro voler, pur che ragion il tempore.
 Ma se ben più di lei non piango e canto,
 Non fia però che'l cor non ami sempre
 Questo fresco, quest'erba e questa riva.

SONNET.

G. MOZZARELLO.

YE gentle breezes, which on balmy wing
Sport in the air, from field and flowery bed
Gathering whate'er of rich perfume they shed,
In wanton play more sweetly wild to fling;
And thou green mead, and thou translucent spring,
Where oft in fever of the heart I fled,
And to the hopes and fears which passion bred,
With pity's ear still found you answering;
Henceforth these notes of sorrow and despair
Must ever silenced be; thus far the will
Has power to choose, and reason checks the tear.
But, though the tear be stayed, the song be still,
Not less my heart shall hold for ever dear
This green, this fountain, and this wafted air.

MADRIGALE.

BATTISTA GUARINI.

Of Ferrara. Born in 1539. Died at Venice in 1612.

HUMANA FRAGILITA.

QUESTA vita mortale,
 Che par sì bella, è quasi piuma al vento,
 Che la porta e la perde in un momento.
 E s'ella pur con temerari giri
 Talor s'avanza e sale,
 E librata su l'ale
 Pender da se ne l'aria anco la miri,
 È perchè pur di sua natura è lieve ;
 Ma poco dura, e'n breve
 Dopo mille rivolte, e mille strade,
 Perch' ella è pur di terra, a terra cade.

MADRIGAL.

B. GUARINI.

THIS mortal life

Seeming so fair, is like a feather tossed,
Borne on the wind, and in a moment lost.
Or if with sudden wheel it flies
Farther sometimes, and upward springs,
And then upon its wings
Sustained in air, as if self-balanced lies,
The lightness of its nature is the cause ;
And swiftly, after little pause,
With thousand turns, and thousand idle stops,
Because it is of earth to earth it drops.

SONETTO.

B. GUARINI.

CONTRA GLI AMBIZIOSI.

AHI, ciechi, e a voi stessi empi mortali,
 Che, nel lume d'onor seguendo l'ombra
 D'un van desio che di viltà v'ingombra,
 A l'aura popolar spiegate l'ali;
 Quelle che'l ciel vi diè pure, immortali,
 Perchè dal Sol che nulla nube adombra
 L'anima scorta a lui s'ergesse, e sgombra
 Tornasse di pensier caduchi e frali.
 Vagan tra que' superbi aurati chiostri
 Larve, che copron d'ira, e di tormenti,
 Se veder il sapeste, orridi mostri.
 Non mirate la scorza, incaute genti;
 Che son lacci le gemme, e gli ori, e gli ostri,
 E servi coronati i Rè potenti.

SONNET.

B. GUARINI.

O MORTALS, faithless to yourselves and blind,
Who, lured by honour's name, for shadows fight,
In hope from sources foul to draw delight,
And glory in the popular shout to find.
The winged thoughts of pure immortal mind,
Bestowed by heaven, were meant to take their flight
Up to that Sun who beams in cloudless height,
And perishing toys of earth to leave behind.
In gilded halls, where pride his pomp maintains,
Flit the gay forms; alas! but were it known
Beneath the mask what rankling envy reigns,
And bitter hate, the insensate crowd would own
That gems, and gold, and purple, are but chains,
And Monarchs what—but slaves that wear a crown!

SONETTO.

B. GUARINI.

BELTA MEN CULTA È PIÙ POSSENTE.

ERAN le chiome d'ora a l'aura sparse
 Neglette errando a quel bel viso intorno,
 Che dal felice suo ricco soggiorno
 Qual nova Aurora in oriente apparse.
 Quando là mi rivolsi, e vidi farse
 Amor sì forte in quel nascente giorno,
 Che nel mirar volto senz' arte adorno
 Laccio e foco maggior m'avvinse ed arse;
 Allor i'dissi, ahi come indarno i'spero
 Per tempo unqua scemar le mia gran fiamma,
 O'l nodo rallentar che'l cor mi cinge,
 Se nato a pena il mio bel sol m'infiamma,
 E con miracol di sua forza altero
 Quant' ha più sciolto il crin tanto più stringe.

MADRIGALE.

B. GUARINI.

SOGNO DELLA SUA DONNA.

OCCHI, stelle mortali,
 Ministri de'miei mali,
 Che'n sogno anco mostrate
 Ghe'l mio morir bramate;
 Se chiusi m' uccidete,
 Aperti che farete?

SONNET.

B. GUARINI.

LOOSE to the wind her sunny tresses fly,
 But oft returning round that face to play,
 Whose youthful blushes speak the coming day,
 Likest Aurora in the eastern sky.

Soon as the rising light has met my eye,
 To love already an unconscious prey,
 So beauty best when artless finds its way,
 I feel his flame, and in his fetters lie.

Alas! I said, how vain to hope that hour
 When time shall give relief, and quench the fire,
 Or from its bonds my heart be freed again,
 If this fair sun, yet scarcely dawned, inspire
 So pleasing heat; if such love's wondrous power,
 That hair when freest forms the tightest chain!

MADRIGAL.

B. GUARINI.

O STARLIKE eyes, that never cease
 Your task to rob me of my peace,
 And still in sleep contrive to throw
 The fatal shaft that works my woe,
 If such your power as even when shut to slay,
 What will you do when opening to the day?

SONETTO.

ALESS^{DR}O. GUIDI.

Born at Pavia, in 1650. Died at Rome, in 1712.

SDEGNO AMOROSO.

NON è costei dalla più bella idea,
 Che lassù splenda, a noi discesa in terra :
 Ma tutto'l bel che nel suo volto serra
 Sol dal mio forte immaginar si crea.
 Io la cinsi di gloria, e fatta ho dea,
 E in guiderdon le mie speranze atterra :
 Lei posi in regno, e me rivolge in guerra,
 E del mio pianto e di mia morte è rea.
 Tal forza acquista un amoroso inganno,
 Che amar conviemmi, ed odiar dovrei
 Come il popolo oppresso odia il tiranno.
 Arte infelice è'l fabbricarsi i dei.
 Io conosco l'errore, e soffro il danno ;
 Perchè mia colpa è'l crudo oprar di lei.

SONNET.

A. GUIDI.

NOT of ethereal mould or fire divine

Those beauties are, but common, and earth-born

Whate'er of radiant hue that cheek has worn

Was fancy's fabric, and a work of mine.

I made her glorious first, I raised her shrine,

Who mocks my hope, and pays me with her scorn ;

Her empire I secured, and in return

She sends me war, and would to death consign.

Such power has amorous passion in the heart :

For subjects when oppressed the tyrant hate,

Yet there where hate was due, my love I placed.

We make our idols, an unhappy art,

And after serve ; this folly, found too late,

Was mine, who modelled her so much in haste.

SONETTO.

GAETANA PASSERINI.

Of Umbria. Born in 1654. Died in 1714.

SE in un prato vegg'io leggiadro fiore,
 Sembrami dir, qui mi produsse Dio,
 E quì ringrazio ognor del viver mio
 E della mia vaghezza il mio fattore.
 Se d'atra selva io miro infra l'orrore
 Serpe strisciarsi velenoso e rio,
 Quì mi par ch'egli dica umile, anch'io
 Quel Dio che mi creò lodo a tutt' ore.
 E'l fonte, e'l rio, l'erbette, e i tronchi, i sassi
 Mi sembran dire in lor muta favella,
 Ovunque volgo i traviati passi ;
 Ah che sol questa, e il ciel lo soffre, è quella,
 Che dall' amor di Dio lontana stassi,
 Infida troppo e cieca pastorella.

SONNET.

G. PASSERINI.

WHEN in the field I see a flow'ret fair,
Here God has placed me, it appears to say,
And here I praise Him still from day to day,
And with my tribute sweet perfume the air.
If to the gloomy forest I repair,
And track the deadly serpent's gliding way,
He too his lowly homage seems to pay,
Fulfilling God's behest who formed him there.
The stream, the fountain, herb, and tree, and stone,
In silent language all, which way I rove,
Seem to proclaim how good He is and kind.
But thou, and does He bear it? thou alone,
The fair possessor, will not own his love;
Thou favoured most, the faithless and the blind!

SONETTO.

G. PASSERINI.

GENOVA mia, se con asciutto ciglio
 Piegato e guasto il tuo bel corpo io miro,
 Non è poca pietà d'ingrato figlio,
 Ma rubelle mi sembra ogni sospiro.
 La maestà di tue ruine ammiro,
 Trofei della costanza e del consiglio;
 E ovunque volgo il passo, e il guardo giro
 Incontro il tuo valor nel tuo periglio.
 Più val d'ogni vittoria un bel soffrire!
 E contra gli osti la vendetta fai
 Col vederti distrutta, e nol sentire:
 Anzi girar la Libertà mirai,
 E bacciar lieta ogni ruina, e dire,
 Ruine sì, ma servitù non mai!

SONNET.

G. PASSERINI.

IF still I can behold, and shed no tear,
Thy beauty, Genoa, mangled thus and torn,
Think not thy son disloyal, whom the fear
Of treason to thy state forbids to mourn.
Thy greatness in these ruins I revere,
Trophies of stern resolve and generous scorn;
At every step in every object near
I trace thy courage in thy dangers borne.
Above all victory is to suffer well;
And such is thine; with thee it still remains;
Thus in the dust and not disconsolate!
Now Freedom loves upon thy form to dwell,
And kisses every wound, and cries elate
O yes, the Ruins ever, not the Chains!

SONETTO.

FERDINANDO GHEDINI.

He lived in the 18th Century.

ROMA ANTICA E MODERNA.

SEI pur tu, pur ti veggio, o gran Latina
 Città, di cui quanto il sol aureo gira
 Nè altera più, nè più onorata mira,
 Quantunque involta nella tua ruina!
 Queste le mura son cui trema e inchina
 Pur anche il mondo, non che pregia e ammira;
 Queste le vie, per cui con scorno ed ira,
 Portar barbari re la fronte china!
 E questi che v'incontro a ciascun passo
 Avanzi son di memorabil opre,
 Men dal furor che dall' età sicuri.
 Ma in tanta strage, or chi m'addita e scopre
 In corpo vivo, e non in bronzo o in sasso,
 Una reliquia di Fabrici o Curi?

SONNET.

F. GHEDINI.

SEE the proud Latian city, that renowned,
Than whom, of all beneath his beam that lies
None more revered the golden sun describes,
Even now when heaped in ruins on the ground.
Are these the walls which long the world was found
To serve and fear, if not to love and prize?
And these the roads where fierce and scornful eyes
Saw drooping kings in triumph led and bound?
What traces yet does every footstep new
Present of trophies memorable once,
And less by time than civil fury reft!
But who, in all this mighty wreck,—ah who
Can show me,—not in marble or in bronze,
One living Curius or Fabricius left?

SONETTO.

UBERTINO LANDO.

One of the Society of the Arcadia, instituted in 1690.

RISPONDI o tomba; e che si chiude e serra

Entro il tuo tenebroso orrido seno?

Fredda polve, arid' ossa e poca terra

Son le grandezze onde il tuo grembo è pieno.

Ahi quanto vile, fragile, terreno

È l'uom che alberga in quest' esiglio, ed erra!

Ahi quanto in se la verità vien meno!

Ahi quanto scema il fasto uman sotterra!

Veggio sogli e tuguri, (ahi fato amaro!)

In te uguagliarsi, e'l suon della gran tromba

Regi e bifolchi in te aspettar del paro.

Ecco a qual mortal fin l'uome succomba!

Ma tu ancor non rispondi? Ahi quanto imparo

Ne tuoi silenzi a mia salute, o tomba!

SONNET.

U. LANDO.

WHAT dost thou in thy dark and horrid womb
Seal up, O grave, and lock in dismal thrall?
Dry bones, cold dust, a little clay is all
The greatness now which fills thy narrow room.
Alas, frail man, earth-born, and earth his doom,
A stranger and a pilgrim on this ball!
Ah me, how soon his hope and promise fall!
How human pride is withered by the tomb!
Cottage and throne we see, O stroke severe,
Are equalled now; the monarch here and slave
Together wait the trumpet's awful sound.
Behold our mortal end, and that how near!
Still thou art mute? What lessons may be found
For my soul's profit in thy silence, grave!

SONETTO.

SCIPIONE MAFFEI.

Of Verona. Died about 1755.

CHI mi vede soletto in viso smorto
 Passeggiar questo bosco a lento passo,
 E come ad or ad or, qual uomo assorto,
 M'arresto immobil sì che sembro un sasso ;
 E come spesso nel sentier più torto
 M'implico sì ch'appena poi trapasso ;
 E come gli occhi, ch'ognor pregni porto
 Alzo alle stelle, e'n terra ancor gli abbasso ;
 Oh quanti, dice, ha in sen crudi martiri
 Quell' infelice, e quanti affanni rei !
 Sembra talor, che l'alma esali e spiri.
 Folle ! non san qual arte abbia colei
 Di rapir sensi e d'addolcir sospiri ;
 Non vaglion l'altrui gioie i pianti miei.

SONNET.

S. MAFFEI.

HE that should see me thus, with footstep slow,
Pale and alone the mazy forest trace,
And oft, as in a trance, or sunk in woe,
Stop, and like stone seem rooted to the place ;
Should see me plunging where the thickets grow
Scarce pervious, and the gloomy boughs embrace,
Behold the many times to heaven I throw
My flooding eyes, then to the ground abase ;
Ah, he would think, what cruel sufferings prey
On that lost man ! what inward pangs destroy !
It seems as if his soul would burst its way !
O ignorant, who know'st not what alloy
Of sweet some sorrows to the heart convey !
I would not give my tears for all his joy.

SONETTO.

ALESSANDRO MARCHETTI.

Florentine. Born in 1632. Died in 1714.

TREMENDO Re, che ne' passati tempi
 De l'infinito tuo poter mostrasti
 Sì chiari segni, e tante volte a gli empì
 L'altere corna a un cenno sol fiaccasti;
 Di quel popol fedel, che tanto amasti,
 Mira, pietoso Dio, mira gli scempi;
 Mira de l'Austria in fieri incendi, e vasti
 Arsi i palagi, e desolati i tempi.
 Mira il tracio furor, che intorno cinge
 La regal Donna del Danubio, e tenta
 Con mille, e mille piaghe aprirle il fianco.
 Tremendo Re, che più s'indugia? ed anco
 Neghittosa è tua destra? or che non stringe
 Fulmini di vendetta, e non gli avventa?

SONNET.

A. MARCHETTI.

DREAD King, whose righteous arm, revealed of old,
 Such wonders of thy power would often shew,
 And smote the pride of impious men and bold,
 And stayed the chariot-wheel, and brake the bow,
 Look down in pity, see thy favourite fold
 Oppressed and wasted by insulting foe ;
 Hear Austria's cry, her palaces behold
 In smoke and ruin, and her shrines laid low.
 See Danube's royal daughter close beset
 By Thracian rage ; even now her side they try
 With thousand wounds and thousand how to bare :
 O Lord of Hosts, why thus delay ? why yet
 Sleeps thy right hand ? Oh wherefore dost thou spare
 To let the lightnings of thy vengeance fly ?

On the siege of Vienna by the Turks, in 1683.

MADRIGALE.

FR. DI LEMENE.

Born at Lodi, in 1626. Died in 1704.

AL gioco della cieca Amor giocando

Prima la sorte vuol che ad esso tocchi
 Di gir nel mezzo, è di bendarsi gli occhi.
 Or ecco che vagando Amor bendato
 Vi cerca in ogni lato.
 Oimè, guardate ognun che non vi prenda ;
 Perchè, tolta la benda,
 Allor dagli occhi suoi,
 Ti accecherà col bendar gli occhi tuoi.

MADRIGALE.

F. DI LEMENE.

DI se stessa invaghita, e del suo bello,

Si specchiava la Rosa
 In un limpido e rapido ruscello.
 Quando d'ogni sua foglia
 Un' aura impetuosa
 La bella rosa spoglia.
 Cascar nel rio le foglie ; il rio fuggendo
 Se le porta correndo :
 E così la beltà
 Rapidissimamente, oh dio, sen va !

MADRIGAL.

F. DI LEMENE.

LOVE played at blind man's game ;
 And will himself be bound,
 The first to have his fortune tried.
 And now the blinded boy goes wandering round,
 With arms outstretched ; and gropes on every side.
 But woe befall the culprit whom he finds.
 For when the bandage he unties
 To place it on the captive's eyes,
 No more in sport but earnest Cupid blinds.

MADRIGAL.

F. DI LEMENE.

ENAMOURED of herself, the lovely Rose
 Bent o'er the brook whose limpid tide
 So rapid flows ; and seemed with pride
 To view her graceful form.
 When by a sudden storm
 Each blushing leaf is tossed in air,
 And spoiled the rose remains and bare.
 The leaves have lighted on the stream,
 And quickly with its current hie.
 Ah me, how transient is the gleam !
 Swift as the brook, swift, swift does Beauty fly !

CANZONE.

VICENZIO DA FILICAIA.

Born in 1642. Died in 1707.

AMOR, superno Amore,
 Tu me creasti amando.
 Pria che rapido piè muovesser l'ore
 E pria che al gran comando
 Il divin labbro aprissi,
 E sull' informe scolorita faccia
 Dei tenebrosi abissi
 Alzassi tu le onnipotenti braccia,
 Nel fecondo amoroso
 Gran seno er'io de' tuoi pensieri ascoso.

Ma poichè l'alta voce
 Che le cose distinse,
 Nel creato gli abissi a metter foci
 Imperiosa spinse,
 Per me l'erranti stelle,
 Il ciel per me, per me l'immobil terra,
 E l'altre ancor sì belle
 Cose che la gran mole in se riserra,
 Creasti; ond'io dir posso
 Di me pensò chi l'universo ha mosso.

ODE.

FILICAIA.

THY love, O Source of love,
At first my being planned :
Ere yet the rapid hours began to move,
Ere yet at the supreme command
Came from thy lip divine the sound,
Or on the shapeless and discoloured bed
Of dark Abyss profound
The arm omnipotent was spread,
In lap of love my frame was wrought,
Already hid in secret of thy thought.

But when that voice, which all
Discord to order brings,
Willed from the deep the radiant fire to call,
Changing the face of things,
For me Thou didst prepare
The pillared earth, for me the starry way,
And sky, and all this fair
Creation in the mighty mass that lay ;
He, then, who by decree
Ordained the universe, had thoughts of me !

In questa poi mia vile
 Creta il tuo spirto impresse
 L'eterna impronta al gran fattor simile.
 Nè a rinnovar l'istesse
 Grazie a mio pro, l'attento
 Sempre acceso tuo zelo e sempre amante
 Fu mai ritroso o lento ;
 Che quante volte a me ti volgi, e quante
 I frali spirti miei
 Reggi e conservi tu, tante mi crei.

E qual bontà fu quella,
 Che tra gli eletti tuoi
 A me splendesse di tua fè la stella !
 Potevi (e che non puoi ?)
 Potevi tu sul Gange,
 E sotto'l Mauro cielo, o là d'Abido
 Sull' empio mar che frange
 Barbare spume a scellerato lido,
 Far sì, che anch'io spirassi
 Aure infedeli, e infido suol calcassi.

In braccio a vil servaggio
 Por mi potevi ; e dato
 M'hai di beni un sì largo ampio retaggio.
 Ma che ? sleale e ingrato
 A tuoi favor, la mano,

Thy spirit next imprest,
 And sealed upon my clay, so base,
 The eternal likeness of the Maker blest.
 Nor to repeat this grace,
 In all my times of need,
 Thy zeal and love, which never cease to burn,
 Have once relaxed their speed ;
 Still hast thou watched, still been the first to turn ;
 And, when my spirit languid grew,
 As oft restored and led, creating new.

But here was goodness most supreme,
 When with thy chosen lot
 On me the star of Faith diffused its beam. •
 Thou mightst (what mightst thou not ?)
 Have placed me on the idol shore
 Of Ganges, or in Afric desert lost,
 Where ocean foams, with hideous roar,
 Barbarian billows on some cruel coast ;
 Have doomed me atheist air to breathe,
 And walk in darkness and the realm of death.

Thou mightst to galling bondage low
 Have left me ; yet what ample dower
 And rich of many goods didst thou bestow !
 What then ensued ? Scarce to the flower
 Of youth did I attain,

Non pria degli anni sul bel fiore io stesi,
 Che dispietato e insano,
 Coll' armi ancor de' doni tuoi t'offesi ;
 Anzi (oh dolor !) godei
 Qualor peccando a me servir ti fei.

Ed io non t'amo ? e in quale
 In qual barbara scuola
 Tal arte appresi ? e chi mai giunse a tale ?
 T'ama l'aura che vola,
 E'l rio che corre ; e t'ama,
 T'ama quel dolce rosignuol che in versi
 Or ti ringrazia e chiama ;
 T'aman le fiere ; e, in tanti lor diversi
 Linguaggi, a chi ben gli ode,
 Narran l'alte tue glorie, e a te dan lode.

E gli astri che son lingue
 Del cielo, e l'ombra e'l giorno,
 E'l sol che l'ore e le stagion distingue,
 E i mari ond' è sì adorno
 Il suolo, e l'erbe e i fiori,
 E le pruine e'l gel, se per brev' ora
 Gl'interni loro ardori
 Scior potessero in voci, e mandar fuori
 Sospir, parole e pianti ;
 Dirian, rivolti a te : noi siamo amanti !

When, all forgot, and to thy goodness steeled,
 My hand, disloyal and insane,
 Those very gifts against thee dared to wield;
 Nay, I was pleased, O impious thought!
 When God to serve me by my sins I brought.

Am I then stranger to thy love?

And in what treacherous school did I
 The lesson learn, or the example prove?
 The breezes publish as they fly
 Thy love, thy love the running stream;
 The woods are tuned to love, and pour the song
 In sweet and varied theme;
 Beasts of the forest praise thee; all, in tongue
 So numerous, if we mark them well,
 Show thy great glory, and thy goodness tell.

Stars too, which are the voice

Of heaven, and darkness, and the morn,
 The sun which makes the day and year rejoice,
 And seas which so adorn
 This earth, all herb and flower that grow,
 And frost and hail, if taught to utter speech,
 And clothe their hidden thoughts that glow,
 By word, and sigh, and melting tear would teach;
 All, all, would lift their praises high,
 And love to God the universal cry!

Io sol non t'amo ; io solo
 Resisto alle tue voci.
 Ma s'io non t'amo, a che mi sgridi, e duolo
 Eterno, e pene atroci
 Ognor m'intimi ? ah parti,
 Parti, oimè ! poca pena, e lieve interno
 Tormento il non amarti ?
 Mille inferni, Signor, quest'uno inferno
 Non vagliono ; e senz'esso
 Non saria inferno ancor l'inferno istesso.

Or, che farò ? di scoglio
 Il cuor non ho ; nè mai
 Costò l'amor più che'l volerlo. Io voglio,
 Sì, voglio amarti. Errai
 Qualor miseria e pianto
 Sotto una larva di beltà e d'onore
 Amai quaggiù cotanto.
 Amore or voglio ; amor chieggio ad amore :
 Il voglio e'l chieggio appena,
 Ch'arde già d'alto incendio ogni mia vena.

Se divin foco è questo,
 Canzon, deh cresca, e dramma
 In me non resti di terrena fiamma.

To me alone thy call

Of love was made in vain.

And if I love thee not, must there not fall

On me that doom of endless pain,

Denounced so dread as yet in store?

Ah me, and is not this to be undone,

To want thy love? what need of more?

To thousand hells, O Lord, this only one

Is more than equal; for with this

Even hell itself would seem a heaven of bliss.

What then? Thou giv'st me now to know

My heart, and hence will come the power:

Yes, yes, already from this knowledge flow

Desire and will. Down to this hour

What tears I shed, how drew the sigh,

When beauty's mask or glory's I pursued,

And followed things which ever fly!

Love now I seek, for Love to love has sued:

And, while that call and wish I feel,

Now all my heart lights up with kindling zeal.

If this, my song, be fire from heaven,

Oh may it grow, till not a grain

Or spark of earth or earthly fire remain!

SONETTO.

FILICAIA.

No che non furo i tuoi rigor, nè sono,
Nè di tanti miei strazi unqua fian rei ;
A te, fortuna, i rigor tuoi perdono ;
Nè ingiusta tu, nè tu spietata sei.
Io lo scopo, io l'arcier, lo strale io sono ;
Io la folgore accesi, ed io la fei ;
E l'atra nube, onde scoppiò il gran tuono,
Fu l'oscuro vapor de' falli miei ;
Reo vapor che dal fondo uscìo del core,
Indi qual fumo tenue salìo,
Fulmin tornando onde partì vapore.
Allor di me mi dolsi, e allor fu ch'io
Vibrai contro me stesso il proprio errore,
E punii col mio fallo il fallo mio.

SONNET.

FILICAIA.

No, not to thee nor to thy hate I owe,
Nor ever did or ever shall, my shame ;
O fortune, I acquit thee of the blow,
Not thy injustice or thy spite I blame.
I am both mark and shaft, and drew the bow,
I forged the bolt, and lighted up the flame ;
And the black cloud whose peal has rattled so,
From the dark smoke of my offences came ;
Foul vapour from a corrupt heart that flows,
And, issuing thence in exhalation thin,
Recoils in thunder there from whence it rose.
Thus my reproach and grief turn all within,
My guilt against myself the javelin throws,
My sin the lash with which I lash my sin.

SONETTO.

FILICAIA.

FUOCHI notturni, che al defunto giorno
Fate la pira, e di sotterra uscite,
E pria dell' ombre e poi degli occhi a scorno,
Da lungi ardete, e da vicin sparite ;
Stelle comate, che raggiando intorno
De' gran pianeti a par belle apparite,
E siete (o il credo) d'un sottil contorno
Di luce tenuissima vestite ;
Di quegli onor ch'io sospirai sì spesso
Un tempo, ed or possiedo alti e supremi,
Voi mi sembrate un simulacro espresso ;
Di quegli onor che di sostanza scemi,
Paion soli da lungi, e son da presso
Di moribonda luce aliti estremi.

SONNET.

FILICAIA.

YE nightly fires which rising from the ground,
Seem like the funeral pile of parted day,
Which mock the gloom and on our senses play,
Shining from far, but near, no longer found ;
Ye tressed stars whose beams, diffused around,
The likeness of some planet vast display,
But are a subtle web (at least they say)
Of thinnest light in ball ethereal wound ;
Those honours which I held one time so dear,
And now possess, and reach my fullest aim,
I find in your resemblance pictured clear ;
Like yours their fleeting glory is a name ;
They shine afar, indeed, but prove when near
The dying embers of a dying flame.

SONETTO.

FILICAIA.

ITALIA, Italia, o tu cui feo la sorte
Dono infelice di bellezza, ond' hai
Funesta dote d'infiniti guai
Che in fronte scritti per gran doglia porte ;
Deh fossi tu men bella, o almen più forte,
Onde assai più ti paventasse, o assai
T'amasse men chi del tuo bello ai rai
Par che si strugga, e pur ti sfida a morte !
Che or giù dall' Alpi non vedrei torrenti
Scender d'armati, nè di sangue tinta
Bever l'onda del Po gallici armenti ;
Nè te vedrei, del non tuo ferro cinta,
Pugnar col braccio di straniera genti,
Per servir sempre o vincitrice o vinta.

SONNET.

FILICATA.

BELOVED Italy, thou who hadst for dower
The fatal gift of beauty, and with it
Those countless wrongs upon thy forehead writ
In characters of woe even to this hour !
Hadst thou but fewer charms, or greater power !
That those might dread thee more, or less be smit,
Who, feigning so much love, can yet permit
Destruction on thy beauteous form to shower.
O then we had not seen that armed horde
Crowning thy Alps, nor, tinged with blood so dear,
The steeds of Gallia drink the wave of Po ;
Had not beheld thee gird the foreign sword,
And doomed, while alien arms* repel thy foe,
Vanquished or victor, still the chain to wear.

* The Swiss troops called to her defence.

SONETTO.

FILICAIA.

Soxo, Italia, per te discordia e morte
In due nomi una cosa ; e a sì gran male
Un mal s'aggiugne non minor, che frale
Non se'abbastanza nè abbastanza forte.
In tale stato, in così dubbia sorte
Ceder non piace, e contrastar non vale :
Onde come a mezz'aria impennan l'ale,
E a fiera pugna i venti apron le porte,
Tra 'l frale e'l forte tuo non altrimenti
Nascon quasi a mezz'aria, e guerra fanno
D'ira invidia e timor turbini e venti ;
E tai piovono in te nemi d'affanno,
Che se sperì o disperì, osi o paventi,
Diverso è'l rischio, e sempre ugual fia'l danno.

SONNET.

FILICAIA.

DISCORD and death for thee, my country, long
Have meant the same ; hence woes have followed
 woes ;
And better had it been for thy repose,
If either not so weak or not so strong.
For, in this doubtful poise, to suffer wrong
 You cannot bear, yet powerless to oppose :
And as the gust in middle region blows
Full fledged, and winds from all the quarters throng,
Even thus, between your courage and despair,
 Anger and jealousy and fear contend,
 Mingling their furious fight as in mid air ;
And still, so fast the sweeping storms descend,
 Whether you hope or fear, despond or dare,
 Alike the different ways in ruin end.

SONETTO.

FILICAIA.

SIGNOR, mia sorte e tuo mirabil dono

Fu amar costei che te ad amar mi trasse,
Costei che in me sua gran bontà ritrasse
Per farmi a te simil più ch'io non sono.

Onde in pensar quanto sei giusto e buono,
Convien che gli occhi riverenti abbasse,
E ch'altro duol più saggio il cuor mi passe,
Chiedendo a te del primo duol perdono.

Ch'io so ben che a mio pro di lei son privo,
Perch'io la segua, e miri a fronte a fronte
Quanto è'l suo bello in te più bello e vivo.
Più allor mie voglie a ben amar sian pronte,
Che se in quella t'amai qual fonte in rivo,
Amerò quella in te qual rivo in fonte.

In morte di Camilla da Filicaia, sua zia.

SONNET.

FILICAIA.

O GOD, thy love and goodness first inclined
 My heart to her who drew me to thy love,
 To her whose zeal and pity gently strove,
 Bending to thee my too rebellious mind.
 Now I reflect how just thou art and kind,
 And scarcely dare to lift my eyes above,
 While this my later better grief I prove,
 And pardon seek for that first passion blind.
 I see thy will in taking her, that I
 Should follow and behold her unproved,
 In beauty brightened at thy brighter beam.
 Thus to the great and only Good I fly;
 And, having in the stream the fountain loved,
 Henceforth shall in the fountain love the stream.

On the death of Camilla da Filicaia, his aunt.

SONETTO.

FILICAIA.

OH quante volte con pietoso affetto,
T'amo, diss'ella, e t'amerò qual figlio !
Ond'io bagnai per tenerezza il ciglio,
E nel tempio del cuor sacrai suo detto.
Da indi, o fosse di natura effetto,
O pur d'alta virtù forza o consiglio,
L'amai qual madre, e del terreno esiglio
Temprai l'amaro col suo dolce aspetto.
Vincol di sangue, e lealtà di mente,
E tacer saggio, e ragionar cortese,
E bontà cauta, e libertà prudente,
E oneste voglie in santo zelo accese,
Fur quell' esca ov'io corsi, e a cui repente
L'inestinguibil mio foco s'accese.

SONNET.

FILICAIA.

How oft in tender accents would she say,
I love, must ever love thee as my child!
O how the trickling tears were then beguiled,
How were her words all sacred from that day
Then, whether nature wrought, or virtuous sway
Of holy precept and example mild,
I loved her as her son; and, if she smiled,
The rising sorrows of my heart gave way.
The ties of blood, the true and generous mind,
Discourse or silence, each with wisdom fraught,
Kind watch, indulgence to the just desire,
And liberal thoughts by heavenly zeal refined,
These were the bait, at these the flame I caught
Of this my unextinguishable fire.

On the same occasion.

SONETTO.

FILICAIA.

Foco cui spegner de' miei pianti l'acque
Non potran mai, nè de' sospiri il vento,
Perchè in terra non fu suo nascimento,
Nè terrena materia unqua gli piacque.
Prima che nascess'io sull'etra ei nacque,
E vive ed arde, nè giammai fia spento ;
Che alle faville sue porge alimento
Quella che a noi morendo al ciel rinacque.
Anzi or lassù vie più s'accende, e nuova
Sovra le sfere a lui virtù s'aggiunge,
Ov'ei se stesso e'l suo principio trova :
E mentre al primo ardor si ricongiunge,
Rinforza sì, che con mirabil prova
Più che pria da vicin m'arde or da lunge.

SONNET.

FILICAIA.

AH me, this flame no tempest of my sighs
 Can quench, nor tears, although in torrent shed ;
 For not in earthly soil it has been bred,
 Nor drew from earth's material its supplies.
 Ere I was born its birth was in the skies,
 There does it blaze, and will for ever spread,
 Its sparkling rays by that fair planet fed
 Which only set on earth in heaven to rise.
 There is it nourished by celestial fires,
 And shines with stronger light by its remove
 To this the source and seat of its desires.
 For, thus united to its flame above,
 From that pure stream such virtue it acquires,
 That distance serves but to increase my love.

On the same occasion.

SONETTO.

FILICAIA.

SIGNOR, che ascolto ? a me ne' falli miei
Tu servi ? e servi, e il soffri ? e'l fallo mio
Potè in me tanto, che a servirmi un Dio
Peccando astrinsi ? e potei farlo, e'l fei ?
Io sono, io son che in usi indegni e rei
Valsimi ognor de'tuoi gran doni ; ed io
Con questi al mal fui pronto, al ben restio :
Tal io mercede al donator rendei.
E ancor dorme il tuo sdegno ? e ancor nol desti ?
Non più non più si soffra ; e la proterva
Mia baldanza impunita unqua non resti.
Ma pietà sia la pena ; e sol ti serva,
Se ne'miei falli a me servir potesti,
Far che a te sol nelle tue glorie io serva.

SONNET.

FILICAIA.

WHAT do I hear? Lord, that my sins have made
 Thee serve? and didst thou serve? did my sin grow
 Indeed so strong? did God descend so low
 By me? and have I done as here is said?
 Yes I, on whom such burden has been laid
 Of many gifts, have used them even so;
 And prone to ill, to good perverse and slow,
 Daily the bounteous giver thus repaid.
 And does thy righteous judgment slumbering lie?
 No more, no more forbear; great God begin
 To visit this my daring guilt abhorred.
 But let the rod be love. Suffice that I,
 Who made even thee to serve me by my sin,
 Be made to serve thee to thy glory, Lord!

“Thou hast made me to serve with thy sins.”—Isaiah xliii. 24

SONETTO.

FILICAIA.

O VINTO sì, ma non mai vinto appieno,
 Desio di gloria, che di terra nasci,
 E sei terra, e di terra anco ti pasci,
 E fai l'uom, come te, tutto terreno ;
 Qual pro che ad or ad or dentro al mio seno
 Te quasi estinto e tramortito io lasci,
 Se ognor più forte, qual Anteo, rinasci
 Tocco appena' al materno empio terreno ?
 Empio terren della mia propria stima,
 Dal cui contatto sì malvagio e reo
 S'unqua fia ch'io ti stacchi, e poi t'opprima,
 Del grande scempio d'un più forte Anteo
 Andrò superbo, e n'avrò spoglia opima,
 E farò più che in Libia Ercol non feo.

SONNET.

FILICAIA.

O VANQUISHED oft, but not subdued aright,
 Thou love of glory, which from earth art bred,
 And art but earth, and by the earth art fed,
 And like thyself wouldst make us earthly quite ;
 Ah what avails that, in this daily fight,
 I feel thee overcome, and seeming dead,
 If on contact of earth, thy parent bed,
 You rise, Antæus like, renewed in might ?
 My self-esteem, that foul maternal soil,
 From whose unhallowed touch could I remove
 And hold thee clear, and thus at length should foil,
 With stronger than Antæus having strove
 Then would I glory in a richer spoil,
 And more than Herculean triumph prove.

SONETTO.

BENEDETTO MENZINI.

Died about 1708.

IN su quest'erma e solitaria sponda,
 Dov' or tu vedi biancheggiar l'arene,
 Sorse già un tempo la famosa Atene,
 D'arti, d'armi, e d'amor madre feconda.
 Mentre la sorte a lei girò seconda,
 Vantò superba Archi, e Teatri, e Scene ;
 Ed ora il Pellegrin, che a lei sen viene,
 Passa, quai nomi ignoti il lido e l'onda :
 L'onda che, in armonia lieta e concorde,
 Fra canori suoi flutti udì più volte
 Misto il tenor delle Pierie corde :
 Or son le Moli in la ruina involte ;
 Nudo il Suol, muto il Mar, l'Aure son sorde ;
 E quì le Cetre ancor giaccion sepolte.

SONNET.

B. MENZINI.

HERE, where a barren waste we now descry,
And solitary beach of whitened sand,
For arts and arms renowned did Athens stand,
The Muse's cradle, and the Grecian eye.
While yet on Fortune's circle lifted high,
Proud Domes and Columns rose at her command;
But now the traveller views that sea and land
As things without a name, and passes by:
That sea once heard in tuneful tide to flow,
And, answering oft some sweet Pierian strain,
Mingle its music and harmonious swell.
But now the Moles are levelled, bare the Plain,
The Wind is deaf, the sullen Waves are slow,
And silent in that ruin lies the Shell.

CANZONE.

B. MENZINI.

LA VITA SOLITARIA.

O CITTA' regnatrice!
 Da te rimovo il piede,
 Cercando solitarie erme foreste;
 Perchè un pensier mi dice
 Ch' io non sarà giammai di pace crede
 Mentre l'egro mio core in te s'arreste.
 Adunque egli si deste
 Da quel che un tempo il prese,
 Forte letargo, e grave;
 Nè più creda soave
 Quella bevanda che il palato offese,
 Indi verso nel seno
 Amaro empio veleno.
 Io solea dir talvolta,
 Dolce il vedersi adorno
 Dell' auree insigne di purpureo onore!
 Poscia in veder qual folta
 Turba di cure lor si serra intorno,
 Anche real grandezza ebbi in orrore.
 Altrui vive, a se muore,

ODE.

B. MENZINI.

FAR from thy regal seat,
O Rome, my weary steps I bend,
And seek the forest's solitary gloom :
For still I hear a voice repeat,
That never on my path will peace attend
While my sick heart in thee desires' a home.
Awake, and burst the tomb ;
Thy years no more in leaden slumber waste ;
But let thy spirit rise,
And learn the tempter to despise,
Whose flattering draught displeases even the taste,
And after, as a deadly bowl,
Pours bitter poison in the soul.
How sweet, sometimes I said,
In pomp of gold if I were crowned,
And purple state, so honoured and caressed !
But when thy streets I have surveyed,
And crowd of cares which fill that busy round,
I learn imperial grandeur to detest.
Whoever soars above the rest

Chi sopra gli altri avanza
 Per grande orrevol grado ;
 Gitta Fortuna il dado,
 E talor sazia la mortal speranza :
 Ahi cieche umane voglie !
 Par che doni, e pur toglie.

Al diletto gorgo

Che par sì lieto in vista,
 Mille corrono ognor labbra anelanti ;
 Poscia all' effetto io scorgo
 Che'l gustato licor l'alma contrista,
 E in vece di gioir bevonsi i pianti.
 Qual mai secolo avanti,
 Per artificio mago,
 Vide un limpido fonte
 Cangiar si in Acheronte,
 E far d' Averno e di Mefiti un lago ?
 Ambizione il puote
 Con sue profane note.

Vostre mercede, O Muse !

Voi mi faceste amico
 D'aspri monti, erme selve, ombrose valli.
 Vada pur cui deluse
 Sott' ombra di costume, errore antico,
 Del fasto in cerca per gli obliqui calli.
 Io di vostri cristalli
 Starommi in fresca riva
 Abitator solingo ;

To envied summit, lives at will
 Of others, and resigns his own.
 What if the die by Fortune thrown
 His fondest hope and utmost thought fulfil—
 How blind the wish and short the stay !
 She seems to give, but takes away.

To this delicious well

What panting thousands daily haste !
 Such sweetness in the sparkling draught appears.
 But I who know its worth can tell
 How soon the heart will sadden when they taste,
 In room of pleasure only quaffing tears.
 Look to the roll of other years,
 And say what magic school,
 With crystal stream has ever fed
 Foul Acheron's turbid bed,
 To form Avernus or Mephitis pool ?
 Ambition's art and spells profane
 Alone that mastery can attain.

To you, O Muses kind,

To you the shady vale I owe,
 The rugged mountain, and the forest wide.
 Let those who err in custom blind,
 Whom the world's toys delude with empty show,
 Seek out by tortuous road the haunts of pride.
 I love your breezy banks beside,
 Where soft the lucid waters run,
 My seat recluse to keep :

Nave in acqua non spingo,
Nè Tifi invidierò, se al vello arriva;
Quell' auree sue rapine
Che mai saranno alfine?
Là nel marino orgoglio
Irriteran tempeste,
E vorrà di sua preda esser digiuno;
Sirte arenosa e scoglio,
E gravide d'orror nubi funeste
Faran di chiaro giorno oscuro e bruno.
Nembi d'Euro importuno
Tale urterangli il fianco,
Ch' ei sulla negra prora
Maledirà quell' ora
Che non fur nomi ignoti i remi e'l banco;
Poi vada, e implori aita
Dalla spoglia rapita.
Canzon, tu avrai non per gli augusti alberghi,
Ma per foreste incolte,
Chi volentier t'ascolte.

No bark I launch upon the deep,
 Nor envy Jason though the fleece he won.
 Say, what availed the golden spoil,
 And what the end of all his toil?

Lo, there he meets the shock
 Of chafing winds and billows proud,
 Impatient, yawning to devour their prey ;
 And Sirtis' whirling sand, and rock,
 And, big with horrid gloom, the boding cloud
 That wraps, in veil of dark, the smiling day.
 And now the storm with furious sway
 Beats on his side, and lightnings flame ;
 While he upon the blackened prow
 Devotes in curses low
 That hour when helm and oar received a name :
 Now to thy golden treasure speed,
 And ask for help in time of need.
 Expect not, O my song, in regal dome,
 But in the woodlands wild, to gain
 An ear that listens to thy strain.

CANZONETTA.

MENZINI.

ALTRI talor mi dice,
 A che piangi infelice?
 Nè sa, nè sa com' io
 Godo che al pianto mio
 Al pianto che mi abbonda
 Si accresca al fiume l'onda.

Che pur piange l'Aurora
 Allor che il Mondo indora,
 E in sua purpurea stola
 Il guardo altrui consola.

Piange la Primavera
 Su rugiadosa schiera
 De' suoi be' fior novelli.

Piangono gli Arboscelli,
 Ed il lor pianto è manna,
 Qual di Brasilia canna.

Piangon le Rupe alpine,
 E dall' alte ruine
 Giù distillano i Fonti,
 Che a ristorar son pronti
 Queste campagne e quelle.

CANZONET.

B. MENZINI.

MANY will ask me why I grieve,
And why those frequent tears of woe ;
But of the joy which tears can give,
They little think, and nothing know ;
Though, sooner than one flood is dried,
Another comes to swell the tide.

In rosy chariot drawn,
When morning gilds the mountain's head,
Tears by Aurora shed
Refresh the smiling lawn.

Spring with her mellow showers
The face of Nature cheers,
And nurses with those tears
Her train of infant flowers.

In balmy gums distilled,
Sweet as Brazilian cane,
The Shrubs their manna yield,
And weep from every vein.

The Rocks, too, weep, and Alpine hills ;
Whose waters from the cleft above
Descend in thousand crystal rills,
To glad the champaign where they rove.

Piangono ancor le Stelle,
Ed il lor pianto infonde
Virtute all' erbe, all' onde ;
E porge anche vigore
Al dolce stral d' Amore.

Ond' altri in van mi dice,
A che piangi infelice ?
Che'l pianto al mio martoro
È balsamo, e ristoro.

The stars themselves are thought to weep,
And shed their influence on the deep,
In herbs and plants, by secret dews,
A potent virtue to infuse ;
And sometimes Cupid's thrilling dart
To temper with sidereal art.

Then do not ask me why I grieve,
Or why those frequent tears should flow ;
It is in tears that I receive
A medicine and a balm for woe.

SONETTO.

FAUSTINA MARATTI ZAPPI.*

AL MARITO,

DOLCE sollievo dell'umane cure,
 Amor, nel tuo bel regno io posi il piede,
 E qual per calle incerto uom che non vede
 Temei l'incontro delle mie sventure.
 Ma tu l'oggetto di mie voglie pure
 Hai collocato in così nobil sede,
 E tal prometti al cor bella mercede,
 Ch'io v'imprimo contenta orme sicure.
 Soave cortesia, vezzosi accenti,
 Virtù, senno, valor d'alma gentile,
 Spogliato hanno'l mio cor d'ogni timore.
 Or tu gli affetti miei puri innocenti
 Pasci cortese; o non cangiar tuo stile,
 Dolce sollievo dei miei mali, Amore!

* The Aglaura Cidonia, of the Society of Arcadi, was the daughter of Carlo Maratti, the illustrious painter, and wife of the Avvocato Gian Battista Felice Zappi, born at Imola, himself also a poet, one of the founders of the Arcadia and author of various lyrical compositions extolled by Tiraboschi: he died at Rome, in 1719.

SONNET.

F. M. ZAPPI.

O LOVE, for human cares a medicine sweet,
 I felt, when early yielded to thy sway,
 Like one who, walking without help of day,
 Some danger dreads where'er he plants his feet.
 But thou in whom my purest wishes meet
 So full return, hast cleared these doubts away ;
 I tread assured, with thee my rest and stay,
 And my fond heart resumes its tranquil beat.
 Those gentle thoughts, those courteous words, that truth,
 Valour and judgment seated on thy brow,
 Banish my fears, and bring me blest relief.
 Be yours the chaste affections of my youth
 To cherish still ; be ever constant thou,
 O Love, sweet balm and solace of my grief.

MADRIGALE.

GIAMBATTISTA FELICE ZAPPI.

Of Imola. Born in 1667. Died in 1719.

MANCA ad Acon la destra, a Leonilla
 La sinistra pupilla ;
 E ognun d'essi è bastante
 Vincere i Numi col gentil sembiente.
 Vago fanciul, quell' unica tu stella
 Dona alla madre bella ;
 Così tutto l'onore
 Ella avrà di Ciprigna, e tu d'Amore.

MADRIGALE.

G. F. ZAPPI.

FILLIDE al suo Pastore :
 Perchè senz'occhi Amore ?
 E il suo Pastore a lei ;
 Perchè quegli occhi bei
 Che esser doveano i suoi,
 Bella, gli avete voi.

MADRIGAL.

G. F. ZAPPI.

O BEAUTEOUS pair, though wanting each a light,
 Her left the mother, and her boy the right,
 How unsurpassed even thus might either move
 Among the fairest in the courts of Jove !
 But to thy mother's face divine
 O give, sweet youth, that star of thine,
 Then perfect shall you both be seen ;
 A faultless Cupid thou, and she the Cyprian queen.

MADRIGAL.

G. F. ZAPPI.

TELL me why should Love be blind ?
 Phillis asked her shepherd youth ;
 And thus the shepherd youth replies,
 Phillis, the reason is
 That you have got those pretty eyes
 Which should be his.

SONETTO.

MARCHESE GIOVAN-GIOSEFFO ORSI.

Born at Bologna, in 1652. Died at Modena, in 1733.

L' AMAR non si divieta. Alma ben nata
 Nata è sol per amar, ma degno oggetto :
 Ella però, pria che da lei sia eletto,
 Se stessa estimí, e i pregi ond 'ella è ornata.
 Qualor correr vegg' io da forsennata
 Alma immortal dietro un mortale aspetto,
 Parmi di rozzo schiavo a lei soggetto
 Veder donna reale innamorata.
 Ami l'anima un' alma, e ammiri in essa
 Egual bellezza, egual splendor natio ;
 L' amar fra i pari è libertà concessa.
 Pur se l'anima nutre un bel desio
 D'amar fuor di sè stessa, e di sè stessa
 Cosa d'amor più degna, ami sol Dio.

SONNET.

G. G. ORSI.

To love is not forbid. The soul, high born,
Is only born for love, when rightly placed.
But let her learn to prize, ere yet effaced,
Those native charms which most herself adorn.
Where mind immortal has, by passion torn,
A mortal mould, and nought besides embraced,
Methinks I see a royal dame debased
By love of menial rude, whom soon to scorn.
Let spirit spirit love ; there to admire
A mutual flame, and beauty like its own ;
Love between equals is a love approved.
Or to some object if thy love aspire
Surpassing self, and worthier to be loved—
Love God, supremely fair, and Him alone.

SONETTO.

LODOVICO ANTONIO MURATORI.

Born in 1672. Died in 1750.

RICCO di merci e vincitor de' venti
 Giunger vid'io Tirsi al paterno lito ;
 Bacciar le arene il vidi, e del fornito
 Cammino ringraziar gli dei clementi.
 Anzi, perchè leggessero le genti
 Qualche di tanto don segno scolpito,
 In su l'arene stesse egli col dito
 Scrisse la storia di sì lieti eventi.
 Ingrato Tirsi, ingrato a i cieli amici !
 Poichè ben tosto un'onda venne e assorti
 Seco tutti portò quei benefici.
 Ma se un dì cangieransi a lui le sorti,
 Scriver vedrollo degli dei nemici
 Non sull'arena, ma sul marmo i torti.

SONNET.

L. A. MURATORI.

WITH treasure fraught, victorious o'er the wind,
I saw the merchant touch his native strand,
And kiss the beach, and for a moment stand
To pour the offering of his grateful mind.
And, of this prosperous voyage to leave behind
Some early mark recorded by his hand,
I saw him write upon that very sand
His tribute to a Providence so kind.
O thankless man, remembering thus his good !
Swept by the coming billow as it flows,
Forgotten mercies perish in the flood.
But see him met by some disastrous shock,
Then shall you find the history of his woes
Not traced in sand, but sculptured on the rock.

SONETTO.

L. A. MURATORI.

SE il Mar che dorme, e l' ingemmato Aprile
Contemplo, e il Ciel che tante luci aggira,
Io certo giurerei, che non si mira
Altra quaggiù vista, o beltà simile.
Pur di beltade un paragon ben vile
Sono il Cielo, l'Aprile, e il Mar senz'ira,
Qualora il mondo attonito rimira,
In nobiltà di stato un cor gentile.
Poi se il Verno io contemplo, e se il furore
Del Mar, che mugghia, o il Ciel di nemi armato;
Ecco tutto d'orror mi s'empie il core.
Pur più del Verno, e più del Cielo irato,
E più del Mar spira d'intorno orrore
Un cor superbo in povertà di stato.

SONNET.

L. A. MURATORI.

WHEN Ocean's bosom undisturbed by wind,
Pleased I survey, or starry vault on high,
Or budding Spring; can Earth afford, I cry,
An image of more beauty to the mind?
Yet lovelier far, and of a nobler kind
Than slumbering Tide, or Spring, or spangled Sky,
Sometimes even here will meet the wondering eye,
A humble heart with lofty state combined.
If Winter then I view, and see the yest
Of howling Seas and Sky surcharged with cloud,
The dismal scene with horror fills my breast.
Yet is the angry Sky and Winter loud,
And raging Sea, less horrid and unblest
Than in low state, a lifted heart and proud.

SONETTO.

GIOVAMPIETRO ZANOTTI.

Of Bologna. Born at Paris, in 1674. Died in 1765.

E CROLLAR le gran torri, e le colonne
 Scuotersi, e infrante al suol cader le porte;
 E i sacerdoti di color di morte
 Tinti, e l'altare vergini e le donne
 Squallide scapigliate e scinte in gonne
 Co i pargoletti infra dure ritorte
 Ir dietro al vincitor superbo e forte,
 Mirasti, e ne piangesti empia Sionne:
 E il ciel d'un guardo in van pregasti allora,
 Desolata città, su i dolor tuoi,
 Alle ruine tue sedendo sopra:
 Ma dì, fra tanti guai pensasti ancora
 A un Dio confitto in croce, a tanti suoi
 Strazi, che sol delle tue man son' opra?

SONNET.

G. ZANOTTI.

HER pillars broken, and her lofty tower
Laid in the dust, and walls in ruin spread ;
Her youth in chains to cruel bondage led ;
Her dames dishevelled, maidens in their flower
Delivered to the haughty victor's power ;
Her holy priesthood numbered with the dead,
Her temple levelled, and its glory fled ;
Ungodly Sion saw, and wept the hour.
O city desolate and seated low,
Then didst thou pour thy supplications vain.
But didst thou, say, in this thy time of woe,
When called the day of vengeance to sustain,
On thy own deed even yet one thought bestow,
A Saviour crucified by thee and slain ?

On the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus.

SONETTO.

EUSACHIO CRISPI.

GIÀ son molti anni che di giorno in giorno,
Gli occhi volgo e la brama al ben ch'io spero,
Ben che giunge sì tardo, e sì leggiero
Passa, ch'io ne rimango in doglia e scorno.
Forsennato egli è ben chiunque intorno
A diletto mortal gira il pensiero ;
Vano diletto, e in tutto opposto al vero,
E sol di larve ingannatrici adorno ;
Diletto che aspettato è di tormento,
Che presente non rende appien beato,
Che fuggendo finisce in pentimento.
Cangiami, o Dio, così noioso stato
Con quel che abbraccia nel suo gran momento
Il futuro il presente ed il passato.

SONNET.

E. CRISPI.

FROM day to day, these many years, some vain
Imagined good has filled my heart and eye ;
Some pleasure slow to come and swift to fly,
By long regret succeeded and disdain.
How much is he mistaken and insane
Who seeks delight in things of earth that die !
False joys which from the true far distant lie,
A painted cloud, a phantom of the brain ;
Pleasure for which, till it arrives, we pine,
Which scarcely brings enjoyment when possessed,
Which parting, leaves us to remorse at last.
Exchanged for such a state, O Lord, be mine
That which embraces, in one moment blest,
The future and the present, and the past.

SONETTO.

GIAMBATTISTA VOLPI.

He lived in the 18th Century.

FUGA DELL'OZIO.

IL feroce destrier, che qual baleno
 Scorrea senza timor fra genti armate,
 Se può ne'prati errar sciolto dal freno
 Perde l'ardor e le sue forze usate.
 L'amabil rivo, nel cui chiaro seno
 Ogni ninfa specchiò l'alma beltate,
 Di fango e canne e di vil erba è pieno,
 Se mai ristagna tra paludi ingrate.
 Radono i tarli le riposte antenne
 Di nave, che sprezzò del mar l'orrore,
 E mille venti intrepida sostenne.
 Volgi, o fanciul, a questi esempi il core,
 E sappi, che così tarpa le penne
 L'ozio malvagio al bel desio d'onore.

SONNET.

G. VOLPI.

THE DANGER OF SLOTH.

THE fiery courser who, with lightning speed,
 Would dauntless rush upon the armed foes,
 If in the lawn from bit and harness freed,
 His wonted spirit and his strength foregoes.
 The stream whose silver bosom on the mead
 To village maiden oft her beauty shows,
 Is filled with ugly slime, and choked by weed,
 If in the lazy marsh it should repose :
 And worms will gnaw that vessel's side on shore
 Whose planks have braved the fury of the seas.
 Scorning a thousand times the tempest's roar.
 Be warned, O youth, by lessons such as these,
 Nor let the wings, on which you now might soar,
 Be clipped or moulted by inglorious ease.

SONETTO.

DOMENICO LAZZARINI.

Died in 1734. Professor in the University of Padua.

IN LODE DI PADOVA.

OVUNQUE io volgo in queste alme beate
 Pendici il guardo, altro non veggio intorno
 Che vero onor, di tanta gloria adorno,
 Che n'avrà invidia ogni futura etate.
 Là nacque chi di Roma alle pregiate
 Opre diede scrivendo eterno giorno ;
 Tal che, al par degli eroi, n'ebbero scorno
 Le Greche penne d'alto stile ornate.
 Quà chiuse i giorni il più soave cigno
 Che mai spiegasse in altro tempo il canto,
 Onde il nome di Laura anco rimbomba.
 O colli avventurosi ! O ciel benigno !
 O pregi eterni ! quanto chiari e quanto
 Siete, per sì gran culla e sì gran tomba !

Là nacque.—The historian Livy, born in Padua.
Quà chiuse i giorni.—Petrarch died there.

SONNET.

D. LAZZARINI.

ADDRESSED TO PADUA.

ON all thy happy towers, where'er I gaze,
 O nurse of genius, and in beauty drest,
 Such honour and renown I see impressed,
 As future times will envy while they praise.
 Here was he born whose lasting page displays
 Rome's brightest triumphs, and who painted best;
 Fit style for heroes, nor to shun the test
 Though Grecian art should vie and Attic lays.
 And here thy tuneful swan, Arezzo, lies,
 Who gave his Laura deathless name; than whom
 No bard with sweeter grace has poured the song.
 O happy seat! O favoured by the skies!
 What store and store is thine, to whom belong
 So rich a cradle and so rich a tomb!

SONETTO.

GIO. BARTOLOMEO CASAREGI.

Born in 1676. Died in 1755.

LUNGI da quel che piace al volgo insano
 Men vo sovente, e in erma parte io seggio ;
 E degli antichi imperi, a mano a mano,
 L'immenso spazio col pensier passeggio.
 Scorro l'Assiro e'l Perso, e quivi invano
 Di lor vaste cittadi un'orma io chieggio ;
 Quindi al Greco passando ed al Romano,
 Poco di lor grandezza, o nulla io veggio.
 Nini e Ciri e Alessandri, omai sorgete
 A vendicar sì gran ruine ; e voi,
 Trionfatori Cesari, ove siete ?
 Ahi, che polve ei pur sono ; e se gli eroi
 Fondatori de'regni affondi in Lete
 Tempo distruggitor, che fia di noi ?

SONNET.

G. B. CASAREGI.

FAR from the tumult of the busy crew
In silence oft I sit, and one by one,
Down the long roll of time, in thought pursue
Those ancient empires still in story shown.
If Ninus vast, or Susa I would view,
No trace I find, their mighty walls are gone ;
Or, passing down to Greece and Rome, how few
The remnants of their glory left, or none !
Rise, son of Belus, Macedonian, Mede,
Behold the wreck, avenge your trampled state !
And where, oh laurelled Cæsars, where are ye ?
Turned into dust. Alas ! if such the fate
To lords of earth and conquerors decreed,
Say, thou destroyer, Time, what ours must be

SONETTO.

G. B. CASAREGI.

QUANDO la fe, Signor, di sfera in sfera
Sopra de' cieli il mio pensier conduce,
Te scuopro in mezzo a grande alata schiera,
Entro a tua somma incomprensibil luce.
E se quindi alla mia notte primiera
Io torno, e solo a me ragione è duce,
Pieno il tutto di te veggio, e la vera
Tua bella imago, che nell' uom traluce.
Veggio il tuo spirto, che vigore infonde
A questa immensa mole, e spuntar fuore
In erbe il veggio, in frutti, in fiori, in fronde.
Te sulle penne di piacevoli ore
Spaziar per l' aere, e te del mar sull' onde ;
Ahi ! ma sol te non veggio entro il mio core.

SONNET.

G. B. CASAREGI.

WHEN led by faith, my thoughts, O God, take flight
From sphere to sphere, above the heaven's confine,
I see the seraphs veiled, and, by their light,
Thy seat in that unfathomed light of thine.
Or, if from thence to my own primal night
I turn, with reason for my guide and line,
'There all is full of Thee; I find thy bright
Image in all; and most in man to shine.
I see thy spirit how it sheds its power
O'er the vast frame of nature—find it shown
In tender herb, and leaf, and fruit, and flower :
'Thee in the balm of winged air I own,
In rolling billows, in the falling shower :
Found everywhere, save in my heart alone.

SONETTO.

G. B. CASAREGI.

SEMPLICE abitator di balze Alpine
Che, rotti per gran pioggia argine e sponde
Vede fiume che intorno i campi inonde,
Ei dice : Il mar, ch' altro esser pote alfine ?
Ma se poscia dal monte alle marine
Spiagge discende, e osserva le profonde
Del vasto Oceano interminabili onde.
Quanto angusto d'un rio, grida, è il confine !
Così fra queste inferme cose e frali
La meschinella nostra anima avvezza,
Le celesti non cape, o crede eguali.
Ma quando la divina ampia bellezza
A vagheggiar dispiegherà poi l'ali,
Quanto vil le parrà quel ch' ora apprezza !

SONNET.

G. B. CASAREGI.

THE rustic dweller on the mountain brow,
Who sees the river, swoln and big with rain,
Burst o'er its banks, and flood the neighbouring plain,
Cries out, the Sea, the Sea ; it must be so.
But should he from the height descend below,
And, standing on the beach, a view obtain
Of Ocean's vast interminable main,
How narrow in his sight the stream will grow !
Thus, bounded here by what is poor and base,
The mind to things celestial cannot rise,
Or only finds some light and distant trace.
But when the Spirit, winged from earth, descries
The full expanse of love divine and grace,
How mean will then appear what now we prize !

STANZE.

IL PADRE QUIRICO ROSSI.

Native of Vicenza. Born in 1697. Died at Parma, in 1760.

A SUOI SCOLARI IN VENEZIA.

VEDRASSI, è ver, su l'Appenin selvoso,
 Senz'opra nè sudore
 D' attento agricoltore,
 Frondir l'ardito abete, e il cerro annoso;
 Nati solo a lottar con Borea, ed Ostro,
 Ed a sprezzar con la superba testa
 Il gelo, e la tempesta.

Ma non mai si vedrà gentil virgulto,
 Perchè piantato in seno
 Di fertile terreno,
 Gravar di frutti i rami, e farsi adulto,
 Sè negghitoso il Villanel nol cura;
 E dal rigor de gl'Iperborei venti
 Nol guarda, e da gli armenti.

Non son, no l'eloquenza, e l'arti belle
 Ispida quercia, o pino,
 Che da lo scoglio Alpino
 Ergan la fronte a minacciar le stelle:

STANZAS.

Q. ROSSI.

WE see, I grant, on wooded Appenine,
 Without a planter's care and toil,
 Verdant with leaf, even on that soil,
 The holm of many years and hardy pine ;
 Born to contend with Boreas and the South,
 And with erect and fearless front, despise
 The tempest and the wintry skies.

But never will the tender shoot endure,
 Though planted well, and from its birth
 In bosom of the fertile earth,
 Or bend with load of fruit, and grow mature,
 If by the careless husbandman forgot ;
 To the cold North exposed, or in the way
 Where flocks and browsing cattle stray.

No ; arts refined spring not from sterile bed,
 Like cedar and the knotted oak,
 Which firm in Alpine rock
 Lift to the starry vault their threatening head ;

Ma germe tenerel di molle pianta,
 Che seminò natura in uman petto,
 Quasi in giardino eletto.

Studio dunque adoprare, ingegno, ed arte
 Perch'il bel germe cresca ;
 Nè di vegghiar v'incresca
 Le lunghe notti su l'antiche carte ;
 Se al par degli Avi illustri, e al mondo radi
 Voi pur bramate un giorno in casa, e fuore,
 Coglier frutti d' onore.

Ma che turbar de gli Avi l'onorata
 Polve, e l'eterno Sonno ?
 Se stimolo esser ponno
 A la grand'opra in vostra patria usata
 Tali, che fanno ne l'età presente
 Tonar la Curia, e ribombare il Foro
 De l'alta voce loro ;

Voce, sì di pietate, e di virtute,
 Terror de gli empìi, e luce
 Che gl'innocenti adduce
 Al dolce porto de la lor salute ;
 Voce di provvidenza, e di consiglio ;
 Voce che far porrà Roma, ed Atene
 D'invidia molta ir piene :

But kindly seeds, germs of a fragile plant,
 By nature in the human bosom sown,
 As a choice garden of her own.

Neglect not then, with zeal and studious bent
 Those precious germs to nurse with care ;
 Nor grudge long hours of night to wear,
 While poring on some ancient page intent ;
 If like the glorious few, our Sires renowned,
 Your hope is here, or when these walls you leave,
 The fruits of honour to receive.

But why disturb your ancestors, whose dust
 Revered now sleeps in silent grave ?
 What spur more noble can you have
 To train you for your country's dearest trust
 Than their example offered daily still,
 Whose lofty voice is yet like thunder found
 In Court and Forum to resound !

The voice of Virtue and of sacred Truth ;
 A terror to the bad, a light
 To lead the innocent aright,
 And to the safest port direct their youth ;
 The voice of Providence and Wisdom both ;
 A voice which would, if Rome or Athens heard,
 Be far above their own preferred.

Voce, che a voi favella, ed alto suona,
E la via onde si sale
A fama alta immortale
V'addita, ed a calcarla anco vi sprona :
Il prisco onor del Foro, e del Senato,
Quando sien questi di lor corso a riva,
In voi risurga, e viva.

Deh ! non sia mai, che de l'eccelsa laude,
Per cui veggiam sudare
Tante grand'alme e chiare,
L'ozio, la gola, e il sonno vi defraude ;
Che rei sareste appo i Nepoti vostri,
D'aver perduta, neghittosi e pravi,
L' eredità de gli Avi.

Canzon, de l'Adria i generosi figli
Scuoti con la tua voce, e in essi desta
La bella voglia onesta !

This voice now speaks, and loudly speaks, to you,
 A friend and counsellor, to proclaim
 The road to everlasting fame,
 And guide your steps, and urge you to pursue :
 So may your country's Senate and her Bar,
 Whose lessening glory seemed of late to wane,
 Revive and flourish yet again.

O never may that honour, once our boast,
 To which by labour and with pain
 None but excelling minds attain,
 In ease and sensual luxury be lost :
 What wrong and what injustice to your sons
 If by your sloth of that estate deprived,
 Which from your fathers was derived !

Go now, my Song ! and in the generous breast
 Of Adria's youth awaken, by your lays,
 The love of virtue and her ways !

SOLITUDINE.

PAOLO ROLLI.

He lived in the early part of the 18th Century.

SOLITARIO bosco ombroso,
 A te viene afflitto cor,
 Per trovar qualche riposo
 Nel silenzio e nell'orror.

Ogni oggetto ch'altrui piace
 Per me lieto più non è:
 Ho perduto la mia pace,
 Sono io stesso in odio a me.

La mia Fille, il mio bel foco
 Dite, o piante, è forse quì ?
 Ahi la cerco in ogni loco ;
 E pur so ch'ella partì.

Quante volte, o fronde amate,
 La vostr'ombra ne coprì !
 Corso d'ore sì beate
 Quanto rapido fuggì !

SOLITUDE.

P. ROLLI.

O LONELY wood, O shadowing boughs,
To you with heart oppressed I come,
If haply I may find repose
Awhile in silence and the gloom.

Those scenes which others prize the most
I leave them all without regret ;
My comfort and my peace are lost,
Myself I loathe, and would forget :

Tell me, ye glades, is Phillis here ?
Say, do you hide my lovely star ?
Alas ! I seek her everywhere,
Yet know that she is distant far.

How oft beneath these arching bowers
We sheltered from the heat of noon !
Ah ! who may count on happy hours !
They seldom come, they vanish soon.

Dite almeno, amiche fronde,
Se il mio ben più rivedrò :
Ahi che l'eco mi risponde
E mi par che dica no.

Sento un dolce mormorio
Un sospir forse sarà ;
Un sospir dell'idol mio,
Che mi dice, tornerà.

Ahi, ch'è il suon del rio che frange
Tra quei sassi il fresco umor,
E non mormora, ma piange
Per pietà del mio dolor.

Ma se torna fia poi tardo
Il ritorno e la pietà ;
Chè pietoso in van lo sguardo
Sul mio cener piangerà.

But tell me, shall we meet again?
Ye thickets, tell me, if ye know;
Alas! your echo mocks my pain,
For still it seems to answer, No.

Or is it that your murmuring grove
Brings me a sigh from distant bourn?
The sigh perhaps of her I love,
That whispers, Yes, I will return.

Ah no, it is the brook I hear,
Which ripples in its lowly bed;
It brings no message but the tear
Of Nature in my sorrow shed.

And if she should return at last,
Too late for both the hour will come;
For then she must return to waste
Her pity on a silent tomb!

SONETTO.

GIUSEPPE PAGNINI.

Dio parla, e'l suon di sue possenti note,
Confusi in un, terra, foco, aere, ed onda
Scevro; le varie indi sprigiona ignote
Forme, e agli abissi il vuoto sen feconda;
I cieli stende, e tra le immense rote,
A'mobili Astri il cammin segna, e fonda
L'orbe su basi eternamente immote,
E di virtù secreta il tutto inonda.
Tal se grazia in un cor di mostri indegno
Covil, penetra, degli affetti il fero
Stuol doma, e v'apre alla giustizia il regno;
Invisibile arcano magistero,
Che l'armonico vince alto disegno
Ond' ebbe ordine e moto un mondo intero.

SONNET.

G. PAGNINI.

God speaks, and, at the word of potent sound,
Fire, water, earth, and air apart are fled,
Each to his place ; the Forms in prison bound
Are free ; the Depths are quickened in their bed ;
Heaven is outstretched ; within their destined round,
O'er the wide vault, the wheeling orbs are spread,
Fixed on their base immutable, profound ;
And through the whole a secret influence shed.
Thus, too, shall Grace, if in a heart it shine,
That den of warring passions, put to flight
The monstrous train, and plant the life divine :
Unseen, inscrutable, resistless might !
Surpassing that harmonious vast design
Which called a world from chaos into light.

SONETTO.

AGOSTINO GOBBI.

Of Pesaro. Author of a well-known *Scelta di Canzoni e Sonetti*.

VEDER di sdegni acceso il fiero Marte,
 E crudel ferro trar dalle fucine
 Del dio di Lenno, e minacciar rovine
 E stragi, e morte, in questa e in quella parte ;
 Veder dagli odi atroci a terra sparte
 Le più superbi moli al ciel vicine,
 E coperte dall' erbe e dalle spine
 Tutte l' altr' opre di natura e d'arte ;
 Veder distrutto il Mondo, e i figli estinti
 Pianger l'afflitte madri, e per la terra
 I più famosi eroi depressi e vinti ;
 Veder, ah! vista che i più forti atterra,
 Correr i fiumi d'uman sangue tinti:
 E puossi odiar la Pace, amar la Guerra ?

Sparte ; for sparse,—to suit the terminating concord.
Puossi ; si può.

SONNET.

A. GOBBI.

ARMED from the Lesbian forge with faulchion dread,
And fired by rage, see Mars on havoc bound,
Ruthless and fierce ; see desolation round,
And death and ruin in his footsteps tread ;
The lofty tower which reared its sacred head
Now levelled low ; the works of art renowned
Crumbling in dust, and scarce their ruins found,
A desolate heap with weeds and briers o'erspread ;
All nature marred ; behold the bitter flood
Of matron tears ; how to the timeless grave
Hurried at once the noble and the good ;
Behold, that sight, which even appals the brave,
Those rivers flowing red with human blood :
And say, is War your choice, or Peace to have ?

SONETTO.

ANTONIO TOMMASI.

Of Lucca. Cherico Regolare. He lived in the 18th Century.

Dov' è, Signor, la tua grandezza antica,
 E l'ammanto di luce, e l'aureo trono ?
 Dove il fulmin tremendo, il lampo, il tuono,
 E l'atra nube che al tuo piè s'implica ?
 Parmi che turba rea m'insulti, e dica ;
 Questi è il tuo Nume ? e quel vagito è il suono
 Scotitor della terra ? e quelle sono
 Le man ch'arser Gomorra empia impudica ?
 Esci, gran Dio, dall'umil cuna, e in tempio
 Cangiato il vil presepio, al primo onore
 Torna del soglio, e sì favella all'empio :
 Vedrai, vedrai del giusto mio furore
 La forza immensa a tuo gran danno e scempio,
 Tu che non sai quanto in me possa amore.

SONNET.

A. TOMMASI.

WHERE, Lord, is now the glory of thy name,
Thy robe of light, thy majesty extolled,
The pealing thunder where, and forked flame,
And the dark cloud beneath thy feet which rolled ?
Is this your God, the impious crew exclaim,
Is it this feeble cry that we are told
Can shake the sphere ? this puny arm the same
That fired Gomorrah's shameless towers of old ?
Leave, mighty God, the cratch ; that stable mean
Change for the temple ; take thy power again,
And, throned on high, pronounce the sinner's doom :
Behold my day of wrath and justice keen,
To thy eternal cost, O thou to whom
The love which brought me down has called in vain.

SONETTO.

ROMANO MERIGHI.

He lived in the 18th Century.

RUSCELLETTO figliuol d'aspose vene,
 Che colle chiare tue sì lubrich' onde
 Vai saltellando fra l'erbose sponde,
 E con tue labbra d'or baci l'arene;
 Tu inaffiate già pria le piagge amene,
 E col tuo fresco umor rese feconde,
 Grato riporti poi l'acque gioconde
 A quel Mar, ch' a te diè sì larghe piene.
 Ma vezzoso così nè mai scordato
 Co l'onde tue sempre girando, o Rio,
 O qual vivo rossor porti al mio stato!
 Tu dal Mare, dall Ciel la vita ebb' io;
 Sconoscente sempr' io; tu sempre grato:
 Tu al Mar ritorni; io non ritorno a Dio.

SONNET.

R. MERIGHI.

O LUCID stream, whose fresh and sparkling tide
Is nursed unseen, from secret sources fed ;
Whose sportive waters to the vale are led,
Kissing the golden sands o'er which they glide :
You pour your cooling waves upon the dried
And thirsty ground ; and you enrich the mead ;
Then gladly hasten to that ocean bed
Whose bounty first your copious urn supplied :
Oh how your course may fill my cheek with shame !
For you rejoicing go ; I oft repine :
Heaven is my home, as yours is in the deep ;
But you remember ; I forgetful am ;
You to your destined place unwearied keep
Your onward way ; I seldom think of mine.

SONETTO.

CLEMENTE BONDI.

Born in the Parmese Territory, in 1742. Died at Vienna, in 1821.

QUESTA che il cielo alla tua guardia affida
 Sposa, già del tuo cor scelta matura,
 Tu amar non sol ma rispettar procura,
 Veglia alla sua virtù, non ne diffida.
 Ella conforto in te, sostegno, e guida
 All' inesperto piè trovi sicura,
 E d'ogni dolce e d'ogni acerba cura
 Teco ella il peso ed il piacer divida.
 Oltre ragion non secondar sue voglie
 Non le sforzar; dell' uom compagna sia
 Non tiranna, e non vittima la moglie.
 Così quel freno marital, che tanti
 Mordon con rabbia dispettosa e ria,
 Voi bacierete ognor sposi ed amanti.

SONNET.

C. BONDI.

SHE whom you loved and chose, is now your bride,
The gift of heaven, and to your trust consigned ;
Honour her still, though not with passion blind ;
And in her virtue, though you watch, confide.
Be to her youth a comfort, guardian, guide,
In whose experience she may safety find ;
And whether sweet or bitter be assigned,
The joy with her, as well as pain, divide.
Yield not too much if reason disapprove ;
Nor too much force ; the partner of your life
Should neither victim be, nor tyrant prove.
Thus shall that rein, which often mars the bliss
Of wedlock, scarce be felt ; and thus your wife
Ne'er in the husband shall the lover miss.

ODE.

PIETRO METASTASIO.

Born in 1698. Died in 1782.

SOPRA IL SANTISSIMO NATALE.

GIA porta il sol dall' oceano fuore
 Il suo splendore, e va spargendo intorno
 Novello giorno di letizia ornato
 Più dell' usato.

Scuotono i pini dall' antica chioma
 L'orrida soma, che li tiene oppressi,
 E i monti anch' essi l'agghiacciate fronti
 Sciolgono in fonti.

La valle, e'l prato in quelle parti e in queste
 L'erbe riveste, e di fiorita spoglia
 Lieta germoglia, che da sciolta neve
 Vita riceve.

E pure il verno or or del pigro gelo
 Il bianco velo avea per tutto steso,
 E d'ira acceso Borea ove correa,
 Nembi movea.

ODE.

METASTASIO.

ON THE HOLY NATIVITY.

THE sun has raised above the ocean bed
His glorious head ; and, shedding all around
More than his wonted light,
Brings back the cheerful day.

The shaggy pine, from bent and aged boughs
His wintry burthen throws ; the hoary hills
Relax in gentle rills
Their cold and rigid brows.

Valley and field rejoice ; the tender blade
Is smiling in its fresh attire ; the flowers,
No longer hid by snows,
Their velvet buds disclose.

Yet winter, even now, with chilling hand,
Had over all things spread his veil of white ;
And Boreas, keen and loud,
Impelled the sweeping cloud.

Ah ben conosco omai l'alta cagione,
 Che sì dispone gli elementi tutti :
 Non più di lutti e doglie il nostro petto
 Sarà ricetto.

Nato sei Tu, che non eterne leggi
 Il moto reggi alle celesti sfere,
 E alle nere tempeste il freno, e ai venti
 Stringi, ed allenti.

Nato sei Tu, dalla cui mente immensa
 Pende l'essenza, e'l corso delle cose,
 Che sono ombrose agli occhi de' mortali
 Deboli e frali.

Quello Tu sei, che agli elementi diede
 Natura e sede, e li compose in pace ;
 Talchè del sol la face, un tempo oscura,
 Sorgesse pura.

Tu alla terra, ed all'acqua il basso loco,
 E desti al fuoco più sublime sfera,
 E la sincera e pura aria dappresso
 Ponesti ad esso.

Quello sei Tu, che creò l'uom primiero,
 Che'l grand' impero disprezzando morse
 Il pomo, e corse in braccio al suo periglio
 Senza consiglio.

Ah, not unknown what lofty cause alone
 Stills all the elements ! No more shall strife,
 And pain without redress,
 The human heart possess.

For Thou art born, whose everlasting law
 Controls the stars of heaven ; at whose command
 The tempest stands in awe,
 And every wind is hushed ;

On whose unsearchable and boundless mind
 All essence hangs, and course of all event,
 Appearing often dark
 To mortals weak and blind.

Thy power it was which gave each element
 Its form and seat, in harmony to meet ;
 And brought the solar light
 From the abyss of night.

To earth and to the seas their lower bound
 Thou gavest, and to fire his lofty clime ;
 The pure unmingled air
 Diffusing all around.

It was Thy goodness which made man at first :
 Who, scorning Thy supreme behest, did eat
 The fruit, and, void of thought,
 His own destruction wrought.

Tu, per corregger l'uman germe immondo,
 Festi del mondo un elemento solo,
 Sì ch'alcun suolo non rimase asciutto
 Dall' ampio flutto.

Quando salì di Proteo il gregge fido
 Su'l caro nido degli eterei augelli,
 E i daini snelli, non trovando sponda,
 Nuotar su l'onda.

Or che d'alta pietà per noi si muove,
 In forme nuove ad emendar ci viene,
 Non con le pene, già dovute a noi
 Dai sdegni suoi :

Ma pigliando in se stesso i propri affanni,
 Per torci a'danni delle colpe gravi,
 E acciò si lavi un infinito male
 Con pena eguale.

Ei mirò noi, come sdruscito legno
 Fra l'aspro sdegno d'Aquilone e Noto,
 Che per l'ignoto pelago fremendo
 Fan suono orrendo.

E come, dopo un' orrida procella,
 Amica stella a' naviganti appare,
 Che quietà il mare, e col suo lume fido
 Gli adduce al lido ;

Thou, to correct the human race impure,
 Back to one element didst bring the world ;
 So that no dry ground stood
 Above the swelling flood.

There where the birds of heaven had built their nest,
 The shoal of fishes passed ; the kid and hind
 No more a footing find,
 But swim upon the vast.

Yet now, with infinite compassion moved,
 He seeks by other methods to reform.
 Not in the storm he comes,
 Which justice had approved ;

But taking all our griefs upon himself,
 And wrath almighty, due for our offence ;
 A boundless guilt to wash
 In boundless punishment.

He saw us placed, as when a vessel, rent
 By fighting winds from all the quarters blent,
 Is blown in paths unknown
 Upon the hideous waste.

As, when the mariner is tempest-beat,
 Some star, with influx sweet, should lay the roar,
 And by its friendly beam
 Conduct him to the shore ;

Tale il suo ajuto, e'l chiaro esempio sorge,
 Che l'alme scorge a godimento eterno,
 Che mai per verno, o per estivo ardore
 Languisce o muore.

Or gli alti colli abbasseran le cime
 E l'ime valli sorgeran fastose,
 E diverran le vie scabrose e strane
 Facili e piane.

E'l superbo, che vil se stesso rende,
 Perchè dipende dall' ossequio altrui,
 I fasti sui lasciando al Nume vero
 Volga il pensiero.

E allor gli fia quella virtù concessa,
 Che da se stessa trae sommo piacere,
 Non dall' altere pompe, e dagli onori
 Di gemme e d'ori.

Or che l'Autore della pace è nato,
 In ogni lato si diffonde lieta
 E tutte accheta le feroci genti
 Di sdegni ardenti.

Talchè il furor dell' Aquile Latine,
 Ch'aspre ruine ragunava intorno,
 E sempre adorno di novello acquisto
 Scorrer fu visto;

Thus shall His great example, and His light,
 Lead on the soul to her immortal rest,
 When by the winter's blight
 Or summer heats oppressed.

Now shall the mountain bow his haughty head,
 The valley be exalted to the sky,
 The crooked be made straight,
 And the rough places plain.

Now shall the proud man, who debased himself,
 Who broke with iron rod his fellow-men,
 His lofty ways forsake,
 And bend his thoughts to God.

Now shall that virtue to the earth be lent,
 Which her supreme content draws from within,
 Not from the lordly stem,
 And glittering diadem.

On every side, now that her king is born,
 Glad peace extends her sceptre mild, to calm
 The fierce and angry war
 Of human passions wild.

The fury of the Latin power, which fell
 On every land, and heaped his ruins round,
 Whose eagles never flew
 But winged with conquest new,

Traendo dietro de' Romani segni
Province e regni debellati e vinti,
E i Regi avvinti alli trionfi suoi
Da' lidi Eoi ;

L'armi depone ed in aratri duri
Cangia le scuri sanguinose e fiere,
E le guerriere spade, e i fasci ostili
In falci umili.

Bearing beneath the yoke of haughty Rome
Whole provinces, and empires overcome,
And from the farthest dawn
Kings at her chariot drawn,

Lays down his arms, and to the ploughshare turns
The warlike shield, no more blotted with gore,
And into pruning-hooks
The sword and glittering spear.

SONETTO.

METASTASIO.

ONDA che senza legge il corso affretta,
Benchè limpida nasca in erta balza,
S'intorbida per via, perdesi, o balza
In cupa valle a ristagnar negletta.
Ma se in chiuso canal geme ristretta,
Prende vigor mentre se stessa incalza ;
Alfin libera in fonte al ciel s'innalza,
E varia e vaga i riguardanti alletta.
Ah quell' onda son io, che mal sicura
Dal raggio ardente, o dall'acuto gelo
Lenta impaluda in questa valle oscura.
Tu, che saggio t'avvolgi in sacro velo,
Quell' onda sei, che cristallina, e pura,
Scorre le vie per cui si poggia al cielo.

SONNET.

METASTASIO.

THE stream, whose waters undirected glide,
 Though limpid from the rocky steep it rose,
 Soon mixes with the soil, or shooting flows
 Down the dark vale forgotten to subside.
 But if a channel strict compress the tide,
 New life it gains, and unremitting goes ;
 At last, released, in sparkling fountain shows
 Its lucid wave with radiant colours dyed.
 That stream, alas ! am I, which, ill secure,
 By scorching heat or bitter frost assailed,
 Here slowly stagnates in the vale obscure.
 Thou, by the sacred vesture wisely veiled,
 The water art, which, crystalline and pure,
 Runs in the road whereby the heaven is scaled.

Addressed to an ecclesiastical friend, on taking the *abito monacale*.

SONETTO.

METASTASIO.

NUDO al volgo profan mai non s'espone
Da saggi il vero : e se talor fu scritto,
In favole la Grecia, e lo nascose
In caratteri arcani il sacro Egitto.
Non la celebre nave Argo compose,
Non tentarono i Mini il gran tragitto :
Finto il Vello di Frisso, e finte cose
Son l'accorta Medea, Giasone invitto.
La Prudenza colei, questi il Valore,
L'Invidia il Drago, e le dorate spoglie
L'acquisto son di meritato Onore.
Tu le ottenesti, e nelle Auguste soglie,
E da Cesarea man. Quanto splendore,
Signor, quante tue lodi il dono accoglie !

SONNET.

METASTASIO.

WISDOM has not exposed, without a veil,
 Her truths to all : what elder time supplies
 Greece in her fable, Egypt in the pale
 Of sacred emblem, hid from vulgar eyes.
 Ne'er did that famous boat the Argo sail,
 Nor bold Thessalians tempt the great emprise ;
 Feign'd is the Phrygian Fleece, feign'd thing the tale
 Of Jason dauntless and Medea wise.
 Knowledge by her, by him is Valour shown,
 The Dragon—Envy, and that golden spoil
 Means the reward of honourable deed.
 Thou hast received it from th' imperial throne
 And Cæsar's hand. How glorious does thy toil
 Appear ! what praise is carried in the meed !

To the Signor Principe Trivulci, on receiving the Order of the Golden Fleece.

SONETTO.

METASTASIO.

QUESTO Fiume real, che le bell'onde
Da illustre derivò limpida vena,
Non scorre aperti campi, o valle amena,
Ma fra concavi sassi il corso asconde.
Così non teme il sol, se i rai diffonde,
E fa dell' ampia Libia arder l'arena;
Nè l'intorbida mai turgida piena
Di sciolto giel che le campagne inonde.
E pago d'esser sì tranquillo, e puro,
Ogni aprico sentier posto in obbligo,
Va sol noto a se stesso, agli altri oscuro;
Spiegando col sommesso mormorio
Che ad unirsi egli va lieto, e sicuro,
All immenso oceano, onde partio.

SONNET.

METASTASIO.

THIS regal flood, which from illustrious height
 Drew its fair stream by limpid fountain fed,
 Not in sweet vales, or through the champaign led,
 But lost in rocky way, pursues its flight.
 Hence neither suns molest it, if the bright
 And sultry beam on Lybian waste be shed,
 Nor torrent snows which leave their wintry bed,
 Drowning the plain, its lucid course affright.
 Contented to be tranquil now, and pure,
 Each flowery path forgot, its current flows,
 Known to itself, to all besides obscure ;
 While onward with collected tide it goes,
 And murmur deep, exulting and secure,
 To meet that boundless ocean whence it rose.

On occasion of the Signora Contessa Fiume taking the *abito claustrale*.

SONETTO.

METASTASIO.

LEGGIADRA Rosa, le cui pure foglie
 L'alba educò con le soavi brine,
 E a cui le molli aurette mattutine
 Fero a vermiglio colorar le spoglie ;
 Quella provida man che al suol ti toglie
 Vuol trasportarti ad immortal confine,
 Ove, spogliata delle ingiuste spine,
 Sol la parte miglior di te germoglie.
 Così fior diverrai che non soggiace
 All' acqua, al cielo, al vento, ed allo scherno
 D'una stagion volubile e fugace :
 E, a più fido Cultor posta in governo,
 Unir potrai nella tranquilla pace
 Ad eterna bellezza odore eterno.

SONNET.

METASTASIO.

O FAIR unsullied Rose, whose leaf was fed
With sweetest dews, and drank the morning ray ;
Whose graceful bud now bending on the spray,
Fanned by Aurora's breath, puts on the red ;
That careful hand which plucks thee from thy bed
Removes thee only to a brighter day,
Where stripped of thorn, and never to decay,
Thy choicer beauties may unmingled spread.
Thus art thou planted a perennial flower,
Far from this fickle region full of gloom,
Which winds disturb, and frost and sweeping shower.
A faithful Guardian tends thee now, by whom
Secured thou shalt combine, in peaceful bower,
Immortal fragrance with immortal bloom.

SONETTO.

METASTASIO.

CHE sperì, instabil dea, di sassi e spine
Ingombrando a' miei passi ogni sentiero ?
Ch'io tremi forse a un guardo tuo severo ?
Ch'io sudi forse a imprigionarti il crine ?
Serba queste minacce alle meschine
Alme soggette al tuo fallace impero ;
Ch'io saprei, se cadesse il mondo intero,
Intrepido aspettar le sue rovine.
Non son nuove per me queste contese ;
Pugnammo (il sai) gran tempo, e più valente
Con agitarmi il tuo furor mi rese.
Che dalla ruota e dal martel cadente
Mentre soffre l'acciar colpi ed offese,
E più fino diventa, e più lucente.

SONNET.

METASTASIO.

WHY dost thou seek, O fickle fortune, why,
 Still with thy rudest thorns to plant my way?
 I have no garlands at thy feet to lay,
 No heart to tremblè at thy tyranny.
 Then spare these haughty frowns for such as lie
 Abject, and yield to thy imperious sway:
 Mine is the hope, when earth shall pass away,
 Unaltered to expect the ruin nigh.
 Long since, thou knowest well, we two are foes,
 And oft have met; and, every time, I feel
 Beneath thy vengeance that my spirit grows.
 The falling hammer and the furious wheel
 Thus heighten, where they strike their keenest blows,
 The temper and the polish of the steel.

On occasion of a calumnious report against his character.

SONETTO.

METASTASIO.

DA folto bosco al chiaro dì nemico
Spesso industre cultore elegge e toglie
Pianta, che trasportata in colle aprico
Vuol che feconda in sua stagion germoglie.
Questa ad altra s'innesta, e nuove spoglie
Veste, mercè del ministerio amico :
Onde ammira in se stesso il tronco antico
I nuovi frutti, e le straniere foglie.
Comprendi, eccelsa Donna, i detti miei ?
Il cultore è colui che ne governa,
La selva è il mondo, e l'arboscel tu sei.
Fortunato Arboscel cui non alterna
L'anno ineguale i dì felici, e rei,
Cui ride il ciel con primavera eterna !

SONNET.

METASTASIO.

FROM the dark covert of the wilderness
 The skilful planter often will convey
 A chosen shoot, to place it in the day
 Where suns may ripen, and the seasons bless.
 Here it is grafted, and takes another dress,
 Which well the friendly culture shall repay,
 And hence the stock its fairer self survey,
 And the late fruit and foreign leaf confess.
 High dame, is this, my saying, understood?
 That wise and skilful planter is the king,
 Thou art the scion, and the world the wood.
 Blest Shoot, to whom the seasons do not bring
 Alternate change of evil days and good,
 Whom the sky smiles on with perpetual spring.

SONETTO.

METASTASIO.

SOGNI, e favole io fingo ; e pure in carte
 Mentre favole e sogni orno, e disegno,
 In lor, folle ch'io son ! prendo tal parte
 Che del mal ch'inventai piango, e mi sdegno.
 Ma forse allor, che non m'inganna l'arte,
 Più saggio io sono ? è l'agitato ingegno
 Forse allor più tranquillo ? o forse parte
 Da più salda cagion l'amor, lo sdegno ?
 Ah che non sol quelle ch'io canto, e scrivo
 Favole son ; ma quanto temo, o spero,
 Tutto è menzogna : e delirando io vivo.
 Sogno della mia vita è il corso intero.
 Deh tu, Signor, quando a destarmi arrivo,
 Fa ch'io trovi riposo in sen del vero.

SONNET.

METASTASIO.

FABLES and dreams I feign, and feigning strive
 How best the dreams and fables to adorn ;
 Till, touched by sorrows which myself contrive,
 Fool that I am, I pity or I scorn.
 But, when the hours of sober thought arrive,
 Do I then wiser grow ? no longer torn
 With passion then, or then at least alive
 With juster cause to pity and to scorn ?
 Ah, not alone the story and the scene
 An empty vision prove : my hopes and fears
 Are false alike, and madness all the past.
 One dream the current of my life has been.
 Grant me, O Lord, when that last morn appears,
 To rest on bosom of the truth at last.

SONETTO.

METASTASIO.

PERCHÈ bramar la vita? e quale in lei
Piacer si trova? Ogni fortuna è pena,
È miseria ogni età. Tremiami fanciulli
D' un guardo al minacciar. Siam gioco adulti
Di fortuna e di amor. Gemiam canuti
Sotto il peso degli anni. Or ne tormenta
La brama d' ottenere; or ne traffigge
Di perdere il timore; eterna guerra
Hanno i rei con se stessi; i giusti l'hanno
Coll' invidia e la frode. Ombre, deliri,
Sogni, follie son nostre cure; e quando
Il vergognoso errore
A scoprir s'incomincia, allor muore.

SONNET.

METASTASIO.

VANITY OF HUMAN LIFE.

WHAT is in life to love? And does it yield
 One real pleasure? Every state is pain,
 And wretched every age. Our childhood quails
 Beneath a master's frown; in after life
 The sport of love and fortune; hoary age
 Groans with the weight of years. Desire of good
 Torments us now; and now the dread to lose
 Pierces the heart. The guilty, with themselves,
 Wage a perpetual war; the just, with fraud
 And envy. Man's pursuits are nought but toys,
 Madness and mockery, dreams and shadows all.
 And when, at last, with grief and shame, his eyes
 Are opening to his sad mistake, he dies.

ARIE.

METASTASIO.

SEMPLICE Fanciulletto,
 Se al tenero augelletto
 Rallenta il laccio un poco,
 Il fa volar per gioco,
 Ma non gli scioglie il piè.
 Quel Fanciullin tu sei,
 Quell' Augellin son io ;
 Il laccio è l'amor mio
 Che mi congiunge a te.

DALL' ENDIMIONE.

FRA l'ombre un lampo solo
 Basta al nocchier sagace
 Che già ritrova il polo,
 Già riconosce il mar.
 Al pellegrin ben spesso
 Basta un vestigio impresso,
 Perchè la via fallace
 Non l'abbia ad ingannar.

ACHILLE IN SCIRO.

SELECT AIRS.

METASTASIO.

THE simple boy who tends his herd,
 Sometimes the prisoned fluttering bird
 Seems to let go, and slacks the string ;
 In sport alone he gave it wing,
 Its foot was never free.

That playful shepherd youth thou art,
 That fluttering bird behold in me ;
 The string which ties me is my heart,
 It brings me ever back to thee.

A GLIMMERING light will oft suffice
 The practised sailor on the deep,
 By which to find the polar skies,
 And fix his course again.

Suffices for the pilgrim's guide
 A footstep in the desert wide,
 By which his doubtful way to keep
 Across the wildering plain.

The wise are instructed by what appears trivial to others.

NASCE in un giorno solo,
 E in un sol giorno muore
 Quel languidetto fiore,
 Sì pronto a comparir.

Stan del natio terreno
 Chiuse gran tempo in seno,
 Tarde le palme a nascere,
 Difficili a morir.

IL TEMPIO DELL' ETERNITA.

DI ricche gemme e rare
 L'Indico mare abbonda;
 Nè più tranquilla à l'onda,
 Nè il cielo à più seren.

Se v'è del flutto infido
 Lido che men paventi,
 È qualche ignoto a venti
 Povero angusto sen.

ZENOBIÀ.

DISCOVERED in a day and grown

We see the floweret spring ;

But ere a day has flown

We see that floweret withering.

Maturing in his native bed,

Long time the cedar lay ;

Slowly he lifts his head,

And slowly will again decay.

A course of time is required to develop great events.

THOUGH many a gem of brightest dye

In caves of Indian ocean be,

They do not boast a calmer sky,

Or more unruffled sea.

Is there a shore which Neptune finds

Less subject to his boisterous sway,—

It is, forgotten by the winds,

Some poor and narrow bay.

The lowest condition is often envied by the great and powerful.

Più bella, al tempo usato,
 Fan germogliar la vite
 Le provide ferite
 D'esperto agricoltor.
 Non stilla in altra guisa
 Il balsamo odorato,
 Che da una pianta incisa
 Dall' Arabo pastor.

ADRIANO.

 SPERANZA.

PERCHÈ gli son compagna,
 L'estivo raggio ardente
 L'Agricoltor non sente ;
 Suda ma non si lagna
 Dell' opra e del sudor.
 Con me nel carcer nero
 Ragiona il prigioniero ;
 Si scorda affanni e pene,
 E al suon di sue catene
 Cantando va talor.

LA FESTIVITA DELL S. S. NATALE.

FAIRER in spring the vine becomes,
 If culture's hand bestows
 Its sharp but needful blows,
 And richer fruits at last we gain.

Less pure had been the gums
 Which by the odorous plant are shed,
 If to the knife it had not bled
 Of the Arabian swain.

Suffering is the path to joy.

To field the willing swain repairs
 Beneath the summer's scorching ray,
 For hope is partner of his way ;
 Nor, as with melting brow he fares,
 Of heat or toil complains.

With hope the prisoner cheers his gloom,
 Conversing in the dungeon room ;
 And has, in spite of all his wrong,
 At times forgotten, in a song,
 The clanking of his chains.

QUEL languidetto giglio
 Che'l vomere calcò,
 Dal suolo alzar non può
 L'opprese foglie.

Ma, se lo bagna il cielo
 Col mattutino umor,
 Solleva il curvo stelo,
 E del natio candor
 Tinge le spoglie.

DELLA GALATEA.

DESTRIER, che all' armi usato
 Fuggì dal chiuso albergo,
 Scorre la selva, il prato,
 Agita il crin su'l tergo,
 E fa co' suoi nitriti
 Le valli risuonar.

Ed ogni suon che ascolta,
 Crede che sia la voce
 Del cavalier feroce
 Che l'anima a pagnar.

L'ALLESANDRO NELL' INDIE.

DOWN trodden by the plough,
 Appears the drooping lily dead ;
 Her leaves upon the earth outspread,
 And flown their lovely hue.
 But with the morning light,
 If steeped again in heavenly dew,
 We see her lift the languid head,
 And, dressed once more in native white,
 Her beauties all renew.

THE steed who has been used to war,
 If from the stall he breaks his way,
 Flies through the field, the wood, the plain,
 And tosses his dishevelled mane,
 And, to the thundering of his neigh,
 The valley rings afar ;
 And every shout and distant noise
 Which meets him on the breezy height,
 He thinks it is the warrior's voice
 That calls him to the burning fight.

Oh come spesso il mondo
 Nel giudicar delira,
 Perchè gli effetti ammira
 Ma la cagion non sa !
 E chiama poi Fortuna
 Quella cagion che ignora,
 E'l suo difetto adora
 Cangiato in deità.

IL TEMPIO DELL' ETERNITÀ.

QUANDO il mar biancheggia e freme,
 Quando il ciel lampeggia e tuona,
 Il nocchier che s'abbandona
 Va sicuro a naufragar.
 Tutte l'onde son funeste
 A chi manca ardire e speme ;
 E si vincon le tempeste
 Col saperle tollerar.

L'EROE CINESE.

O FULL of error manifold
 The judgment is of humankind ;
 They wonder still at what they find,
 But know not whence it came.
 Then whatsoe'er they cannot reach
 They call it Fortune, Fate, or Chance ;
 And worship thus their ignorance
 Beneath some hallowed name.

WHEN seas are white, and tempests rave,
 And lightning flashes through the skies,
 The pilot from the helm who flies
 Surrenders to the wave.

Fatal alike all surges are
 To such as will not hope or dare ;
 But angriest billows oft will spare
 The patient and the brave.

In the path of duty there is no reason for despair.

DATTI pace, e più serena
 A ubbidir l'alma prepara ;
 Questa cura a Dio più cara
 D'ogni vittima sarà.

Chi una vittima gli svena
 L'altrui sangue offre al suo trono ;
 Chi ubbidisce a lui fa dono
 Della propria volontà.

ISACCO.

DOVUNQUE il guàrdo giro,
 Immenso Dio, ti vedo :
 Nell' opre tue t'ammiro,
 Ti riconosco in me.

La terra, il mar, le sfere,
 Parlan del tuo potere :
 Tu sei per tutto, e noi
 Tutti viviamo in te.

LA PASSIONE

COMPOSE thy mind, and, void of fear,
 To meet the will of God arise ;
 To Him such offering will be dear
 Above all other sacrifice.

In costliest victim that we slay,
 We give another's blood alone ;
 But our own hearts before his throne
 Are offered up when we obey.

Obedience is better than sacrifice.

WHEREVER I can turn my eye,
 The all-pervading God is nigh ;
 I see thee, Lord, in nature's plan,
 I meet thee in the heart of man.
 The sky, the ocean, and the land,
 Speak of the wonders of thy hand ;
 In all thy works thou art, and we
 Our life and being have in thee.

God is everywhere present. In him we live and move and have our being.

SE a ciascun l'interno affanno
 Si leggesse in fronte scritto,
 Quanti mai che invidia fanno
 Ci farebbero pietà!
 Si vedria, che i lor nemici
 Hanno in seno; e si riduce
 Nel parere a noi felici
 Ogni lor felicità.

GIUSEPPE RICONOSCIUTO.

Non m'abbaglia quel lampo fugace;
 Non m'alletta quel riso fallace;
 Non mi fido, non temo di te.
 So che spesso tra i fiori e le fronde
 Pur la serpe s'asconde, s'aggira;
 So che in aria tal volta s'ammira
 Una stella, che stella non é.

IL TEMISTOCLE.

If all was written on the brow,
 Which inwardly gives pain,
 How many who are envied now
 Compassion would obtain !
 For oft, concealed within the breast,
 They lodge their deadliest foe ;
 And being thought by others blest
 Is all the bliss they know.

Our inward griefs are not known to our fellow-creatures. Man judges by the outward appearance.

No more these wandering lights beguile,
 There is no magic in thy smile ;
 I do not fear thee, but I shun.
 I know that under flowery brake
 The coiling snake will often lie ;
 I know that sometimes in the sky
 A star will seem that star is none.

Fortune is not to be trusted, whether she smiles or frowns.

BIANCHEGGIA in mar lo scoglio ;

Par che vacilli, e pare

Che lo sommerga il mare

Fatto maggior di sè.

Ma dura a tanto orgoglio

Quel combattuto sasso ;

E'l mar tranquillo, e basso

Poi gli lambisce il piè.

IL SOGNO DI SCIPIONE.

SIA lontano ogni cimento,

L'onda sia tranquilla e pura,

Buon Guerrier non s'assicura,

Non si fida il buon Nocchier ;

Anche in pace, in calma ancora,

L'armi adatta, i remi appresta,

Di battaglia, o di tempesta,

Qualche assalto a sostener.

LA CLEMENZA DI TITO.

THE rock is whitened by the main,
 And labouring now appears to glide,
 Now sink beneath the whelming tide,
 So high the billows meet.

Yet does that battered rock remain
 Unmoved above the ocean loud ;
 Yet do those angry billows proud
 Descend to lick his feet.

Constancy is victorious over fortune.

ALTHOUGH no combatant is near,
 Though smooth the course and ocean clear,
 His guard the wary Foe will keep,
 The wary Pilot watch the deep ;
 While hushed the camp, while bright the sky,
 Will poise the lance, will trim the sail,
 Prepared, whatever chance be nigh,
 To meet the battle, or the gale.

A provident wisdom is prepared for every event.

VARCHAN col vento istesso
 Due navi il flutto infido :
 Una ritorna al lido,
 L'altra si perde in mar.
 Colpa non è del vento,
 Se varia i lor sentieri
 La varia de' Nocchieri
 Arte di navigar:

L'ASILO D'AMORE.

SACRI orrori, ombre felici
 Il mio cor v'intende assai :
 Questo è il suol per cui passai
 Tanti regni e tanto mar.
 Più sommessò il vento istesso,
 Mormorando tra le fronde,
 Qual tesoro in voi s'asconde
 Par che voglia palesar.

SANT' ELENA AL CALVARIO.

Two barks the self-same billows bore
 The self-same way before the breeze ;
 One safely touched her happy shore,
 The other foundered on the seas.

Then charge not to the wave or wind
 The differing fortune which prevailed :
 That difference in the care we find,
 And skill with which the pilot sailed.

Results depend not on events, but on principle and conduct.

ALL hail, ye sacred glooms, at last !
 I know ye by my heart to be
 That holy land for which I passed
 So many a realm, so wide a sea.
 In deeper sighs the winds arise !
 A murmur through the forest goes !
 The treasure in thy lap that lies
 As if it laboured to disclose.

Inward affection gives a colour and impression to place and circumstance.

ALLA prigionie antica

Quell' augellin ritorna,

Ancor che mano amica

Gli abbia disciolto il piè.

Per uso al semplicetto

La libertà dispiace,

Quanto n'avea diletto

Allor che la perdè.

L'ASILO D'AMORE.

AL furor d'avversa sorte

Più non palpita e non teme,

Chi s'avvezza allor che freme

Il suo volto a sostener.

Scuola son d'un' alma forte

L'ire sue le più funeste,

Come i nembi e le tempeste

Son la scuola del nocchier.

IL TEMISTOCLE.

BACK to its long-accustomed cage
 The bird is often seen to fly,
 Even if our pitying hand should try
 Its feet to disengage.

By use the little fool is taught
 To flutter for his wires again,
 As he had struggled to obtain
 His liberty, when caught.

Habit becomes nature. The mind long accustomed to servitude loses the desire to be made free.

THE shafts of Fortune pointless fly ;
 No terrors can her frown produce,
 If early is the heart in use
 Those threatenings to defy.
 Best school of courage to the mind
 She is when most with anger fraught ;
 As sailors in the school are taught
 Of surges and the rocking wind.

The mind may rise superior to all worldly adversity.

VEGGO ben io perchè,
 Padre del Ciel, non è
 Più frettoloso il fulmine
 Gl'ingrati a incenerir.
 Tardo a punir discendi,
 O perchè il reo si emendi
 O perchè il giusto acquisti
 Merito nel soffrir.

SANT' ELENA AL CALVARIO.

QUELL' amplesso, e quel perdono,
 Quello sguardo, e quel sospiro,
 Fa più giusto il mio martiro,
 Più colpevole mi fa.
 Qual mi fosti, e qual ti sono,
 Chiaro intende il core afflitto,
 Che misura il suo delitto
 Dall' istessa tua pietà.

ADRIANO.

Now, heavenly Father, I behold
 Why on the impious and the bold
 So many times Thou hast delayed
 Thy thunderbolts to fling.

Thus late Thy punishments are sent,
 Either that bad men may repent,
 Or that the righteous may be made
 Perfect through suffering.

God has wise purposes in delaying his vengeance.

In that forgiveness, that embrace,
 That sigh, that pity of thy face,
 More just my punishment is seen,
 My guilt the more confessed.

Now all thou wert to me,
 And all that I have been to thee,
 My wounded heart can fully prove,
 Which measures by thy pardoning love,
 How much it has transgressed.

The penitent's remorse is heightened by the pardon of his offence.

QUEL nocchier, che in gran procella
 Non s'affanna e non favella,
 È vicino a naufragar :
 È vicino all' ore estreme
 Quell' infermo che non geme,
 E à cagion di sospirar.

BETULIA LIBERATA.

SPREZZA il furor del vento
 Robusta quercia, avvezza
 Di cento verni e cento
 L'ingiurie a tollerar.
 E se pur cade al suolo,
 Spiega per l'onde il volo,
 E con quel vento istesso
 Va contrastando in mar.

ADRIANO.

THE pilot whom we careless find,
 While round him sweeps the angry wind,
 Not long shall brave the seas :
 Not long to him shall life remain,
 Who still refuses to complain,
 Though wasting in disease.

Insensibility to danger the worst omen for deliverance.

UNBENDING to the furious wind,
 How oft the hardy oak we find
 A hundred, and a hundred years,
 The shock of winter brave ;
 At last, when levelled from the steep,
 Its passage plough upon the deep,
 And, by that very wind impelled,
 Go stemming through the wave.

Virtuous constancy triumphs to the last.

È LA fede degli amanti
 Come l'Araba Fenice ;
 Che vi sia ciascun lo dice,
 Dove sia nessuno il sa.
 Se tu sai dov' à ricetto,
 Dove muore, e torna in vita,
 Me l'addita,
 E ti prometto
 Di serbar la fedeltà.

DEMETRIO.

PRIA di lasciar la sponda
 Il buon nocchiero imita ;
 Vedi se in calma è l'onda,
 Guarda se chiaro è il dì.
 Voce dal sen fuggita
 Poi richiamar non vale ;
 Non si trattien lo strale
 Quando dall' arco uscì.

IPERMESTRA.

A LOVER'S truth is likened well
 To that renowned Arabian bird ;
 That such there is we all have heard,
 But where, not one pretends to know.
 Say in what place the Phœnix lives,
 And from her ashes where revives ;
 When this you do, I promise, too,
 A steadfast love to show.

Inconstancy of human affection.

BEFORE you launch upon the deep,
 Watch like the careful seaman long ;
 Observing if the billows sleep,
 If soft the breezes blow.
 The word which once escapes the tongue
 No power we have to bring again ;
 No power the arrow to detain
 Once parted from the bow.

Think before you speak.

GIURA il nocchier che al mare

Non presterà più fede ;

Ma, se tranquillo il vede,

Corre di nuovo al mar.

Di non trattar più l'armi

Giura il guerrier talvolta ;

Ma se una tromba ascolta,

Già non si sa frenar.

CANTATA 8.

DEL terreno nel concavo seno

Vasto incendio, se bolle ristretto,

A dispetto del carcere indegno

Con più sdegno gran strada si farà.

Fugge allora ; ma intanto che fugge,

Crolla, abbatte, sovverte, distrugge

Piani, monti, foreste, e città.

ACHILLE.

ABJURING now the faithless deep,
 Sometimes the mariner we hear,
 Who, if a smiling face it wear,
 Flies to the sea again.

Resolved to join the field no more
 At times the warrior may be found,
 Who at the trumpet's stirring sound
 No longer can refrain.

The vanity of ill-considered vows.

THE fiery birth of hollow earth,
 If in her prison bound and closed,
 The more opposed its outward course,
 With greater force will burst the chain ;
 Then flows abroad ; but, as it flows,
 Subverts, beats down, and overthrows
 Mountain and city, wood and plain.

A daring spirit forces its way through all restraints.

QUERCIA annosa su l'erte pendici
 Fra 'l contrasto de' venti nemici
 Più sicura, più salda si fa.
 Che se'l verno le chiome le sfronda,
 Più nel suolo col piè si profonda;
 Forza acquista, se perde beltà.

IL SOGNO DI SCIPIONE.

INFELICE in van mi lagno,
 Qual dolente tortorella,
 Che cercando il suo compagno
 Lo ritrova prigionier.
 Sempre quella ov' ei soggiorna
 Vola, e parte, e fugge, e torna;
 Com'io vo fra le catene
 Il mio bene a riveder.

ADRIANO.

THE ancient oak which crowns the steep,
 Assailed by angry winds that sweep,
 Stands more secure, and firmer grows ;
 And while the winters bare its head
 Still deeper strikes into its bed,
 Acquiring strength as beauty goes.

Virtue becomes stronger in adversity.

I WEEP in vain my hapless state,
 And like the plaintive turtle mourn,
 Who, seeking long her faithful mate,
 Finds him a captive and forlorn.
 Still to his cage the moaning dove
 Turns, and returns, and flutters nigh,
 As to these prison-bars I fly
 Once more to see my love.

Non è la mia speranza
 Luce di ciel sereno ;
 Di torbido baleno
 È languido splendor.
 Splendor che in lontananza
 Nel comparir si cela
 Che il rischio, oh Dio, mi svela,
 Ma non lo fa minor.

ATTILIO REGOLO.

CIGLIO che al Sol si gira
 Non vede il Sol che mira,
 Confuso in quell' istesso
 Eccesso di splendor.
 Chi là del Nil cadente
 Vive alle sponde appresso
 Lo strepito non sente
 Del rovinoso umor.

IL SOGNO DI SCIPIONE.

ALAS, no stedfast hope is mine,
 No calm of a celestial day,
 But liker to that lurid ray
 When storms are on the wing.
 The lights which from a distance shine,
 Which only rise to disappear,
 May show how much I have to fear,
 But cannot safety bring.

THE eye which gazes on the sun
 Sees not the orb it looks upon,
 Stunned with that bright excess of light
 Which pours upon its ball.
 And he who lives on Nilus' shore,
 If close beside the cataract's tide,
 Hears not, bewildered with the roar,
 That thunder of his fall.

Our senses are overcome by the grandeur and extent of the divine works.

D'OGNI colpa la colpa maggiore
 È l'eccesso d'un empio timore,
 Oltraggioso all'eterna pietà.
 Chi dispera non ama, non crede;
 Chè la fede, l'amore, la speme
 Son tre faci che splendono insieme,
 Nè una à luce, se l'altra non l'à.

BETULIA LIBERATA.

ASPRI rimorsi atroci,
 Figli del fallo mio,
 Perchè sì tardi, ohr Dio,
 Mi lacerate il cor?
 Perchè funeste voci,
 Ch'or mi sgridate appresso,
 Perchè v'ascolto adesso,
 Nè v'ascoltai finor?

IL TEMISTOCLE.

THEY, of all others, err the most

Who, in their sinful terrors lost,

Dishonour grace divine.

He who despairs wants faith, wants love ;

For love, and faith, and hope, are three

Whose flames in blended light agree,

Nor one without the rest will shine.

Despair is impiety.

O SHARP remorse and fell,

The offspring of my sin,

Why thus, O why so late begin

Your venom to infuse ?

O why, ye boding cries

Which louder now and louder rise,

Why, if I hear you now so well,

So long did I refuse ?

The stings of conscience.

QUAL diverrà quel fiume
 Nel lungo suo cammino,
 Se al fonte ancor vicino
 È torbido così ?

Miseri figli miei,
 Ah che si vede espresso
 In quel che siete adesso,
 Quel che sarete un dì.

MORTE D'ABELE.

DALL' istante del fallo primiero
 S'alimenta nel nostro pensiero
 La cagion che infelici ne fa.
 Di se stessa tiranna la mente
 Agli affanni materia ritrova ;
 Or gelosa d'un ben ch' è presente,
 Or presaga d'un mal che non à.

MORTE D'ABELE.

WHAT must the stream become
 Hereafter in its lengthened course,
 Whose waters almost at the source
 Are found polluted so !

Alas, unhappy sons,
 From what the present time displays
 What you will prove in future days,
 Too plainly may we know.

First fruits of the Fall.

ERE since that first and fatal blow,
 The source of all the pain we know
 Within our bosom lies.
 The mind, that tyrant still at home,
 To every grief supplies its food ;
 Now fears to lose some present good,
 Now dreads some ill that may not come.

The same. Man is the author of his own misery.

SE Dio veder tu vuoi,
 Guardalo in ogni oggetto,
 Cercalo nel tuo petto,
 Lo troverai con te.
 E, se dov' Ei dimora
 Non intendesti ancora,
 Confondimi, se puoi,
 Dimmi dov'ei non è.

BETULIA LIBERATA.

L'APE e la serpe spesso
 Suggon l'istesso umore ;
 Ma l'alimento istesso
 Cangiando in lor si va :
 Chè della serpe in seno
 Il fior si fa veleno ;
 In sen dell'ape il fiore
 Dolce liquor si fa.

MORTE D'ABELE.

IF God you would behold,
 See Him in all his works around ;
 Search in your breast, for there,
 As everywhere, He may be found.
 And if these proofs of His abode
 You question still, or have forgot,
 Confute me by the shortest road,
 And say where He is not.

THE self-same flower we often see
 Sucked by the serpent and the bee ;
 But, though their food be thus the same,
 What change it undergoes !
 Matured within the serpent's breast
 The flower to poison turns ;
 But if the bee that flower expressed,
 A liquid sweet it grows.

Different effect of the same dispensations.

SAGGIO Guerriero antico

Mai non ferisce in fretta ;

Esamina il nemico ;

Il suo vantaggio aspetta ;

E gl'impeti dell' ira

Cauto frenando va.

Muove la destra, il piede,

Finge, s'avanza, e cede ;

Fin che 'l momento arriva

Che vincitor lo fa.

ADRIANO.

SE tutti i miei pensieri,

Se mi vedessi il core,

Forse così d'amore

Non parleresti a me.

Non ti sdegnar, se poco

Il tuo pregar mi muove,

Ch'io sto con l'alma altrove

Nel ragionar con te.

DEMETRIO.

THE veteran long in battle tried,
 Is not in haste to strike the blow ;
 Cautious he waits the favouring tide,
 Observes the ground, surveys the foe,
 And, ere he tries the final cast,
 With prudence will endure :
 He changes place upon the field,
 Advances, stops, and seems to yield,
 Till now the moment comes at last
 To make his conquest sure.

The proper time is to be waited for and watched in every important undertaking.

IF all that in my heart I bear,
 If all my thoughts you could behold,
 This tale, perhaps, you had not told,
 Or spoke of love to me.
 Be not indignant that your suit
 So little should affect my ear,
 Since I have had my soul elsewhere
 While talking here with thee.

IL TEMPO.

Tutto cangia ; e' l' dì che viene
Sempre incalza il dì che fugge.
Ma cangiando si mantiene
Il mio stabile tenor.
Tal ristretta in doppia sponda
Corre l'onda all'onda appresso ;
Ed è sempre il fiume istesso,
Non è mai l'istesso umor.

IL TEMPIO DELL' ETERNITÀ.

Su la pendice alpina
Dura la quercia antica,
E la stagion nemica
Per lei fatal non è.
Ma quando poi ruina
Di mille etadi a fronte,
Gran parte fa del monte
Precipitar con se.

DIDONE.

TIME.

ALL things are changed ; the coming day
 Still treads upon the day that goes ;
 But, by this constant change upheld
 My even course is run.

Thus in its banks the river flows,
 Wave by succeeding wave impelled :
 The waters never are the same,
 But still the stream is one.

The harmony of all things under the divine government.

ON Alpine brow, and rooted fast,
 Long time the aged oak will spread,
 And, in that high and dangerous bed,
 Secure its station keep.

But, when through age it yields at last,
 The ruin of a thousand years,
 Part of the mountain down it bears
 In thunder to the deep.

The destruction of an ambitious man involves many others in his ruin.

FOLLE chi fa sperar
 Che del ciel possa un dì
 Gli arcani penetrar
 La mente umana.
 Allor che nel futuro
 Più crede ella veder,
 Allora è che dal ver
 Più s'allontana.

ANGELICA.

NEL cammin di nostra vita,
 Senza i rai del ciel cortese
 Si smarrisce ogn' alma ardita ;
 Trema il cor, vacilla il piè.
 A compir le belle imprese
 L'arte giova, il senno à parte ;
 Ma vaneggia il senno e l'arte,
 Quando amico il ciel non è.

L'EROE CINESE.

O FOOLS, and arrogant of speech,
 Who vainly tell of things to come,
 As if our thoughts could ever reach
 The purpose of the sky !
 He who the future, dark and dim,
 Believes that he has clearest seen,
 May rest assured that truth from him
 Does then the farthest lie.

PASSING through life's uncertain vale,
 Unless the light of heaven we find,
 Dismay will seize the boldest mind ;
 The hands will droop, and heart will fail.
 Judgment and skill their aid may lend
 Some lofty object to attain ;
 But skill and judgment, both are vain,
 If God be not our friend.

No enterprise to be undertaken without imploring Divine aid.

CAUTO guerrier pugnando
 Già vincitor si vede ;
 Ma non depone il brando,
 Ma non si fida ancor.
 Chè le nemiche prede
 Se spensierato aduna,
 Cambia talor fortuna
 Col vinto il vincitor.

IL CIRO RICONOSCIUTO.

PRIGIONIER che fa ritorno
 Dagli orrori al dì sereno,
 Chiude i lumi a' rai del giorno ;
 E pur tanto il sospirò.
 Ma così fra poco arriva
 A soffrir la chiara luce,
 Che l'avviva, e lo conduce
 Lo splendor che l'abbagliò.

BETULIA LIBERATA.

THE practised soldier, though he finds
 The battle won, the field his own,
 Throws not as yet his weapon down,
 Nor gives his caution to the winds;
 Lest, eager to ransack the field,
 His ground of vantage he forego,
 Lest fortune to the conquered foe
 Should yet the conquest yield.

Premature confidence often the cause of ultimate failure.

THE captive from his dungeon brought,
 Who meets at once the glorious day,
 Even from that beam, which long he sought,
 Will turn his dazzled eyes away.
 But in a little time inured,
 He learns with ease to bear the sight,
 Cheered and conducted by that light
 Which first he scarce endured.

The spirits may be overpowered by sudden joy, or the mind by a blaze of light.

CORO.

FOLLE chi oppone i suoi
A' consigli di Dio. Ne' lacci stessi,
Che ordisce a danno altrui,
Alfin cade e s'intrica il più sagace.
E la virtù verace
Quasi palma sublime,
Sorge con più vigor quando s'opprime.

GIUSEPPE RICONOSCIUTO.

VEDERTI io bramerei
Nel giudicar men presta ;
Forse pietade è questa
Che chiami crudeltà.
Più cauta, oh Dio, ragiona ;
E sappi che talvolta
La crudeltà perdona,
Punisce la pietà.

GIUSEPPE RICONOSCIUTO.

CHORUS.

O FOOL! Shall man's device and art
The counsels of his Maker thwart?
Behold, into that very snare
The cunning man will fall, when least aware,
Which for another he had dressed.
But virtue without guile,
Erect and lofty like the palm,
Rises with greater vigour when oppressed.

The wicked shall fall into his own snare.

LESS quick to judge and to reprove
Would best thy narrow view beseem:
Perhaps what cruel now you deem,
Compassion will be found and love.
Pronounce with caution, and beware,
Till deeper knowledge you attain;
For mercy oft exacts the pain
Which cruelty would spare.

D'OGNI pianta palesa l'aspetto
 Il difetto che'l tronco nasconde
 Per le fronde, dal frutto, o dal fior.
 Tal d'un' alma l'affanno sepolto
 Si travede in un riso fallace;
 Chè la pace mal finge nel volto
 Chi si sente la guerra nel cor.

GIUSEPPE RICONOSCIUTO.

SEMPRE il Re dell' alte sfere
 Non favella in chiari accenti,
 Come allor che in mezzo a' venti
 E tra i folgori parlò.
 Cifre son del suo volere
 Quanto il mondo in se comprende;
 Parlan l'opre, e poi s'intende
 Ciò che in esse egli celò.

LA FESTIVITA DELL S. S. NATALE.

By fruit or flower will be revealed,
 Howe'er concealed by leafy bough,
 That canker on the plant which preys.
 Thus by a smile which would beguile,
 The heart's disease is oft expressed ;
 So hard it is to calm the brow,
 With tumult in the breast.

Not always does the King of heaven
 In accent loud his laws proclaim,
 As from the mount when those were given
 In tempest and devouring flame.
 The world, and all it comprehends,
 Are ciphers of his will and mind ;
 Instructed by his works we find,
 When read aright, his gracious ends.

The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy-work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.

PIÙ d'ogni altro in suo cammino
 È a smarrirsi esposto ognora
 Chi le colpe affatto ignora,
 Chi l'idea di lor non ha.
 Come può ritrarre il piede
 Inesperto pellegrino
 Dagl'inciampi che non vede,
 Da' perigli che non sa ?

IL PARNASO.

NON tremar, vassallo indegno,
 È già tardo il tuo timore ;
 Quando ordisti il reo disegno
 Era il tempo di tremar.

Ma giustissimo consiglio
 È del ciel, che un traditore
 Mai non vegga il suo periglio
 Che vicino a naufragar.

IL TEMISTOCLE.

Most apt is he to turn aside
 And hourly in life's path to stray,
 Who blind and novice in the way
 His danger cannot know.

His errors how shall he repair
 When venturing thus without a guide?
 How meet, all thoughtless of a snare,
 The unexpected blow?

To be without knowledge is not good.

UNWORTHY slave, nay tremble not,
 Too late thy terrors come :
 When first you framed the hellish plot
 Then was the time to fear.

But so heaven righteously has planned,
 And such the traitor's doom,
 That till his ruin is at hand
 He sees no danger near.

Infatuation commonly attends the commission of great crimes.

DEL reo nel core
Desti un' ardore
Che il sen gli lacera
La notte e'l dì.
In fin che il misero
Rimane oppresso
Nel modo istesso.
Con cui fallì.

GIUSEPPE RICONOSCIUTO.

OR che sciolta è già la prora
Sol si pensi a navigar.
Quando fu nel porto ancora
Era bello il dubitar.

SEMIRAMIDE.

WITHIN himself the guilty bears
An unextinguishable flame,
Whose fire by day and night the same
His wretched bosom tears :
That so the sinner may connect
The trespass with the coming woe,
And in that very way expect
Th' inevitable blow.

Be sure thy sin will find thee out.

WHEN once the bark is on her way,
We only think how best to steer :
While yet within the port it lay
Then had been well to doubt and fear.

The first step in an evil course is commonly fatal.

NELL' orror d'atra foresta
 Il timor mi veggo accanto,
 Ne so quanto ancor mi resta
 Dell' incognito sentier.

Vero sol de' passi miei,
 Chi sarà se tu non sei
 Il pietoso condottier?

GIUSEPPE RICONOSCIUTO.

CHI mai non vide fuggir le sponde,
 La prima volta che va per l'onde
 Crede ogni stella per lui funesta,
 Teme ogni zeffiro come tempesta,
 Un picciol moto tremar lo fa.
 Ma, reso esperto, sì poco teme,
 Che dorme al suono del mar che freme,
 O su la prora cantando va.

ISSIPILE.

Lost in the forest's gloom I stray,
With fear and danger by my side ;
Nor what remains of unknown way
Discover in the labyrinth wide.

O thou, the true, the only sun,
Show me the path in which to run ;
Be thou my gracious guide.

The light of human life.

HE who ne'er tried the waves before,
When first the shore behind him flies,
In every star his fate descries,
A tempest sees in every breeze,
And trembles if it blow ;
But, soon inured, lays fear aside,
Sleeps to the roaring of the tide,
Or sings upon the prow.

SIAM passeggeri erranti
 Fra i venti, e le procelle ;
 Ecco le nostre stelle,
 Queste dobbiam seguir.
 Con tal soccorso appresso,
 Chi perderà se stesso ?
 Con tanta luce avanti
 Chi si vorrà smarrir ?

ISSACCO.

QUEL destrier che all' albergo è vicino
 Più veloce s'affretta nel corso ;
 Non l'arresta l'angustia del morso,
 Non la voce che legge gli da.
 Tal quest' alma che piena è di speme
 Nulla teme, consiglio non sente ;
 E si forma una gioia presente
 Del pensiero che lieta sarà.

OLIMPIADE.

LIKE pilgrims through the wild we stray,
And in the storm and tempest roam ;
A star directs us to our home,
And guides us in the way.
With such a help in view,
What danger should deter ?
With such a light, O who
To wander would prefer ?

A HORSE who has the stall in view
Exerts anew redoubled speed ;
No more to bit and rein gives heed,
Nor listens to the rider's voice.
The spirit thus when filled with hope,
Rejects all fear and all command,
And in the thoughts of joy at hand
Already can rejoice.

SEMBRA gentile

Nel verno un fiore,
Che in sen d'Aprile
Si dispreggò.

Fra l'ombre è bella

L'istessa stella,
Che in faccia al sole
Non si mirò.

L'ASILO D'AMORE.

GIÀ ti spiegasti appieno ;

E mi diresti meno

Se me dicessi più.

Meglio è parlar tacendo ;

Dir molto in pochi detti

De' violenti affetti

È solita virtù.

A FLOWER has beauty in our eyes
Which decks the winter plain ;
But when the spring revolves again
That floweret we despise.

A star is bright
In gloom of night,
Which is forgot, and fades away
In the returning blaze of day.

O SEEK not farther to express
What now is passing in thy soul ;
Enough you spoke, I see the whole,
And saying more would tell me less.

A silent eloquence accords
With deepest movements of the heart ;
When passion speaks, then fewest words
The meaning best impart.

Lo seguitai felice,
 Quand'era il ciel sereno ;
 Alle tempeste in seno
 Voglio seguirlo ancor.
 Come dell'oro il fuoco
 Scopre le masse impure,
 Scoprono le sventure
 De' falsi amici il cor.

OLIMPIADE.

GUARDAMI prima in volto,
 Anima vile, e poi
 Giudica pur di noi
 Il vincitor qual è.
 Tu libero e disciolto
 Sei di pallor dipinto :
 Io di catene avvinto
 Sento pietà di te.

ISSIPILE.

I SERVED him in his prosperous tide,
When clear and smiling were the skies ;
And now, though storms begin to rise,
Shall serve him to the end.

As gold is by the furnace tried,
And what is baser metal shown,
So in adversity is known
The hollow-hearted friend.

FIRST look upon my face,
Thou dastard soul, and mark me well ;
Then, which is in the victor's place,
I leave it with thyself to tell.
Thou art, although at large and free,
Pale as a trembling slave ;
While, fettered in these chains, I have
Compassion upon thee.

Conscience makes cowards of the guilty.

RENDIMI il caro amico
 Parte dell' alma mia ;
 Fa ch'innocente sia,
 Come l'amai finor.

Compagni dalla cuna
 Tu ci vedesti, e sai
 Che in ogni mia fortuna
 Seco finor provai
 Ogni piacer diviso,
 Diviso ogni dolor.

ARTASERSE.

. TORTORA, che sorprende
 Chi le rapisce il nido,
 Di quell' ardir s'accende
 Che mai non ebbe in sen.
 Col rostro e con l'artiglio
 Se non difende il figlio,
 L'insidiator molesta
 Con le querele almen.

ISSIPILE.

O YET the faithful friend restore,
 Part of my soul, and ever dear;
 O let his innocence appear
 As I have loved him heretofore.

Companions in one cradle laid
 You found us, and have seen
 How, in each step that we have made,
 Through every change we run,
 United all our joys have been,
 And all our sorrows one.

THE turtle, who returning finds
 Some cruel hand invade her nest,
 Feels all at once within her breast
 Unwonted courage rise.

If not with talon and with beak
 Enabled to protect her brood,
 At least we see the spoiler rude
 Molested by her cries.

The most timid animal becomes bold in defence of its young, and in some manner successful.

TORRENTE cresciuto
 Per torbida piena,
 Se perde il tributo
 Del gel che si scioglie,
 Fra l'aride sponde
 Più l'onde non ha.

Ma il fiume che nacque
 Da limpida vena,
 Se privo è dell' acque
 Che il verno raccoglie,
 Il corso non perde,
 Più chiaro si fa.

SIROF.

Non ancora uman pensiero
 Nel futuro il vol portò.
 Per interpreti del fato
 Sol gli eventi il ciel donò.

GIUSTINO.

THE stream whose tide, in current strong,
Filled with dark floods is borne along,
By melting snows no more supplied,
As quickly will again subside ;
Till, sinking in the arid ground
Its waters are no longer found.

But that from fountain pure which rose,
Though swollen by storms of winter rain,
When these are fled, still keeps its bed,
Pursues its wonted course again,
And clearer in its channel flows.

No human thought has served to reach
What wrapped within the future lies ;
Events alone can ever teach
To read the secret of the skies.

ARIA.

METASTASIO.

Non so frenare il pianto,
Cara, nel dirti addio ;
Ma questo pianto mio
Tutto non è dolor.
È meraviglia, è amore,
È pentimento, è speme ;
Son mille affetti insieme
Tutti raccolti al cor.

DEMETRIO.

AIR.

METASTASIO.

THOSE tears I never can refrain
In bidding thee farewell :
But all this sorrow is not pain
Which makes my bosom swell.
Both sweet and bitter pangs I prove,
Yet would I part with none ;
Repentance, wonder, hope, and love,
United all in one.

DEL pari infeconda
 D'un fiume è la sponda
 Se torbido eccede,
 Se manca d'umor.
 Si acquista baldanza
 Per troppa speranza,
 Si perde la fede
 Per troppo timor.

BETULIA LIBERATA.

SIAN are i nostri petti,
 Sia fiamma un santo amor,
 Vittime sian gli affetti,
 Figli del nostro cor,
 Svenate a Dio.

Merto non v'ha maggior
 Un figlio ad immolar,
 Che un folle a soggiogar
 Nostro desio.

ISACCO.

ALIKE that ground is barren found
 Through which we see the river spread,
 If waters fail within its bed,
 Or if the torrent overflow.
 When lifted up in swelling tide,
 Hope turns to pride ;
 Lost in excess of doubts and dread,
 Faith sinks too low.

Presumption and despair alike sinful.

God's altar in thy breast prepare,
 And light with sacred love the flames ;
 Thy heart's desire bring to the pyre ;
 Those children of thy bosom are
 The victim which he claims.
 Not though a first-born son we slew
 More worthy should the gift appear,
 Than if one vice we persevere
 Or folly to subdue.

Non t'arrossir nel volto,
 Solleva pure il ciglio ;
 Non sempre è colpa, o figlio,
 D'amor la servitù.

E se pur colpa è amore,
 Veggo ch'ogni altro core
 Questa tua colpa imita,
 Ma non la tua virtù.

IL TEMPIO DELL' ETERNITÀ.

SIAM navi all'onde argenti
 Lasciate in abbandono ;
 Impetuosi venti
 I nostri affetti sono ;
 Ogni diletto è scoglio ;
 Tutta la vita è mar.
 Ben qual nocchiero in noi
 Veglia Ragion ; ma poi
 Pur dall' ondoso orgoglio
 Si lascia trasportar.

OLIMPIADE.

LIFT up, my son, these downcast eyes,
 Nor let thy cheek be tinged with shame ;
 It is not always fault or blame
 To have the heart by love subdued.
 Or if some blame in love there be,
 Alas how many do I see
 Thy fault who gladly imitate,
 But not thy fortitude.

Anchises to his son Æneas, on leaving Carthage and Dido.

WE are like vessels blown and tossed
 On the dark bosom of the deep ;
 Our passions are the winds that sweep,
 The storm in which our course is lost ;
 Each pleasure is a rock,
 And life the ocean wide.
 The helm to reason is assigned ;
 But oft that pilot too we find
 Himself give way beneath the shock,
 Abandoned to the swelling tide.

BENCHÈ l'augel s'asconda
 Dal serpe insidiator,
 Trema fra l'ombre ancor
 Del nido amico.

Che il mover d'ogni fronda,
 D'ogni aura il susurrar,
 Il sibilo gli par
 Del suo nemico.

CIRO.

CHI vuol tra i flutti umani
 Spiegar sicuro il volo
 Nello splendor del polo
 Fissi lo sguardo ognor.

Che d'un sì fido raggio
 Gli sprezzatori insani
 Circonda in lor viaggio
 Caligine ed error.

PARTENOPE.

THOUGH sheltered now in friendly nest
Far from the serpent's dreadful eye,
Long time the trembling bird will lie
Hid in the gloom and cowering low.
And not the smallest leaf can move,
Or breeze can whisper in the grove,
But seems to her affrighted ear
The hissing of the foe.

WHOE'ER through floods of human life
In safety would his course pursue,
Must ever keep the pole in view,
And watch its stedfast light.
All they who madly would deride
The help of such a faithful guide,
Missing that star, shall wander far,
Lost in the gloom of night.

CEDER l'amato oggetto,
 Nè spargere un sospiro,
 Sarà virtù : l'ammiro,
 Ma non la curo in me.

Di gloria un'ombra vana
 In Roma è il solo affetto :
 Ma l'alma mia Romana,
 Lode agli dei, non è.

ATTILIO REGOLO.

NASCE al bosco in rozza cuna
 Un felice pastorello,
 E con l'aure di fortuna
 Giunge i regni a dominar.
 Presso al trono in regie fasce
 Sventurato un altro nasce,
 E fra l'ire della sorte
 Va gli armenti a pascolar.

Ezio.

No tear to drop when we resign
The object of our fond desire,
If it be virtue I admire,
But do not court the name.
At Rome they own a vain renown
The single passion of the breast;
But thanks to heaven that mine at least
Is not a Roman flame.

NURSED in the wild a forest child
That shepherd we have known,
Who has in time, if fortune smiled,
To empire been preferred.
In purple swathed, and near a throne
That other may be found,
Who has at last, if fortune frowned,
Been left to feed the herd.

AL mar va un picciol rio
 Che appena il corso scioglie ;
 E in seno il mar l'accoglie,
 E non lo sdegna il mar.

Chè l'onda sua negletta
 Così benigno accetta,
 Come quell' acque altere
 Che le provincie intere
 Han fatto sospirar.

IL VERO OMAGGIO.

SEMPRE è maggior del vero
 L'idea d'una sventura,
 Al credulo pensiero
 Dipinta dal timor.
 Chi stolto il mal figura
 Affretta il proprio affanno ;
 Ed assicura un danno
 Quando è dubbioso ancor.

ATTILIO REGOLO.

THE brook which, struggling to the sea,
 Its onward course could hardly keep,
 Rests in the bosom of the deep,
 Nor by the sea is scorned.

Its lowly stream which few could trace
 Is taken to that sea's embrace,
 As welcome as the ample tide,
 Whose torrent rolling in its pride
 Whole provinces have mourned.

Clemency and condescension are attributes of greatness.

STILL borrowing from the mind its hue
 Imagined ill exceeds the true,
 When, dimly seen, some distant woe
 Is painted by our fear.

How oft by idle fancy fed,
 We thus secure the ill we dread !
 How oft to shun a doubtful blow
 We bring the danger near !

SE tronca un ramo, un fiore
 L'agricoltor così,
 Vuol che la pianta un dì
 Cresca più bella.

Tutta sarebbe errore
 Lasciarla inaridir,
 Per troppo custodir
 Parte di quella.

DEMOFOONTE.

FIUMICEL, che s'ode appena
 Mormorar fra l'erbe, e i fiori,
 Mai turbar non sa l'arena,
 E alle Ninfe ed a i Pastori
 Bell' oggetto è di piacer.

Venticel, che appena scuote
 Picciol mirto o basso alloro,
 Mai non desta
 La tempesta,
 Ma cagione è di ristoro
 Allo stanco passeggiar.

SEMIRAMIDE.

To prune and lop the branch or flower
A skilful husbandman is known,
Expecting at a future hour
To see the plant more fair.
Fatal mistake it would be found,
And bring it withering to the ground,
If too much tenderness were shown
The single part to spare.

THE brook whose murmur scarce we hear,
Lost among herb and flower,
Will not disturb the pebble clear,
And passing by the custom'd bower
Is sweet to nymph's and shepherd's ear.
The flitting air that scarce can shake
A leaf upon the myrtle-bough,
Though the breeze may never wake,
And the cloud may never stir,
Is welcome to the burning brow
Of the weary traveller.

COME rapida si vede
 Onda in fiume, in aria strale,
 Fugge il tempo, e mai non riede
 Per le vie che già passò.

E a chi perde il buon momento
 Che gli offerse il tempo amico,
 È gastigo il pentimento
 Che fuggendo ei gli lasciò.

ALCIDE AL BIVIO.

QUELL' onda che ruina
 Dalla pendice alpina
 Balza, si frange, e mormora ;
 Ma limpida si fà.
 Altra riposa, è vero,
 In cupo fondo ombroso ;
 Ma perde in quel riposo
 Tutta la sua beltà.

ALCIDE AL BIVIO.

FAST as the arrow cleaves the sky,
As waters in the current fly,
Time passes o'er, and comes no more
The way by which he went.

They who neglect, while he befriends,
To use the moment which he lends,
Shall taste the woe, when as a foe
He leaves them to repent.

THE water which, from Alpine height,
Is dashed and broken in its flight,
Will murmur loud, but by the fall
More pure and limpid grows.

In hollow bed that other laid,
And sheltered by the woody glade,
Will rest indeed, but loses all
Its beauty by repose.

Difficulty and labour are the school of virtue.

SUL terren piagata a morte
 Tutte l'ire insieme accoglie,
 E s'annoda, e si discioglie
 Serpe rea talor così.

In quel ramo i morsi affretta,
 E in quel sasso, che l'opprime
 Disperando la vendetta
 Nella man che là ferì.

SANT' ELENA AL CALVARIO.

L'ONDA dal mar divisa
 Bagna la valle e'l monte,
 Va passaggiera
 In fiume,
 Va prigioniera
 In fonte,
 Mormora sempre e geme
 Fin che non torna al mar :
 Al mar, dov'ella nacque,
 Dove acquistò gli umori,
 Dove da' lunghi errori
 Spera di riposar.

ARTASERSE.

EUDOSSA.

" The art and venom here we may behold
 Of our infernal enemy ; who swells
 With impotent desire to be revenged
 On Him beneath whose powerful arm he falls."

THE serpent smitten to the ground,
 Thus gathers fury from his wound,
 Coils and uncoils his thousand folds,
 And glares and hisses on the foe.
 That stone to bite he madly tries,
 That bough beneath whose lash he lies,
 Foiled in his desperate aim to reach
 The hand that struck the blow.

WATER parted from the sea,
 Bathing the valley and the hill,
 Though in the river it may stray,
 Though in the sparkling fountain play,
 Will murmur still,
 And still complain,
 Till to the sea returned again ;
 That sea from which it rose,
 That sea its native bed,
 And where, by thousand mazes led,
 Again it seeks repose.

The spirit has no rest till it returns to God.

DUNQUE si sfoga in pianto
 Un cor d'affanni oppresso ;
 E spiega il pianto istesso
 Quando è contento un cor.
 Chi può sperar fra noi
 Piacer che sia perfetto,
 Se parla anche il diletto
 Co' segni del dolor ?

MORTE D'ABELE.

SE troppo crede al ciglio,
 Colui che va per l'onde
 In vece del naviglio
 Vede partir le sponde ;
 Giura che fugge il lido,
 E pur così non è.
 Se troppo al ciglio crede,
 Fanciullo al fonte appresso
 Scherza con l'ombra, e vede
 Moltiplicar se stesso ;
 E semplice deride
 L' immagine di se.

ALESSANDRO.

A HEART, when overcome by woe,
In tears will vent its grief;
A heart, when pleasures overflow,
Will seek in tears relief.
O who can hope to see complete
The sum of human bliss,
If thus delight can but repeat
The language of distress?

By trusting only to the eye,
He who has launched upon the tide
Will see, unconscious of a cheat,
The land and not the vessel fly;
And, though we know it is not so,
Will tell you that the shores retreat.
By trusting to the eye alone,
A child who at the fountain plays
Upon another self will gaze,
Mocked by a shadow all the while;
Nor, while he answers to the smile,
Imagine it his own.

PICCIOL seme in terra accolto
 Non palesa o fiori o fronde,
 E pur tutta il seme asconde
 E la pianta, e'l frutto, e'l fior.

Nella rupe sua natia
 Freddo il sasso par che sia ;
 Ed in se di mille e mille
 Lucidissime scintille
 Pur accoglie lo splendor.

LA FESTIVITA DELL S. S. NATALE.

AMOR, Speranza, e Fede
 Fecondi i nostri petti
 D'affetti che innocenti
 Sorgano intorno al cor.
 Sparga la fede il seme,
 La speme l'alimenti ;
 Onde raccolgan tutti
 Frutti di santo amor.

SANT' ELENA AL CALVARIO.

WE drop the little seed in earth,
 Nor flower nor leaf can there descry;
 Yet all within that seed contained
 The plant, and fruit, and blossom lie.
 Remaining in its rocky bed
 How cold the stone appears, and dead,
 Which yet collects, and will display,
 In thousand thousand sparkling lights
 The lustre of its ray!

Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

WHERE Faith, and Hope, and Love impart
 Their sacred influence to the heart,
 What new affections pure
 Within the breast we prove!
 When Hope the shoot has nursed
 Which Faith has planted first,
 They will in time with fruit be found
 Together crowned of heavenly love.

Christian graces.

CORO.

La speme de' malvagi
Svanisce in un momento,
Come spuma in tempesta, o fumo al vento.
Ma de' giusti la speme
Mai non cangia sembianza;
Ed è l'istesso Dio la lor speranza.

GIOAS RE DI GIUDA.

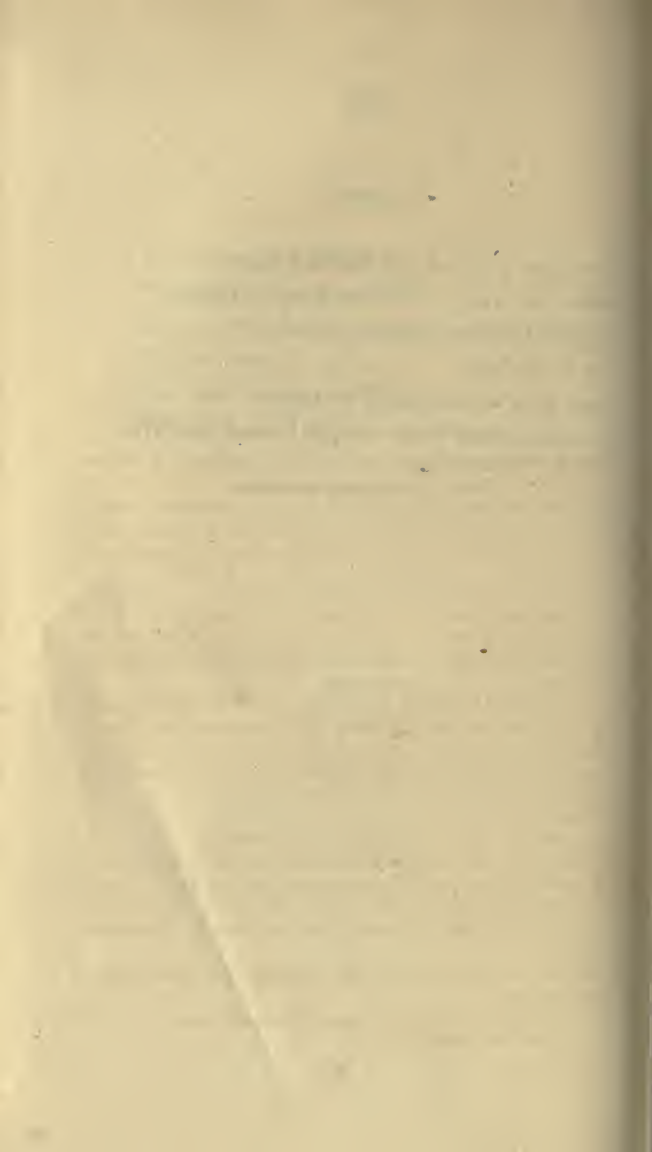
FINE.

CHORUS.

THE hope of the ungodly is like chaff
Before the wind, or froth in tempest blown,
Dispersed and in a moment flown.
Not so the just ;
Their hope unchangeable remains ;
For God himself their strength is, and their trust.

The way of the ungodly shall perish.

THE END.



APPENDIX.

NOTES.

P. 4. A.

Voi ch' ascoltate—An obscurity arises in the construction of the two quatrains, from the apparent want of a relative verb to the word *voi*, which is insulated from all that follows. But it is to be understood merely as a form of expression, calling the attention of the reader, equivalent to the vocative, “O ye,” as in the Canzone, beginning—“Italia mia,” and

Voi cui Fortuna ha posto in mano il freno—
Che fan qui tante pellegrine spade ?

Similar abbreviations may be found in the Latin poets. In the translation the difficulty is avoided by a slight variation of construction.

In rime sparse—In those rhymes which had been widely spread through his own and other countries. Or the word may signify, detached poems, not continued or connected, like those of Dante.

Onde—*Donde* or *onde* are used indifferently in this sense by the Italians.

Ck'i sono—*I for io*.

Non che perdono—Not merely pardon but sympathy.

Sì come—Or *Siccome*, equivalent merely to *come*. Much advantage is derived in the Italian language from the varieties in the authorized forms of speech, which, without difference of sense, give so much scope to the writer—a quality which, in poetical compositions, is invaluable.

Favola fui—Perhaps borrowed from Horace, 11th Epode., and in the same feeling.

Heu me ! per urbem, nam pudet tanti mali,
Fabula quanta fui !

Di me medesimo meco mi—The repetition of the thought, and even the alliteration in the words, as it is natural in all strong emotion, gives, for the same reason, additional force and meaning, but is not easily transferred in translation, from the varieties of language. In the department of landscape, a line of Virgil affords a beautiful example of this effect, where he is describing the solitary bird upon the sea-beach :—

Et sola in sicca secum spatiatur arena.—*Geor.* B. i. l. 389.

Vergogno—Vergogna. It is remarkable that the repetition of the same sounds, and even the same words, in the short compass of a Sonnet, and whether they are terminating rhymes or not, is allowed by the delicate ear, not of Petrarch only, but of the best poets in after times.

Breve sogno—Not only a dream, but that a short dream.

This Sonnet, though it stands first in the early editions of the poet's works, as well as in all those that followed, ought, according to its subject, and by intrinsic evidence, to have been the last. It is properly the Congedio or Envoy to his lyrical compositions.

P. 6. B.

Greve—Poetically for *grave*, and to suit the rhyme.

Fresca neve—Because it melts more quickly than that which has lain and is trodden.

Dubbiose—In some editions the word is *dannose*, hurtful, but the sense is the same—things of which we are doubtful and afraid, or which to us seem hurtful.

Allri—Equivalent to the French *on*.

S'avanza—For *acquistare*, to gain, to profit, to increase.

The chief perturbations of the mind, as classed by ancient philosophy, are Hope, False Joy, and Sorrow, Fear and Anger. These are enumerated in the first triplet, and in the second, which corresponds to it, their variety is exposed.

P. 8. C.

Il giorno, &c.—The commentators indulge in much unnecessary criticism on the divisions of time and place, and their arrangement in the first lines. The order is evidently unimportant.

Piùghe—The effect, for the cause or agent.

P. 10. D.

The subject is taken chiefly from the 55th Psalm.

Ch'i terno forte, &c.—“ My heart is sore pained within me, and the terrors of death are fallen upon me,” &c. V. 4 and 5.

O voi, che travagliate—Matth. ch. ii. v. 28.

Mi darà penne, &c.—“ And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove ; for then would I fly away and be at rest.”—Ps. lv. v. 6.

Ch' i mi riposi, e levimi—Poetical inversion, for *levimi, e riposi*.

P. 12. E.

The inward affection, whether of joy or sorrow, may be covered by the outward expression of its opposite.

Cesare, poi che, &c.—When the head of Pompey and his signet were brought to Cæsar by one of the assassins, according to Plutarch's narrative, he turned from the former with abhorrence, and on taking the signet wept.

Traditor d' Egitto—Ptolemy, King of Egypt.

Per gli occhi fuor—The word *fuor*, which is a poetical contraction, is otherwise written in these various ways, *fuora*, *fuore*, *fùori*, and *fora*, *fore*, *fori*, an instance of the latitude allowed in Italian verse, on account of the measure. Dante even uses *furi* to answer his rhyme.

Ed for e ; the *d* added in this and other similar cases, is used where the following word begins with a vowel sound, to prevent the collision. Such correctives abound in the language, whether by addition or elision.

Annibal, &c.—The circumstance is narrated by Livy, b. 10. ch. 44, viz. that when intelligence was brought to the Carthaginian assembly of the tribute to be exacted by the Romans, Hannibal received the general and loud lamentations of his countrymen with a contemptuous laugh.

Isfogare, for *sfogare*—To avoid the harsh union of consonants.

Despetto—So written to accommodate the rhyme, in place of *dispetto*.

Faccio—Poetical, in place of *fò*.

It is to be observed of this Sonnet that historical accuracy is disregarded by the poet in both the instances adduced. There is no reason to suppose that the grief of Cæsar for the treacherous murder of his enemy, whose power was now overthrown, and who was also Cæsar's son-in-law, was dissembled, and not rather true and generous ; similar to the lament of David over his enemy Saul, and his

indignation against the Amalekite, as the avowed murderer and sycophant. And, in the case of Hannibal, his mockery of the Carthaginians was not feigned, but, according to the express narrative of the historian, arose from scorn at the sordid character of their grief, which was not occasioned by the distresses of their country, but by the prospect of their losses individually, through payment of the tribute. The view taken of these incidents, however, served the immediate purpose of the poet.

The illustration first given was probably borrowed from Lucan, who enlarges upon it in the same view.—

Lacrymas non sponte cadentes
Effudit, gemitusque expressit pectore læto,
Non aliter manifesta putans abscondere mentis
Gaudia quam lacrymis.—*Pharsalia*, L. ix.

The subject seems to have been a favourite one with the Italian Rimatori. Or rather the general imitation of Petrarch led to the repetition, in various forms, both of the subject and language of his compositions.

Among other copies of the present sonnet, see that of Beccari, a poet of Ferrara, in the *Scelta*, by Gobbi, v. i. p. 109, beginning,

Cesare, poi che ricevè il presente
De la tradita testa in sommo fallo, &c.

But the incident related of Cæsar is given with a better judgment and feeling in the following sonnet of Astori :—

Di Cesare a favor poichè deciso
Ebbe la sorte amica, ei lauri ei colse,
L'Egizio Re che vincitor l'accolse,
Gli offerse il capo di Pompeo resiso.
Nel teschio allor di polve, e sangue intriso
Cesare attento il guardo suo rivolse
In se stesso pensoso, indi il raccolse,
E chi vivo sdegnò, poi pianse ucciso,
Forse perchè fiero, e crudel volesse
Che Pompeo fra ritorte ancor avvinto
La morte solo al brando suo dovesse,
O pur pietoso dal nemico estinto
La bella gloria trar più non potesse
Di trionfar col perdonare al vinto.

See also the sentiment of Petrarch, repeated in a sonnet by G. Leone Sempronio, beginning

Canta il nocchier su la spalmata nave, &c.

Gobbi, *Raccolta*, vol. ii.

Polve—Poetical for *polvere*.

Ritorte—*legami*, chains.

Prando—*Spada*—Sword ; seldom used except in verse.

La bella gloria—The boast of Roman power, “*parcere subjectis*.”

P. 14. F.

The first quatrain is highly poetical, both from the selection of the images and beauty of the language. In Virgil, who may reasonably be supposed his model in this passage, the description is equally fine, but more dilated—

Nox erat ; et placidum carpebant fessa soporem
Corpora per terras, silvæque et sæva quièrant
Æquora : quum medio volvuntur sidera lapsu,
Quum tacet omnis ager ; pecudes, pictæque volucres.
Quæque lacus late liquidos, quæque aspera dumis
Rura tenent, somno positæ sub nocte silenti
Lenibant curas, et corda oblita laborum.
At non infelix Phœnissa, &c.—*Eneid*, lib. iv. l. 522.

Sface, for *disface*.

D'ira e di dual ; *ira* is used for *affanno* ; disquietude, disturbance, one strong passion for another.

P. 16. G.

Supposed to be written on his passage by that river from Vaucluse, in Provence, to Parme, in Lombardy.

Po ben può—A remarkable cacophany, not in unison with the beauty of the language in other respects.

Scorza—Literally, bark ; the outward part of the body.

Alternar poggia con orza—To right and left by turns.

Dritto per l'aure—The mind is not impeded by opposition of the winds.

L'aurea fronde—The golden or precious leaf, or branch ; a part for the whole. There may be a reference to the branch of gold which was the protection and passport of Eneas ; but the poet more probably charms the word to an immediate and exclusive figure. The repetition of the sound *aure*, so close after the preceding line, is slightly offensive to the ear.

Sforza—Constrains ; or, overcomes. The rhymes *forza* and *sforza* are too monotonous to satisfy an English reader. But similar and even stronger instances, by recurrence of the identical words, with some difference of sense, occur so frequently in the most correct

Italian poets, as to prove that they are not offensive in that language even to a refined ear, and to occasion a doubt whether the scrupulous refusal of such rhymes by English writers is not an injury. That it has been a matter of indifference, if not of choice rather than necessity, with the Italians, may be inferred from the circumstance that there is in their tongue no penury of musical terminations in all variety.

Ponente—Laura's residence at Avignon.

Sul corno—The horn as an attribute of rivers, descriptive of the force or pressure of the current, and sometimes in floods, elevated in the centre or middle current ; or, perhaps, it was an allusion to the horn of plenty pouring forth its abundance. Virgil uses the same metaphor, and of this river, the Po—

Et gemina auratus taurino cornua voltu
Eridanus.—4 *Georg.* l. 371.

Two golden horns on his large front he wears,
On his grim face a bull's resemblance bears.—*Dryden*.

Thus Dryden also himself—

Thou king of horned floods, whose plenteous urn
Suffices fatness to the fruitful corn.

The word *bore* is sometimes used, also, as descriptive of a strong current—as that of the Severn.

P. 18. H.

Dolce famiglia—May refer either to the flowers and herbs, or include also what follows in the next lines. *Famiglia*, family, is justly a favourite word with the poet. It contains in itself what recalls pleasing and social feeling ; but it is poetically applied, not only to the family of flowers, or songsters, but also “the family of pain.”—*Pope* ; and more poetically, because less expected, even “the family of death.”—*Gray*.

E garrir progne, or *Progne* ; the Swallow. In the translation, *chatter* would be more literal, but scarcely in tone with the feeling.

Pianger Filomena, or *Philomela*, the Nightingale. *Pianger*—Such is the common interpretation of the classical songstress ; associated as the music has been with the ear of the sleepless mourner. The learned or rather curious controversies about the real character of *Philomela's* notes, which will always be determined by the feeling of the listener, is well avoided by Milton in that line of his sonnet which describes them as “the liquid notes that close the eve of day.”

Sua figlia—The Venus to whom April was consecrated by the Romans was, according to that mythology, the daughter of Jupiter.

Più gravi—heightened by the contrast.

The sonnet of Gray upon the death of West embodies the sentiment expressed in that of Petrarch, and many of the images. But they are the sentiments of nature, and common to all under the same circumstances. There can be no discoveries in feeling, though there may be and are in the expression of it.

Tragge, for trae.

P. 20. I.

The subject of this Canzone is the short duration of earthly joys suggested by the early death of Laura, illustrated by six visions, or allegories.

FIRST STANZA.

Finestra—As the eye is the window of the body which admits the light, he transfers this image to the mind, and represents it as looking forth by thought, or mental vision.

Solo—In undisturbed contemplation.

Vedea—For *vedeva*.

Stanco—Oppressed with number, and painful nature of the objects.

Fera—This general term cannot be rendered literally in English.

Da far arder Giove—Heathen allusion.

Quæ posset magnum solicitare Jovem.—*Ovid. Fasti.*

Castelvietro justly remarks—"Par, che il Petrarca, essendo Cristiano, dovesse dir *aò* con modificamento."

Un nero, un bianco—Usually interpreted as an allegory of time—namely, day and night.

SECOND STANZA.

La vela, il vela—He does not scruple to use, in this stanza, for terminating rhymes, two words, which, though differing somewhat in sense, are in sound identical.

Tempesta oriental—The pestilence which spread over great part of Europe in 1348, and of which Laura died, is said by Boccaccio, in the preface to his Decameron, to have originated in the East.

THIRD STANZA.

Laura giovinetto—The reference here is direct and evident.

Rami santi—The laurel was dedicated to Apollo.

Schietto—Without knot, that is, unblemished.

FOURTH STANZA.

Spargèa soavemente mormorando—The line is very musical, having a sonorous sweetness corresponding to the sound described. Great advantage is often obtained by the use of one or two long words, nearly filling the line, as in this instance, provided that the emphasis by their arrangement, falls correctly on the musical intervals. Hence part of the beauty of such lines as the following in English poetry, and arising partly from the uninterrupted flow :—

Beneath the shade of melancholy boughs.—*Shaks.*

A boundless contiguity of shade.—*Cowper.*

Where wilds immeasurably spread.—*Goldsmith.*

And all the dread magnificence of heaven.—*Beattie.*

—— Or inspires

Easy my unpremeditated lay.—*Milton.*

And locked by Hell's inexorable doors.—*Pope's Iliad.*

Thomson abounds in such examples,—

Amid the umbrageous multitude of leaves,

—— while the stock-dove breathes,

A melancholy murmur through the whole.

A boundless deep immensity of shade.

Follow the loosened aggravated roar.

Thus also Ovid, Met. B. iii. Fab. 6.—

Fons erat, illimis, nitidis argenteus undis

Quem neque pastores, neque pastae monte capellae

Contigerant, &c.

See also the Sonnet of B. Tasso, beginning—"Sian a greggi tuoi," &c.

A quel tenor—In harmony with the murmurs of the fountain.

FIFTH STANZA.

L'ale di porpora, vestita, e'l capo d'oro—Her arms in purple robe—her golden hair.

In this stanza the allegory is general ; since the similes of the Fountain and the Laurel, in connexion with the Phoenix, who saw them destroyed, cannot be applied to the same person.

SIXTH STANZA.

Inseme—Poetically for *insieme*.

Arvolte d'una nebbia oscura—Either a repetition of the same thought as *pensosa* : or indicating, by the darkness, the approaching

event of death. Thus, in the vision of Marcellus, by Eneas, this omen is added in the description—

Sed nox atra caput tristi circumvolat umbra.—Eneid, B. 6.

Tallon—Properly applied to mind only ; but used figuratively of the human foot, or heel.

D'un picciol' angue—Sudden and unforeseen calamities, from causes apparently trivial. See Ovid's description of the death of Euridice.—*Metam. B. 10. Fab. 1.*

She, luckless wandering, or by fate misled,
Chanced on a lurking viper's crest to tread ;
The vengeful beast, inflamed with fury, starts,
And through her heel his deathsome venom darts.

Congreve's Transl.

Come fior colto langue—Thus Virgil of Euryalus :

Purpureus veluti cum flos succisus aratro
Languescit moriens, &c.—*Eneid, L. ix. l. 436.*

Canzon, tu puoi—The Conviato, or Congeda, conveying a moral or a summary.

Un dolce di morir desio—It is certain, as observed by all moralists, independent even of higher principles, and of the highest—that of the Christian—that even the uncertainty, as well as short duration, and the consequent vanity of human pursuits and pleasures, have a strong tendency to reconcile man to death. “Certainly,” says Lord Bacon, “the contemplation of death as the wages of sin, and passage to another world, is holy and religious ; but the fear of it, as a tribute due unto nature, is weak.” A heathen poet could even go so far as to rank death among the divine gifts and boons to man.

Fortem posce animum mortis terrore carentem
Qui spatium vitæ extremum inter munera ponat
Natura.—*Juv. Sat. 10, l. 357.*

Milton has made our first parent say beautifully in contemplation of death, merely as the end of present being—

How gladly would I meet
Mortality, my sentence, and be earth
Insensible ! How glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap ! There I should rest, &c.

Par. Lost, b. x. l. 775.

And with equal beauty the poet represents him, when the picture is drawn, by the archangel, of future disease and old age among his offspring, as saying,—

Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong
 Life much; bent rather how I may be quit
 Fairest and easiest, of this cumbrous charge;
 Which I must keep* till my appointed day
 Of rendering up, and patiently attend†
 My dissolution.—*Ib.* B. xi. l. 547.

But the angel corrects his estimate by giving the true precept,—
 Nor love thy life nor hate; but what thou livest,
 Live well; how long or short, permit‡ to heaven.

These visions have been translated by Spencer; but he has not observed the musical stanza and measure of Petrarch, having substituted quatrains with alternate rhymes, concluding each portion with a couplet. He has also dilated the closing thought into an extended paraphrase.

Spencer's visions of Bellay and visions of the world's vanity are formed upon the model of this Canzone; as his Ruins of Rome and Ruins of Time appear to have been suggested by Petrarch's *Trionfi della Morte*, and *del Tempo*.

P. 28. K.

Bisogno—*altre scorte*. It is observable here that the noun is used in the plural, but the verb in the singular number. In the early English this construction, or idiom, was common and indiscriminate, as it still is in the Scottish. In the present instance the plural, *scorte*, is used probably for the advantage of the terminating sound.

Quei—Nominative plural of the pronoun *Quel* or *Quello*, but when applied to a person, is frequently used for the singular number.

Giornata—Day or day's journey, and figuratively for the journey of life; so used in our own and other languages.

P. 30. L.

“Confessa il peccato suo; e prega Dio che lo soccorra, dacchè egli si confida in lui solo.”

Indegni—When used without the other word which it governs, *indigno*, signifies, as here, *grande* or *biasimevole*, great, aggravated.

La stanza—Course or tenor of life.

In this Sonnet are found the rhymes *mortale*, *immortale*, being a farther example of the admission by this as by other Italian poets, of terminating sounds which are identical, or where the words vary by the negative prefix only, as in the present instance.

* *i. e.* Reluctantly.

† *i. e.* In its primary sense, to wait.

‡ Leave.

P. 120. M.

Della notte figlio—According to the mythological legend, that sleep and death were the sons of Erebus and Night. Hence, B. Tasso, after Homer, calls sleep, brother of death. It may be observed that where Petrarch calls sleep *parente della morte*, he is to be understood as meaning, not *progenitor*, but *consanguineous*.

Quieta, umida, ombrosa—The union of these three attributes of quality gives grandeur as well as beauty to the description. The qualities are at once appropriate and different, whereas the double or triple adjective, unskilfully used, impairs instead of adding to the strength of expression.

De' mortali egri conforto.

Tempus erat quo prima quies mortalibus ægris

Incipit.—*Eneid.* L. ii. l. 268.

Sovra me distendi, e posa.

Tangens letheæ tempora virga.—*Sil. Ital.*

Piume d'asprezza colme—*Piume* for *letto*. Observe how strongly, by its delicacy, the contrast is here brought out by the words *piume* and *asprezza* in juxtaposition.

Observe in the construction of this Sonnet the frequent juxtaposition and meeting of the same vowel letters—*Sonno odella; figlio o de'; conforto, obbligo; vita aspra; soleva, a; lusingo, O piume.*

This Sonnet affords a good example of the peculiar style of Casa, who, instead of following, as nearly all the preceding writers, the model given by Petrarch, adopted a very different arrangement of his words and modulation of his rhythm. His expressions are, in most cases, weighty and sonorous, though not unfrequently, as in the present piece, mixed with exquisite tenderness. And in the construction it is his custom to carry on the sense from the close of one line to the beginning or middle of that which follows, thus suspending the attention of the reader, and avoiding the monotony which is produced by a uniform termination of the sentence at the close of the line or couplet. The advantage is not merely to give a relief by the varieties of the pause, but often to add much force and grandeur to the sentiment itself, by arresting the reader at a place and time unexpected, and forcing him, as it were, to halt for a moment and consider. In this manner his compositions possess, as to their style, both the beauty of rhyme and the solemnity and varied cadence of blank verse. It is evident how much Milton profited in

the formation of his style by his acquaintance with the Italian poets, and his familiar knowledge of their lyrical writers; and to none, it may be presumed, more than to Della Casa, who may fairly be looked upon as his prototype. It may be observed, however, that some of the Sonnets of Vittoria Colonna possess, in a high degree, that peculiar excellence, above noticed, in their construction, which Casa carried to such perfection.

This excellency in the disposition of the rests, and the prolonged, yet broken, flow of their periods, which distinguished Casa, Colonna and others of the graver poets, may easily be imitated, indeed, by inferior artists, and even with success, as to mechanical skill, yet without producing any of the effect which we discover in them. For, to reach any grandeur of this kind, the subject and thoughts must themselves be elevated; if these are weak or trivial the result will be exactly opposite, and the composition tame if not ludicrous.

P. 122. N.

The style of this Sonnet is very different from that of the preceding. Not only is there a thought or sense completed in each quatrain, but the pauses are almost uniformly thrown upon the close of the line.

P. 126. O.

O dolce selva solitaria, &c.

This is one of the finest of Casa's Sonnets, and one of the most beautiful in the language, both as to thought and style. The position of the rests or pauses gives a pleasing solemnity, and the words are choice and majestic.

Observe in the last line that inversion of the natural order which is frequent with this poet, though, in the present instance, it seems rather to have been an accommodation to the measure. It has, therefore, been avoided in the translation.

It is here, again, remarkable, that the collision of the same vowel *a*, in the end of one word and beginning of the following, occurs no less than three times in the two quatrains, viz., *solitaria, amica; ombrosa, antica; piaggia, aprica*.

Observe also the repetition of the word *ghiaccio* in the 8th and 10th lines, and *agghiaccio* in the 12th.

P. 128. P.

This Sonnet is written in answer to Frausa Nasi, who counselled him to leave the Roman Court and pursue his studies.

La scorza ; for *il corpo*—Thus Petrarch in his Sonnet to the River Po.

“ Po, ben puo’ tu portartene la scorza
Di me,” &c.

And in other passages.

Chero ; for *domando* or *cerco*—This is a further example of the advantage which Italian poets take by variety in the form and spelling of a word, or the adaptation of a word borrowed from other source. By some of their critics, *chero* is said to be directly adopted from the Spanish ; by others to be Provençal, and by the Tuscans changed afterwards to *cerco*. The same word *chero* is used by a later poet, Fulvio Testi, in one of his odes.

Vermiglia vesta—the robe of a Cardinal.

Nero manto—the dress of a Prelate. Casa himself, then an archbishop, was at one time ambitious of the former honour, but disappointed through causes not agreed on by the writers of the time. To this disappointment he alludes by the words of the last *terzetto*, *per lei*, that is, glory or honour, *abb’io guerra molesta*.

Inerme—engaged in the pursuits of peace.

¶ *Entro un bel fiume*—Supposed to have been written either at Venice or Naples. *Fiume* poetically for *mare* ; a strong metaphor, but not bolder than Homer’s ocean river, ποταμοῖο Ωκεανοῦ.

Sacro nido—the seat of his archbishopric (Beneventum.)

P. 130. Q.

Capo insano ; for *non sano*.

Poich’ Adria m’ebbe—Latin idiom, as Virgil, “ postquam nos Amaryllis habet.”

Lasso ! &c.—Here a common and trite thought is clothed with great beauty, and even an appearance of novelty, from skilful expression and elegance of language ; particularly in the parenthetical clause and contrast, *il mio col volgo e’l tuo scelto e’n disparte*. The effect is much heightened by the sentence beginning with this quatrain being carried on to the middle of the following *terzetto* ; displeasing in most cases, but here being skilfully managed—highly expressive.

This Sonnet is addressed to his friend Marmitta in reply to some elegant lines which he had sent to the author. These musical contests were very frequent with the Italian poets, and a favourite exercise, and spur to their genius.

P. 136. R.

Di Creta e d' Ida dittamo—The plant *dictamnium*, found upon Mount Ida, to the young leaves of which, according to legend, the goats had recourse when wounded, and thus disengaged the shaft.

Più forte che men s' arrischia—In this war, it is true courage to fly, and the surest way to victory.

Dolce parlì, o dolce rida. Dulce ridentem Lalagen—dulce loquentem.—Horace.

Ivi presso è pianto. Latet anguis in herba.

Venen, or *veneno*, for *veleno*, more directly from the Latin. It is to be observed, that the Italian poets intersperse such words *e fonte Latino* not unfrequently ; such as *vulgo*, *licito*, *addutto*, and various others.

Ancide, *ansidere*, used poetically for *uccidere*, which is the proper formation from the Latin *occidere* ; so that this variety and poetical grace is the reverse of that last mentioned.

Ver cui—*Ver* for *verso*, against ; also a poetical alteration taken from the Provençal and the French *vers*.

P. 142. S.

Vita mortal ch'n una o'n due, &c.—The metaphysical writers were accustomed to separate human life into two portions, not different merely, but also successive ; first, a natural life or life of sense and appetite ; and afterwards an intellectual, or life of reason and spirit. He describes the first as night, the second as day.

Grazie—bonta, goodness.

Dolce legge—dolce aer, benign, pleasant.

He does not avoid the use of the same word twice, within the compass of three lines. The same is observable of the recurrence in this sonnet of the words *pura* and *puro*, *oscura* and *oscuri*. It may be observed, both of Casa and others among the best of the Italian poets, that they do not sacrifice the appropriate word, merely to avoid repetition of sound, particularly where the subject is in itself important or elevated. They refuse to pay this homage to delicate ears and a fastidious taste. That they rigidly observe, however, the correctness and purity of measure and rhythmical termination, in which they are seldom, if ever, found to be negligent, may be accounted for by the construction of the language, and the facilities which it affords.

The concurrence of vowels, which in our language is apt to offend

the reader, and which is differently estimated, according to the idioms of their speech, by different nations, was so far from being generally objected to by the best Italian writers, that Dante, Petrarch, and others, are supposed to have even sought and studied it as a rhetorical art in poetry. See also in a preceding sonnet of Casa, *O Sonno*, &c., the opposition of the same vowels *a* and *o* not less than six times ; and a similar construction, though not so repeated, in that, beginning *O dolce silva*, &c. The collision of vowels generally is indeed unavoidable in Italian, where all the terminations of words are vocal, but the same peculiarity of the language gives a facility for overcoming in the pronunciation what would otherwise offend. In our language, where the consonants so much preponderate, the attempt is scarcely necessary, and requires, when made, much skill in disposing the rests and accents, to prevent destroying the music of the verse by such collision. That much depends on the genius of particular languages in this point of style is evident. Grecian poets and rhetoricians practised and commended it. While Cicero, in his rules for the orator, assumes that there is none so rude and harsh of speech as to commit such an offence against a Latin ear.

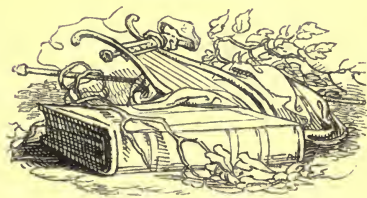
This Sonnet is one of the most beautiful compositions of the author, and was so much admired by Tasso, that he has made it the subject of a detailed criticism or *Lezione* ; in which he introduces some of his general opinions on the art of poetry. He adduces it as evidence that the Sonnet, though not usually so employed, is compatible with lofty subject and sublimity of thought. For what can be nobler than the ideas here embodied ; namely, the goodness of God in the creation of light and order, first in the natural world, and then in the mind and heart of man ; or his works of power and grace ? And the style and language of the piece correspond to the dignity of the conception. The measure is, by arrangement of the lines, and weight and succession of the words, necessarily slow and even majestic. There is nothing trivial, no verbal antithesis, and no apparent artifice of construction, or attempt to surprise the reader ; the impression left is that of solemnity. And although a correspondence or parallel runs through the whole, it lies not so much in the expression as thought, and excites no idea of labour or study in the arrangement. The compositions of this author are indeed remarkable, as being divested of all that curious point, and often me-

taphysical subtlety, in which Petrarch, with all his elegance, and his imitators, without his excellence, were so fond of indulging.

The general thought expressed in the Sonnet, is, that he had at last been led out of that worldly darkness and obscurity, in which he he had lived so long, to a sight and contemplation of divine grace and goodness ; as the world itself had been drawn from the abyss of chaos into light and order. He distinguishes the former state as *ore notturne*, the latter as *il giorno e'l sol*.

FRONDES CADUCÆ.

J. G.



CHISWICK:

PRINTED BY C. WHITTINGHAM.

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FRONDES CADUCÆ.

TO LABOUR.

O THOU, with front severe,
Whether thy limbs be cased in warlike steel,
Or heavily thou plodd'st thy cheerless way,
Or at the break of day
Attendest patient with the patient steer,
And scarce at eve hast won thy frugal meal;
Though rude thy path, and seldom envied be,
Henceforth, O Labour, let me live with thee.

What if thy humble birth
No vassals hail, no gaudy pomps attest,
If coarse thy garb, and rugged oft thy mien;
What if thou art not seen,
Or seldom, in the haunts of public mirth,
By those who most frequent them prized the least;

Yet joys thou hast, and treasures all thy own,
To sons of luxury and sloth unknown.

For health, by temperance bred,
Is thine ; and with it that surpassing good,
A heart at ease, with mind employed, not spent ;
Thine chiefly is content,
Who loves to tarry in the lowly stead,
Coy visitor, seen most where little wooed :
Cheap comes thy pleasure, unrepented goes ;
Home is thy luxury, thy feast repose.

Nor seldom in thy train,
And by thee nursed, the virtues grave are found :
The steadfast temper of a mind subdued,
With that best fortitude
Which bears denial, counts it rather gain ;
Tried faith ; and patience waiting to be crowned.
Then welcome, rigid Labour ; I incline
To fare with thee ; thy task and couch be mine.

THE FOREST.

How sweet it is,
Lost in the covert of some ancient wood,
A summer's day to wander; not as Dian,
Waited by hound and horn and stunning war,
In hallo' and whoop to spring the couched hart,
Convulsing soon his slender sides with fear;
Neither in tempest of the twanging bow
To scatter death, wetting the burnished plume
And tuneful throat with blood. Shall quivering joints
Or the wild flutter of the stricken wing
Delight us more, than silent if we steal
Where countless boughs in thick entanglement
Cope over head, or stretch in deep embrace?
Where the pine bleeds, where many an odorous scent
Yields from the bursting shrub and balmy core?
Or tend the fawn at pastime with the wind,
In all the graceful bounds of wanton flight,
Fancying his fears? O nature ever fair,
If man disturbs thee not! Enough thou hast
Of suffering, though he adds not to thy store.

* * * *

O THOU*, whose piles of antique mould,
Whose climbing domes, and station bold,
Whose palaces that darkly shine,
Proclaim thee of majestic line,
A nobler town I have not seen,
Or liker to a sceptred queen.

What, though thou sittest half forlorn,
Thy falchion reft, thy banners torn,
Though few the gems, and rudely strown,
Remaining of thine ancient crown,
Yet hast thou been by Nature's hand
Seated in posture of command.
For thine the verge and craggy way,
And beacons towering to the day;
Thine too the moat, and lofty skreen,
With giant rock that lours between,
Where rests thy strength in matchless pride,
Throwing the champaign far aside.

* Edinburgh.

Nor only from thy summits lour
Dominion and the front of power ;
But temper'd smiles thy rule commend,
And courtesy and charm to bend.
Thine every grace which calms the eye
Or stays the port of majesty.

And ah, forgive whose touches dare
To trace thy form and monarch air ;
Nor count his tribute more than due,
Prostrate who lies, but not to sue ;
Whose hopes had bid thee quite farewell,
Ere in thy walls he ceased to dwell.

AIR.

‘ TRUMPET TUNE.’

BEHOLD how he droops,
How he marks not the sun ;
For the culprit must die
Ere the hourglass has run.
And bethink thee, O mortal,
Who grieve for his soul,
That thy doom too is sealed,
And thy half minutes toll.

Fast, fast flows the crimson
That springs to the knife;
And the groans may be number'd
Which render our life :
But remember, O man,
What thy spirit can feel,
Nor think of the gibbet,
The axe, and the wheel.

Now his struggle is o'er,
He is gone to his home ;
Turn thou too, and ponder
The judgment to come :
When the trumpet shall sound,
And the heaven shall toll,
May the King in his mercy
Give rest to thy soul.

THE NURSE AND CHILD;

OR,

A PICTURE REVERSED.

FROM fields of tumult and annoy,
O turn to view that suckling boy.
How is his being all embalmed,
And in the full enjoyment calmed !
Scarcely dealt in earth's scant measure,
His are peace unmixed and pleasure.
While through his inmost frame
Thrills the delicious stream,
See how his grateful eyes confess,
Unbid the tranquil bliss !
See in their silent play
How all his senses stray !

Or dost thou scorn the picture meek ?
Would fancy, in a dream less mild,
Pursue the man, and leave the child ?
Pass but some rolling years between,
And view him in another scene.

For hark ! what means that dismal shriek
Which, short and weak,
Scarcely was borne across the wild,
And from the lone cot seemed to break ?
Heaven be our speed,
For dark must be that felon deed.
The speed is vain, the moment past,
The sigh which met us was her last.
Reft is the store she hardly won,
Nor seen nor heard the plunderer more ;
Slender the harvest which he bore,
Accurst the deed which he has done.
But with him fly close linked the fiends of hell,
His grim compeers ;
And tales which night and silence shrouded well,
Such the fire he wears,
And his frantic fears,
Ere moons have waned himself shall tell ;
Tell how he heard the piercing prayer
In accents *native* to his ear,
Yet in her tresses old
Twined still his resolute hold ;
He saw the helpless bosom plead
Which once had been his pleasant bed,
Nor yet unbent his ruffian eye,
Nor threw his gleaming dagger by ;

But, deaf to nature and to good,
Relentless as the hyen stood,
Till his detested knife
Drank her compassionate life,
Till the mild springs which gave him food
Were blackness, and a pool of blood.—

O, thou whom desperate deeds appal,
Cast inward one impartial look ;
Thy lawless *thoughts* to memory call,
And tremble while you read that book.

Say, have not envy, avarice, hate,
Stirred some unhallowed fires in *you*?
Have you ne'er longed such thirst to sate?
Ne'er *dreamed* of things you dared not do?

O, then adore that sovereign power
By which those motions were withstood;
And ask for *grace* each day and hour,
To *keep* thee from the guilt of blood.

ON

TASSO'S CANZONE TO THE METAURUS.

So did the bard, who tuned his well known lyre
To "Pious Arms" and Palestine Restored,
Once touch, with sorrowing hand but equal fire,
In sweet Metauro's vale the secret chord :
Nor him the face of nature, and the quire
Of warbling woodlands could a charm afford ;
Nor voice of harp nor loudest fame inspire,
Nor friends, nor fortune, nor Urbino's lord.
So sung awhile ; but left the' unfinish'd strain,
While echoes yet returned the plaintive peal ;
Henceforth from these unhallowed notes to cease ;
Better to judge the state of man, whose pain
Has oftenest proved the parent of his weal,
Short war the terms of his enduring peace.

IMITATION OF METASTASIO.

O FALSELY do the many say
That lasting pain is never strong,
How griefs that wring us will not stay,
Or lightly lie that tarry long.

The arrows in the soul that live
Are finer than we may endure;
Yet suns can roll no change to give,
Yet death may strike to bring no cure.



ON VIEWING

THE RUINS OF TANTALLAN CASTLE.



Immota labascunt,
At quæ perpetuo sunt agitata manent.

JANUS VITALIS.



TIME, with touch of his true wand,
To our eyes
Proves each work and workman's hand,
As he flies.

Mortised mass of buttress stout
May not last;
Waters dashed and thrown about
Never waste.

THE PRAYER OF AGUR.

PROV. XXX.

- V. 7. THESE things have I desired of God;
O hear thy servant ere he dies—
8. Keep me far distant from the road
Which leads to vanity and lies.

Preserve me in that equal state
Wherein my soul shall prosper best;
Neither with flowing wealth elate,
Nor yet by poverty depress'd.

Still feed me with convenient food,
And for my daily wants provide:
Give what thou knowest for my good,
Not that which ministers to pride.

9. Lest I be full, and so rebel,
And in my heart should madly say,
Who is the Lord? where doth he dwell?
That I should serve him and obey?

Or lest, in penury and pain,
I should put forth my hand to steal;
Or take thy holy name in vain,
And for a bribe the truth conceal.



PSALM XXXIX.

I SAID, I will take heed unto my ways,
Nor sin in speech; a bridle will I put
Upon my lips before the perverse man.
Silent I was and still; I held my peace,
Yea, even from good; my soul was moved with grief,
My heart was hot within me; while I mused
The sacred fire was kindled, and I spake.

Enable me, O Lord, to know my end;
Teach me the measure of my days, that I
May see how few they are upon the earth.
Lo, as a handbreadth hast thou made my days;

Mine age is nought before thee; surely men
At their best state are utter vanity.
Man surely walketh in an empty show,
Surely he is disquieted in vain.
He heaps up wealth; but who shall gather it?
Now, Lord, what wait I for? Thou art my hope,
Do thou deliver me from all my sins,
And let me not be made the scorn of fools.
I held my peace, I opened not my mouth,
Because thou didst it; take thy hand away;
For when thou smitest me, I am consumed:
When thou correctest man with thy rebuke
For his iniquity, then dost thou make
His strength and beauty to consume away,
Even as a moth; all men are vanity.
Give ear unto my prayer, answer my cry,
O Lord, and be not silent at my tears;
For I likewise a stranger am with thee,
And sojourner, as all my fathers were.
O spare me, that I may recover strength,
Ere I shall go from hence and be no more.

PSALM XCVI.

O SING a new song to the Lord,
Sing to the Lord, and bless his name;
To him sing all the earth, with one accord;
His saving grace from day to day proclaim.

Among the heathen speak his praise,
His wonders to the people tell;
For mighty is the Lord, and high his ways,
Above all gods in heaven and earth that dwell.

The heathen gods are stock and stone;
But, Lord, the heaven of heavens is thine:
Honour and majesty surround thy throne,
Within thy temple truth and beauty shine.

Give, O ye nations, every tribe,
Strength to the Lord; his glory sing:
The honour due unto his name ascribe,
Come to his courts and bring an offering.

Him worship in his holy place,
Fear ye the Lord in every land;
To heathen nations speak his glorious grace,
Declare abroad the wonders of his hand.

Fixed is the world as he decrees ;
His truth for ever shall remain ;
Let heaven and earth be glad, and let the seas
Shout to the Lord, with all which they contain.

Let fields and every herb rejoice,
Trees of the wood their tribute bring ;
All creatures that have being lift their voice
Before the Lord, and at his presence sing.

For lo he comes, the Lord alone
Shall come, to judge in righteousness ;
His promise stands, his judgment shall be shown
On earth ; the people shall his truth confess.

PSALM CIV.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul ; let every one
Wait, Lord, on thee ; for thou art God alone :
Who clothed art with honour and with might,
And like a garment puttest on the light :
Who hath the curtain of the heaven outspread,
And founded sure his chambers in the bed
Of the great waters : clouds his chariot are,
He walketh on the fleet wings of the air :

Whose angels for the breathing of his ire
He makes, his ministers a flame of fire :
Who laid earth's basis never to remove ;
By thee the deep was as a vesture wove
Around ; the waves above the mountain broke :
At thy rebuke they fled ; thy thunder spoke,
And they were gone : they sought the mountain way,
Down by the vale and ebbing roads they stray ;
Whose bound is set, never to leave their shore,
Nor turn to overflow the dry land more.

He sends the cool spring where the valleys flow
Among the hills ; that every beast may go
For water, and his thirst the wild ass slake.
Beside its course the birds of heaven make
Their resting place, whose voice is in the woods.
He watereth the mountain from his floods,
He worketh, and the earth is filled with fruit.
The blade for cattle, and all herb and root
He sends to man, that he may draw his food
From out the glebe, and wine by which his blood
Is warmed and his heart glad, oil which imparts
Light to the face, and bread strengthening men's hearts.
The Lord hath planted, and the leaves are shed
Abroad, his cedars on Libanus' head,

In which the bird buildeth her secret nest
To dwell, and the stork climbs to her high rest:
The wild goats on the rocky hill are left
A refuge, and the conies in the cleft.

He to the moon her stated time hath shown
For change, and to the sun his going down;
Thou biddest darkness, and the night her seal
Puts on, when beasts out of the forest steal;
Then do the lions roar, and go abroad
For prey, and the young lions cry to God.
The sun appears, and all they turn again
Gathering, and lay them down each in his den.
But man forth to his work goes, and has hied
Back to his labour till the eventide.

Lord, many are the works which thou hast done,
In wisdom hast thou made them every one;
Full of thy riches is the earth, the deep
Is full, where things innumerable creep,
Beasts great and small; there go the ships, and there
Sports the leviathan and has his lair.
Lord, these wait all on thee, that thou mayst give
Meat in their season, and thy creatures live.
Thou scatterest, and they gather each his food,
Openest thy hand, and they are filled with good.

Thou coverest thy face, and terrors lie
Upon them; thy hand stretches, and they die,
And turn again each to his dust: thy word
Killeth and maketh to revive, O Lord.

Thou sendest forth thy spirit; at thy voice
The earth is new, and all thy works rejoice.
The glory of the Lord shall last always,
And his arm work him everlasting praise.
Earth trembles at his looking, and the hill
Smokes to his touch; while I have life I will
Sing to the Lord, while I have being sing
Praises unto my God. The night shall bring
Sweet meditation of him, and the day
For ever teach his praise. My heart alway
Shall sing for gladness, and thank God with mirth.
Let sinners be removed out of the earth,
And all they perish who resist his word.
O thou, my soul, bless God. Praise ye the Lord.

LUKE, IV. 9—12.

UNBIDDEN suffering is a snare,
And oftenest to presumption tends;
For God has promised strength to bear
Those trials only which he sends.

See how the' accuser of mankind,
While he our mighty Head assail'd,
Thought of this artifice refined,
When other weapons all had failed.

Thus, too, God's children still he tries
And, rayed perhaps in garb of light,
Up to the temple with them flies,
To sift them on that sacred height.

By this, his last and favourite lure,
He hopes his deep designs to crown
If he can make them feel secure,
He then expects to cast them down.

TRANSLATED FROM METASTASIO.

————— EXPECT not light to find
But in Him only who is fount of light,
Immutable, eternal, in Him first
And uncreate, who comprehends all bound,
Incomprehensible; in whom have rise
Whatever live, and in Him move and are;
The only Good, sole intellectual Light,
Sole Mind, and Wisdom inexpressible,
Justice, and Truth, and Life, and Happiness.

TRANSLATED FROM METASTASIO.

ALAS, no steadfast hope is mine,
No dawning of a perfect day,
But liker to that sudden ray
When storms are on the wing.
The lights which from a distance shine,
And at their rising disappear,
May show how much we have to fear,
But cannot safety bring.

TRANSLATED FROM METASTASIO.

Now, heavenly Father, I behold
Why on the impious and the bold
So many times Thou hast delayed
Thy thunderbolts to fling.
Thus late Thy punishments are sent,
Either that bad men may repent,
Or that Thy servants may be made
Perfect through suffering.

TRANSLATED FROM METASTASIO.

If Fortune meets thee with a smile,
There is no darkness in thy night,
And winter in his saddest plight
Has still some hidden charms for thee.
But where upon a foe she lours,
Or treats him with a cold disdain,
No leaf to him have summer bowers,
He finds no waters in the main.

TRANSLATION FROM THE GREEK.

THE infant smiled into the brook ;
And, pleased to see another smiling,
Playful the flowery bank forsook,
To meet him in the flood beguiling.

Her darling, rescued from the tide,
The breathless mother swift embraces ;
Folds his wet limbs, and chafes his side,
And on her breast his cold cheek places.

Laid on that balmy bed to rest,
No longer fear or care pursues him ;
His weary lids at once are press'd
In endless peace upon her bosom.



TRANSLATION OF GRAY'S ODE

WRITTEN AT THE CHARTREUSE.

O THOU, who mid these awful glades
Hast flung thy deep and holy shades—
Since in her lone majestic cells
Not light the tale that nature tells;

Since nearer is the Godhead shown
Viewed in the mountain's desert throne,
The steep of rock, the thundering flood,
The midnight of primeval wood,
Than if the hand of Phidias gave
Grace to the citron architrave—
O grant that to thy suppliant's call
Peace and a holy quiet may fall.
Or, if the silence and the shade
Thy higher purpose hath forbade,
And him the dragging tide of life
Shall mingle in the waves of strife,
O grant at least the later prayer,
His age to close exempt from care,
Far to await his dying hour
From earthly thought and earthly power.

ALCAIC FRAGMENT.

TRANSLATED FROM GRAY.

O FOUNT of tears that spring
From the heart's wound! thrice he is bless'd,
Pure nymph, whom thou hast bathed, within his breast
Gently thy chaste profuse showers scattering!

THE DAWN.

TRANSLATED FROM EURIPIDES.

HARK, on Simois' banks again
Dissolved in anguish,
The songstress from her deathful nest
Dewed with their blood
Who wails her brood !
Hark, in many a tuneful languish,
She pours the strain from breast of pain,
To many a melting rest !

Hark, the nightly pipe is playing !
Hark, I hear the flocks are straying !
On Ida's head methinks they feed ;
Sure the break of morn is nigh.
And now the streak is in the sky,
Faintly o'er the ocean way ;
And now the wave is tinged with red :
Now sleep is balming many an eye ;
Ever most he steeps the lid
Sweetly just at dawn of day.

TRANSLATED FROM SENECA'S THYESTES.

Stet quicunque volet potens, &c.

LET those who will, in quest of power,
To slippery summits rise;
Be mine retirement and repose,
With leisure to be wise.

A life exempt from public view
Unheeded let me spend;
And, when its silent course is run,
Unnoticed may it end.

Death comes with aggravated force,
And terrors not his own,
When he whom others knew too well
Dies to himself unknown.

PETRARCH'S VISIONS

TRANSLATED.

I LATELY at my window stood, alone,
Where many new and wondrous things I saw;
Which even oppressed my sense. First, on the right
Appeared a hind, with human front, where shone
Mildness and grace that filled my heart with awe;
Chased by two hounds, one black, the other white;
Who hung without respite
On either flank, tearing the gentle deer,
Till quickly they compelled her to a stay,
Where Death in ambush lay;
Then fell much beauty to his conquering spear,
At which disastrous sight fast flowed my tear.

A gallant bark next rode upon the seas,
With silken cordage, and her sails of gold;
Ebon and ivory inlaid all o'er.
Smooth was the tide, and balmy was the breeze,
And all the mantle of the sky unrolled;
And rich and noble merchandise she bore:
When suddenly a roar

Burst from the darkened east on sea and sky,
And dashed her smooth side on the jutting rock :
O what a mournful shock !
Minutes bring woes ; ere yet the morning fly,
Drowned in the gulf our dearest treasures lie.

In the close bosom of the forest young
A laurel of unsullied lustre grew,
Which one of Eden's trees might well have been ;
And from its shade came sweetly warbled song
Of many birds, and other charm, that drew
My spirits from the earth and all between.
While gazing on this scene,
Changed was the sky, and angry lightnings played
From the dark cloud, which soon this hallowed shoot
Tore furious from the root ;
And with it in the ground my joys were laid :
For never shall I find so sweet a shade.

A limpid fountain in that woody glade
Sprung from a rock, with murmur fresh and clear,
Scattering its gentle waters on the ground ;
To whose cool margin and sequestered shade
Nor herd approached, nor rustic wandered near,
But nymphs and muses ever carolled round.
Much taken by the sound,

And by the view, while seated I remain,
Close to the spot I see an open cave,
Which swallowed in its grave
Both fount and rock, and so revived my pain:
For nought of all is left but memory vain.

A phoenix, with both wings, I now descry,
In purple vested, and her head in gold,
Pass o'er the wood, alone, in towering flight.
At first some form immortal of the sky
I thought it; till I saw her, slanting, hold
Her course, and at the fount and laurel light.
Short lasts whate'er is bright.
When, with its shattered trunk and branches strewed,
That tree she saw, and saw that fountain dried,
All sudden in her side,
With sorrow stung, her golden beak she dewed;
Thus were my love and pity quick renewed.

Last, walking pensive among herb and flower,
A lady I beheld, so passing fair!
Ah me, what thrilling heat that word has brought!
Humble she was, but still disdain'd love's power.
Her robe was spotless white, on which her hair
Hung circling, as if gold on snow were wrought.
But all above, methought,

Was in a cloud enveloped and obscure.
Then, in the foot by a small serpent stung,
Her head like flower she hung,
And smiling fell, so joyful and secure !
Ah, nothing here but sorrow will endure.

SONNET.

TRANSLATED FROM PETRARCH.

CÆSAR, when that Egyptian slave elate
Brought him the gift of Pompey's honoured head,
Though in his face might real joy be read,
Dissembling wept, so histories relate.
And Hannibal, in the afflicted state,
Seeing how fortune from their banners fled,
While tears of grief the drooping people shed,
Beneath a laugh concealed his bitter hate.
Thus does it ever happen, that the mind
On all its passions other cloak would fling,
Of dark or fair, by opposite to blind.
Thus if I smile sometimes, or sometimes sing,
Be sure no other method can I find
To veil the anguish under which I wring.

SONNET.

TRANSLATED FROM PETROCCHI.

I CALL on Time, who batters down that high
And spacious pile, to say from whence it rose ;
No answer he vouchsafes, but onward goes,
And spreads his pinions broader to the sky.
Fame I invoke ; O thou, who lettest die
Things only of no worth, tell what are those :
Troubled and sad, her eye she downward throws,
Like one oppress'd who pours the deep drawn sigh.
Then ruminating slow I turn aside ;
When on the ruined mass, with haughty brow,
From stone to stone I see Oblivion stride :
Perhaps, I said, thou knowest when or how ;
But he in low and horrid thunder cried—
I care not whose it was—mine it is now.

SONNET.

TRANSLATED FROM LUD. ARIOSTO.

ONE will extol the features of his dame,
And one her flowing hair ; some more than ought
Will praise the neck of purest ivory wrought,
Some give to radiant eyes immortal name.
Me passing beauty never could inflame
Like incorruptible and heavenly thought,
The freedom of a generous mind which nought
Seems to be hindered by its earthly frame,
An eloquence descending from the clear
Fountains of knowledge, gracious deeds and bland,
And honourable carriage not severe :
Material of such worth, that if my hand
Were equal, should a living statue rear,
Not in the present age only to stand.

SONNET.

TRANSLATED FROM GABR. FIAMMA.

HERE, whence the Sil bears tribute to the main,
His crystal tide, not wasting where he flows,
But with his sweet and friendly current goes
Only to water Leon's fertile plain,
Has been my good and pleasant lot to gain
The hermit's seat, and with it gain repose
And studious hours, and liberty which grows
Strange to the world and the world's care and pain.
Cloisters endeared! and chosen cell! where I
So long my thoughts my only friends have made,
Tending what wounds of former life I bear.
With you I feel my genius lifted high,
My soul enlarged; and dictate by your aid
What time may be compelled perhaps to spare.

SONNET.

.TRANSLATED FROM LUD. ARIOSTO.

How shall my cold and lifeless prayer ascend,
Father of mercy, to Thy seat on high,
If, while my lips for Thy deliverance cry,
My heart against that liberty contend?
Do Thou, who knowest all, Thy rescue send,
Though every power of mine the help deny;
Oh hasten, ere the' appointed hour be nigh
That to the gates of darkness I descend.
Pardon me, Thou Eternal, that I went
Erring so long; whence have mine eyes been smit
With dimness, nor the good from evil known.
To spare the' offender being penitent
Is even ours; to drag him from the pit,
Himself resisting, Lord, is thine alone.

SONNET.

TRANSLATED FROM VITTORIA COLONNA.

To God, the fountain of all good, above,
With different views we find His children go :
One feels the serpent near, his ancient foe,
And looks for safety in paternal love ;
Others draw nigh because they hope to prove
Great joys in heaven, whence inward peace they
know,
And gladly from this vain and passing show
By faith's more steadfast lamp they would remove.
But neither by our hope nor by our fear
God reckons ever ; nor His light is given
To man on this account. He looks on Him
Only, and on His cross, who opened heaven,
Bruising the snake, and is our leader here ;
And with that head embraces every limb.

SONNET.

TRANSLATED FROM C. M. MAGGI.

O WELCOME as the hall to pilgrim feet,
Ye woods, and steeps, breeze, fountain, shade, and
green,
Where bitter draughts of life and sorrows keen
To fond remembrance change, and musing sweet!
Home of the sober mind, whose calm retreat
A haven to my shipwrecked bark hath been,
How has my heart oft blessed your friendly skreen!
How owned the comfort of your silent seat!
Companion of the poor here let me stray,
Who, distant far from the world's fretful wave,
Expect in tranquil joys their resting day.
Here let me learn, what fortune never gave;
To pluck from life its flattering mask away,
Here of its terrors to disarm the grave.

SONNET.

TRANSLATED FROM C. M. MAGGI.

THIS sweet and silent clime already throws
New spring into my soul; the fanning air,
The brook, the shade my weary thought repair,
And feast the sense, and give the mind repose.
Its wonted fears the heart no longer knows,
And pure delights again their blossom bear;
Now the mind reigns, and, free from other care,
God's law contemplates, at His goodness glows.
Thus peace and joy in healthful seats renew
The golden age once more, not loath to fly
The city haunts, and bid the court adieu.
How streams the radiance of an open sky!
What charm has Nature in her simple hue!
The soul what grandeur in her liberty!

SONNET.

TRANSLATED FROM C. M. MAGGI.

THESE hints which haply the precursors are,
Whereby my death at hand the Lord would show,
Are love celestial, and his gracious care
To rouse and warn me for the coming blow.
He wills, in pity, that not unaware
I meet the' assault of that much dreaded foe;
Against the angry billows we prepare
Too late, already if the tempest blow.
Amidst the body's suffering no skill
The mind retains, or liberty to soar;
Whate'er we do is custom then, not will.
O fool, who counselled faithfully before,
Avertest yet from sight of death; that ill
Familiar made has power to hurt no more.

THE
HIGH PRIEST'S INVOCATION IN ELLA.

FROM CHATTERTON'S ROWLEY.

YE who high in murky air
Deal the seasons foul or fair;
Thou by whom, when thou hast chid,
The moon in bloody robe is hid,
Who mov'st the stars, and canst unbind
Every barrier of the wind,
When the toiling waves are toss'd,
Striving to be uppermost,
Sucking in the spire-girt town,
Swallowing mighty nations down;
Sending death and plague and dearth;
Moving like the god of earth;
Send me your behest divine,
Light all my eyes with light of thine,
That to my vision may arise
Each issue of the enterprise.

MINSTREL'S SONG.

IN ELLA.

O, SING unto my roundelay,
O, drop the briny tear with me;
Dance no more at holiday,
Like a running river be.

My love is dead,
Gone to his deathbed
All under the willow tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,
White his skin as the mountain snow;
Red his cheek as the morning light;
Cold he lies in the grave below.

My love is dead,
&c. &c.

Sweet as throstle's note his tongue,
Quick in dance as thought may be;
Deft his tabor, cudgel strong;
Oh, he lies by the willow tree.

My love is dead,
&c. &c.

Hark, the raven flaps his wing
In the briary dell below;
Hark how loud the death-owls sing
To the nightmares as they go.

My love is dead,
&c. &c.

See the white moon shines on high,
Whiter is my true love's shroud;
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.

My love is dead,
&c. &c.

With my hand I'll plant the briars,
Round his blessed corse to grow:
Elfin fairies, light your fires;
From this place I never go.

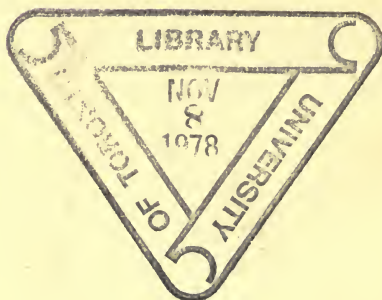
My love is dead,
&c. &c.

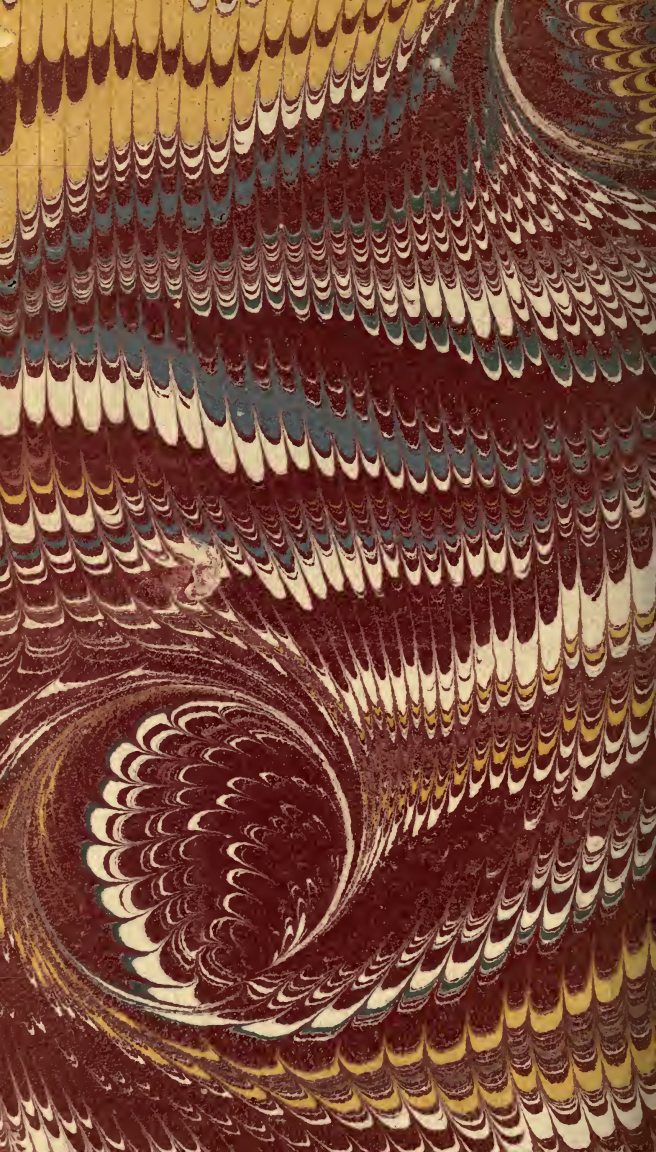
Come with acorn cup, and thorn,
And my heart's blood drain away;
Life and all its joys I scorn,
Dance by night, and feast by day.

My love is dead,
&c. &c.

Crown'd with lily, water fays,
Bear me to your lethal tide;
I die, I come; my true love stays—
Thus the maiden spake, and died.







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